

The Hedge of Friendship


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THE

PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE DYING WARRIOR.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALL.

HE falls in the noon of his fame;
He falls in the hour of his pride;—
But myriads lamenting shall hallow his name,
And tell how the conqueror died!
He died for the land of his birth,
He died that her sons might be free;
And long shall his memory be honoured on earth,—
Most honoured, my country! by thee

Though ties might have chained him to life,
The strongest affection can bind,
He fled from them all, to the scene of the strife,
And his love to his duty resigned.
He paused not to wipe the sad tear
That fell from his mother's fond eye;
He paused not to look on a mourner more dear,—
Unthinking he left them to die!

Yet say not the hero is dead,
For glory can never decay,
From the scene of his triumphs the spirit has fled,
But memory enshrines it for aye:
For he fell in the noon of his fame,
He fell in the hour of his pride,
And nations lamenting shall hallow his name,
And tell how the conqueror died.

A SCENE ON THE GANGES.

COMES the Rajah's glorious daughter,
 Sailing down the Ganges' water ;
 Glittering like a peri's wing,
 Persian tissues round her cling ;
 On her tresses scatter light,
 Gems, like stars upon the night.
 Onwards sweeps her gay chaloupe,
 Breathing rose from prow to poop :
 Dolphin-like she shoots along,
 Filled with beauty, pomp, and song.

Where is gone the bright Sultana ?
 Look, where yonder stern Zenána
 Lours upon the mountain's brow ;
 See, a pageant, toiling slow,
 Climbs its black and broken side :
 There is gone the trembling bride.

A SCENE ON THE GANGES.

Scindia, in that stormy Keep, •
Wakes what eye but wakes to weep?
Sorrow, like its clouds, is rolled
Ever round that prison-hold.

On the bride its iron gate
Closes like the door of fate;
Toy and victim, scorn and slave!
• Better had the Ganges' wave
Been, this eve, thy sacred tomb;
Better had thy humble home
Been beneath the village tree;
All thy minstrels, bird and bee;
All thy gems, thine own dark eyes;
All thy palace, earth and skies!

D. DALTON.

THE LOWLY LADY.

By the Author of "May You Like It."

THE sad but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the aisles of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father, standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and pressed her smiling baby closer to her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin, and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed,—oh yes! worse than widowed! As he stood there, and followed, with his eye, the movements of the men

who were placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the vault, now open below him, he felt that, with a spirit comparatively at ease, he could have seen the corpse of her, so cruelly lost to him, carried down into that dismal vault. Any thing would have been better for him, and for her, than her present state. He did not mourn that the heir of his titles, his estates, his immense wealth, lay lifeless before him; he mourned, because that heir had been the child of sweeter, holier hopes—now all, all blighted. He mourned at the thought of what that infant might have been, had the soft pillow, and the sweet nourishment of its mother's bosom, yet remained to it. He mourned at the remembrance of what the lot of that infant had been; how its fair round limbs had wasted, and the heavy shades of sickness had passed into its calm blue eyes, and changed their laughing expression; and how the little forsaken one had pined away, as if almost from a natural sense of its loss. That church was a place of agonizing recollections to the young Earl of D—. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and, as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage, he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride had clung, in trembling bashfulness, to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. "I am sick of all this idle
pp!" he said to himself, as he entered the magni-

ficent hall of his own residence, attended by his train of servants, and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people."

Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of D—, a solitary wayfaring man stopped at the turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. About fifty or sixty persons were scattered, in careless groups, about the pleasant green: some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms; others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. "At least I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it," he said; and, in a few moments, he was standing beneath the old and spreading trees on the green.

But although he was not recognised as the Earl of D—, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds,

and low manners, not quite so agreeable as he had, perhaps, expected. Quietly he walked away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with herb-age, and wild straggling bushes of beech, sufficiently high and thick to meet over-head, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane, with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her bosom, and a curly-headed urchin, distending his cheeks with puffing at a little painted trumpet, the horrid grating of which had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and withal so good-humoured, that the Earl could not resist asking her, if she could direct him to a lodging. "Not in that merry village we have just left," he said, "for I am not very well." The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood overhanging the river; and directed him to follow it through a large corn-field, and up a very steep, sandy lane, and then, for about half-a-mile over, — but such directions are tiresome enough, when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way; here they would be even more so! besides, I am not sure the Earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapt in his own sad thoughts.

but soothed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds which, in the quiet fields, on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer woke up to the recollection of the object before him. He looked around him: he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farm-house, which now plainly appeared among the trees,—when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow, whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping,—only for a little while,—then clasping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and stedfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that, once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropt, half forgetfully and half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her, as if she was pleased with, but scarcely

knew she noticed them. Just then, the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled; and so minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her troubles; and the only expression on her fair face was innocent gladness.

And all this while, when she knew not that any eye, but that of her God, beheld her, the sad and wayfaring man was gazing tenderly and kindly upon her; and he felt his sorrow grew lighter as he saw that one so young, and so sweetly helpless, was also sorrowful; and he felt soothed and comforted, to see with what a meek and thankful spirit she smiled away her grief.

Perhaps an hour might have past away, he scarcely knew, since the Earl had sunk into a reverie of old, sad memories. Again, he turned his steps towards the old farm-house. As he drew near, in the hushed stillness of the closing evening, a few words stole upon his ear, which he knew to be the words of scripture. The lattice of the little bay-window above him stood open; it was from thence the sounds came; they were the sweetest he had ever heard! Who has not felt the charm of a clear mellow voice? But it was not now the mere voice that won the listening sense; there was, if I may so express myself, heart in every

low sweet tone; and the words they breathed fell upon the heart of the wretched man, like the dew of heaven on the parched and thirsty ground.

The words to which he listened might lend a sweetness of their own, even to the harshest voice, for the hardest heart could never resist their meek and most affecting eloquence. "He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth."

Soon after the voice had ceased reading, the same face that the Earl had seen in the meadow appeared at the window; he would have felt disappointed at the sight of any other; for, as he listened, he had joined the face and the voice together.

Let no one suppose that, in this fair country girl, we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard uses of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order: Oh no! Lucy was none of these. What was she? A fair and happy maiden of low birth, if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; of no accomplishments or education beyond reading, and—(let me remember,) yes, she could write. She read well, for her voice was so full of natural melody, and practice and genuine feeling, and above all, piety, had made her very perfect.

But surely she was unhappy. The Earl had found her weeping when alone. Who does not sometimes weep when quite alone? No, I do not mean alone; but when in His presence to whom all hearts are open, all desires known; who, that loves Him, does not love to lay the burden of his daily trials at His feet? And are we the less happy, the less cheerful, because that burden is sometimes heavy with our tears? Lucy had met with many trials; none, certainly, of a deeply afflicting nature; yet many which are the most difficult to be borne, trials to her temper, and to her patience; but these were ever of a passing nature, and, when once past, soon forgotten.

Lucy's features were not beautiful, but their modest, innocent expression, was better than beautiful. Her hands were not the whitest in the world, though delicately, nay exquisitely shaped, and their little palms might have been softer; but, if it might have been said of her, as of "the fair and happy milk-maid," "she makes her hand hard with labour," it might have well been added, "and her heart soft with pity;" for they who knew her, say she was the kindest creature that ever lived; and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner, that gave a charm to every look, and every word she uttered. But, although she was one of nature's own sweet gentlewomen, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor uneducated country girl. • There was one,

however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say,—in the society of Lucy. One who, in spite of all the pride or aristocracy of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend, by the pure-minded maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart, the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect, and love that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude. •

But, gentle reader! do you not tremble for the country girl, when I speak of the love which this high, proud Lord felt for her, and declared not long after he felt it? You need not fear! When I speak of him, I may divide the syllables in nobleman, and assure you, that he was a noble man, in the unperverted sense of the word. The suit he pleaded, was that of chaste, honest love, and manly principle. He shrunk even from the thought lest his station in the vain, heartless world, should, by any chance, become known to Lucy. He wooed her as one in her own lowly sphere, and, with delight he found, that he could be loved for himself; and with all the perfect devotion of a virtuous woman's heart.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals, in due form, to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not chuse to have the child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might

be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word,) 'vagabond.' They doubted and questioned,—and wavered, and questioned him again, till the Earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer, and blush; and thus, in fact, to make them really suspicious: for he had quite forgotten to provide against this most probable issue of his suit to them.

"You see," said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, "you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or at least have been, till now, when you're plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and, suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ; and have nothing coming in of your own,—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please God, I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what," he said, "brother and sister," (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking very wise,) "don't be in a hurry to give your consent. Lucy, though I say it, is as good a girl as any in the land, and fit for a Lord—Yes! I say it again, (though you seem to smile,) young man, fit for *any* Lord in the land." Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue on her father, who was apt to be


as positive as his brother. She said not a word, however, for she had high notions of a child's respect and duty to a parent—she had learned them in the Bible. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were pennyless; but she felt that without the consent of her parents, servants of God and kind parents, as they both were! she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle, loving daughters will, on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak. Her mother could read her looks; and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly in the soft eyes of her dutiful child. Mothers, or wives, I meant to say, have a way of their own, particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or, (in truer words,) calm good sense, it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her lover on this condition,—that the answers to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, &c. proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually silent, and even sorrowful, when her lover was not present, recovered all her cheerfulness; and went about the house singing

(so her mother thought,) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of the neighbourhood were waiting about the church-door, to fling basketsful of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessings of many poor, aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the churchyard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them, and blessed them.

“High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such greeting as this,” he said to himself; “but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart: these people, too, have known her from her childhood!”

“Wipe away your tears, my Lucy,” said her husband, “we will soon return to see your parents, and we will never part with our little cottage, where we have been so happy; but I must go to see this house of ours in my own country, and I am sure you would not let me go without you.” “Have you ever seen this house? and is there a large garden?” replied Lucy. “I dare say, as no one has been living there for the last two years, that the flowers have been sadly neglected.” As she said this, she looked fondly on the  trinket which she was carrying in her arms, the only thing she had brought away from her cottage.

"That is a grand place indeed," said Lucy, as, towards the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; "but does our road lie through the park?" "Not exactly *through* the park," he replied, "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years, and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to shew us any little attention in their power." Lucy was delighted, for she had never seen a nobleman's seat before, she said.

"Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?" Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length, she said, "I wonder if the Lord of this grand place is happy? A man should have a very humble spirit, and be a great lover of the Bible, and of his God, she added, to be master here! They say that riches often make men forget their God! How dreadful it would be to be called away from all this earthly grandeur and riches, in a state of forgetfulness! Is the Earl of D— a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married

man?" she added, after a long pause: "How many questions you have given me to answer, Lucy! Let me consider! Yes, he is a married man: he married, not many months ago, a young country girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy." "Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart. "Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded; "do you envy that poor country maiden?" "Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; "what a strange question! Do I envy any one?" and, as she said this, she drew more closely round her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange husband with any one?" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; "I sighed in pity for the poor young lady, (for a lady she is now,) such a change is enough to turn her head!" "Would it turn yours, Lucy?" he said. "Perhaps it might!" she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?" "My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderly respectful towards her: "My sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions: you smile; I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, *you alone.*" "But first," said Lucy, very artlessly, "I must Lady her; you must make me Countess of _____!" She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose

THE LOWLY LADY.

up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants were all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service; then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them all as their future mistress, the Countess of D—, his wife. Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the colour forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession, and raising her innocent face, she met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which perhaps spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of D— led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons, and stately banners of the house of D— above her; but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit, than that Lowly Lady.

THE WAVES

BY MISS E. W. BRADBURN

The water stood above the mountain At thy rebuke
they fled — Psalm civ

I

THE billows, inflated with pride and disdain,
Contemptuously view'd their abode in the main,
Their bounds were despis'd, though assign'd by the
 hand
That wisely divided the sea from the land.

II.

And they dar'd to ascend from the place of their
 birth,
To conquer and dwell in the regions of earth;
And rushing, and roaring, tumultuously force
The rocks that would fain have impeded their course

III.

Oh, the horrible sight, and the awful sound,
When the rebel-waters their liberty found !
The valleys they swept irresistibly o'er,
And forests and cities and men were no more

THE WAVES.

IV.

And shouting their victory onward they press'd,
And the trembling hills their power confess'd ;
And nature, confounded, beheld how they storm'd
The loftiest mountains Jehovah had form'd.

V.

Oh, how they exulted, and thought to arise
And quench every meteor that flames in the skies ;
And upwards to soar, in their dreadful array,
And carry the land of the blessed away !

VI.

Jehovah then spake—and the terrified waves
Departed in haste to their distant graves :
They fled, with the silence and swiftness of light,
To the ocean's depth, from the mountain's height.

VII.

One moment had look'd on the turbulent scene,
Another pass'd o'er—all was calm and serene :
The billows were hid in the caves of despair—
The terror of God had imprison'd them there !

A STRAIN OF MUSIC.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Merchant of Venice.

Oh ! joyously, triumphantly, sweet sounds ! ye swell
and float,

A breath of hope, of youth, of spring, is pour'd on
every note ;

And yet my full o'erburden'd heart grows troubled
by your power,

And ye seem to press the long-past years into one
little hour.

If I have look'd on lovely scenes, that now I view
no more—

A summer sea, with glittering ships, along a moun-
tain-shore,

A ruin, girt with solemn woods, and a crimson
evening sky,—

Ye bring me back these images fast as ye wander by.

A STRAIN OF MUSIC.

If in the happy walks and days of childhood, I
 heard,
And unto childhood's memory link'd the music
 a bird;
A bird that with the primrose came, and in the
 violet's train,—
Ye give me that wild melody of early life again. *

Or if a dear and gentle voice, that now is chang'd
 or gone,
Hath left within my bosom deep the thrilling of its
 tone,
I find that murmur in your notes—~~they~~ touch the
 chords of thought,
And a sudden flow of tenderness across my soul is
 brought.

If I have bid a spot farewell, on whose familiar
 ground
To every path, and leaf, and flower, my soul in love
 was bound :
If I have watch'd the ~~parting~~ ^{parting} step of one who came
 not back,
The feeling of that moment wakes in your exulting
 track.

RAIN OF MUSIC.

—the very air seems kindling with

life!

—this mournful spell, sweet sounds!
—alone on me?

—a thousand hearts replied, as mine doth
now, in sighs,

—the glad music breathing thus of blue Italian
skies?

I know not!—only this I know, that not by me on
earth,

May the deep joy of song be found, untroubled in
its birth;

It must be for a brighter life, for some immortal
sphere,

Wherein its flow shall have no taste of the bitter
fountains here.

ARTHUR'S SEAT.

ARTHUR'S SEAT is an immense rock, distant about two miles from Edinburgh, on the western side. From its summit, which is very abrupt, there is a most magnificent and extensive view of the city and surrounding country. Duddingstone House, with its beautiful grounds and the adjacent villages, are seen on the east. In the distance are the Castle, the Old and New Town, Calton Hill bearing Nelson's Pillar, Leith with its port, East Lothian, Fifeshire, and Berwickshire. On the north the luxuriant meadows sweep down to the river; the Ochil Hills and Grampian Mountains bound the westward view; and the prospect southward is circumscribed by the Pentland Hills, Tweeddale, and Selkirk.

STARLIGHT REFLECTIONS.

By DILLI Author of "The Legend of Conynvanc"

I.

UPON this column—overthrown

By giant Time's resistless hand,
Where lichens spring, and moss is strown
Over the desert land—

I rest, and fix mine ardent eye,
With rapturous feelings of delight,
On time's resplendent galaxy,
The studded arch of night.

How awful is the might of Him,
Who stretched the skies from pole to pole !
And breathed through chaos, waste and dim,
Creation's living soul !

A thousand worlds are glowing round,
And thousands more than sight can trace,
Revolve throughout the vast profound,
And fill the realms of space.

Then, what is man? It ill befits

That such should heed or hear the prayer—

The prayer of him, who, mocking, sits

Within the scorner's chair!

II.

There are no clouds to chequer night;

The winds are hushed, the skies serene;

And nature, outlined darkly bright,

Is still distinctly seen.

Remotest ocean's tongue is heard,

Declaiming to his island shores:

And wails the lonely water-bird,

On yonder marshy moors.

This is the realm of solitude:

A season and a scene for thought,

When melancholy well may brood

On years, that now are not:—

On syren years, that sweetly smiled

Ere time had leagued the heart with strife,

The Eden of this earthly wild—

The paradise of life.

They feign, who tell us gold can strike

Into the thornless paths of bliss;

Alas! its best is, Judas like,

To sell us with a kiss!

III.

Ambition is a gilded toy,
 A baited hook, a trap of guile;
 It lures us only to destroy, .
 Yet mocks us with a smile.
 Alas! for what hath youth exchanged
 "The garden of its vernal prime?"
 Is care, is sorrow, more estranged?
 More gently lenient, time? .
 Doth friendship quaff from bowl more deep?
 Bathes hope in more delightful streams?
 Comes love, to charm the pillowed sleep
 With brighter, holier dreams?
 Alas! the ship of life is steered
 More boldly to the central main,
 Only to cope with tempests feared—
 Lightning, and wind, and rain!
 Around lurks shipwreck; hidden rocks,
 Beneath the billows darkling lie;
 Death threatens in the breakers' shocks,
 And thunder-cloven sky!

IV.

Harken to truth. Though joys remain,
 And friends unchanged and faithful prove,—
 The heart can never love again,
 As when it learned to love.

Oh! never shall the bosom feel
 The raptures which it felt of yore;
 Nor fancy give, nor time reveal.
 Such fairy landscapes more!
 Above the head when tempests break;
 When sorrow lours with ebon wing;
 When hope, o'er being's troubled lake,
 No sunny gleam can fling;
 When passion's flame no longer burns;
 And grief distracts, and cares annoy;
 Then recollection fondly turns
 To long departed joy;
 But chiefly to the cloudless days
 Regretful memory looks behind,
 When young affection strove to raise
 Her empire in the mind.

V.

Though years all chequered intervene,
 That with these hopes did ill agree,
 Yet fresh they are, as they had been
 But yesterday, to me!
 The first fond looks of tenderness;
 The hope alternating with fear;
 The bosom's vacant gloom, unless
 The idol of its thought was near;

The visions brought by sleep; the dreams
By scarce awakened daylight brought;
Fond reveries by sylvan streams,
Or mountains far+remote:
And then the meeting glance, that thrilled
The throbbing heart, and flushed the cheek;
The ecstasy of bliss, which filled
A breast—too full to speak:
And then the lone walk through the wood,
When perfume cloyed th' autumnal air;
How could it seem a solitude,
When love itself was there?

VI.

Like meteors, these have passed: the joy
Of earth fleets by on stayless wing;
Soon breezes from the pole destroy
The promises of spring!
We gaze around us: lands are bright
With flowers and fruit, the skies are blue;
The bosom flutters with delight,
And deems the pageant true.
Then clouds of care come darkly o'er
The summer plain and waveless sea,
Lash the loud waves along the shore,
Fall blossoms from the tree;

Star after star is quenched; the night
 Of darkness gathers round in strife;
 And storms howl o'er a scene of blight;—
 Can such be human life?
 Expanding beauties charin the heart,
 The garden of our life is fair;
 But in a few short years we start,
 To find a desert there!

VII.

Stars! far above, that twinkling roll,
 Stars! so resplendent, so serene,—
 Ye look (ah! how unlike the soul,)
 As ye have ever been:
 If you 'tis sweet to read, at eve,
 The themes of youth's departed day;
 Call up the past, and fondly grieve
 O'er what hath waned away,—
 The faces that we see no more;
 The friends whom fate hath doomed to roam
 Or silence, through death's iron door,
 Called to his cheerless home.
 Oh! that the heart again were young;
 The bosom gentle, soft, and kind,
 Artless and innocent; the tongue
 The oracle of mind.

Oh! that the sleep of night were sweet.
 Gentle as childhood's sleep hath been,
 When angels, up from Jacob's feet,
 Soared earth and heaven between.

VIII.

What once hath been, no more can be,—
 'Tis void, 'tis visionary all;
 The past hath joined eternity—
 It comes not at the call.
 No!—worldly thoughts and selfish ways
 Have banished truth, to rule instead;
 We, dazzled by a meteor-blaze,
 Have run where folly led.
 Yet happiness was found not there,—
 The spring-bloom of the heart was shed;
 We turned from nature's face, though fair.
 To muse upon the dead!
 As dewdrops, from the sparry cave
 Trickling, new properties impart,
 A tendency life's dealings have
 To petrify the heart.
 There is an ecstasy in thought—
 A soothing warmth, a pleasing pain:
 Away!—these dreams were well forgot,—
 They shall not rise again!

THE SPIRITS' SONG.

BY MISS PARDOE.

SPIRIT OF THE SEA.

I sport on the wave when the moon is high,
 And the silver stars begem the sky;
 And I float along 'neath the breath of the breeze,
 When it ripples the wave of the boundless seas:
 And I sing a lay to my naiad fair,
 And dive for coral to deck her hair,—
 And where it grows, in the silver sea,
 That is the home where she dwells with me!

SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

I ride on the wind, when it softly breathes
 O'er the bowers where the jasmine in sweetness
 wreathes;
 And I chose the gleaming dragon-fly,
 When, on gossamer wing, it is sailing by;
 And I catch the scent of each opening bloom,
 To shed o'er my mistress the soft perfume;

And of the light floating thistle-down,
 " I weave, for my Ariel, a fairy crown !

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

Over the surface of ocean's tide,
 Or upon the breeze, I never ride ;
 But from the deepest caves that lie
 In the bosom of earth, I bring secretly
 The gleaming gem, and the golden grain,
 Which mortals must toil so hard to gain ;
 And my mistress's touch is a ruby rare,
 And the riches of Ind adorn her hair !

SPIRIT OF THE SEA.

" I have made my home in an ocean cave,
 Which the gentlest billows in fondness lave ;
 The star-fish lights up our revelry,
 And we feast on the stores of the wide-spread sea ;
 Nor lack we vestments or gold, or gem,
 For many a mortal has furnished them :
 To us, a storm is a carnival !
 Ocean engulphs, and it yields us all.

SPIRIT OF THE AIR.

I have made my home on a zephyr light,
 And I sport, at my ease, 'neath a sunbeam bright :

Over valley, and over lake,
 On my breezy couch I my journey take;
 I enter the chamber where beauty smiles;
 I sweep through the bower where man beguiles;
 I swell the tones of the lover's flute,
 And wake the wind-harp, whose chords were mute.

SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.

I have made my home in a fairy ring,
 And I sit and watch the mushrooms spring:
 I sleep in a harebell's gentle flower,
 And I crouch 'neath its leaf from the summer shower;
 The wild bee's hum is my minstrel-y,
 And the painted butterfly visits me;
 The grasshopper dances my turf among,
 And the cricket chirps to me all night long.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

All to us is unsealed and free,—
 The riches of earth, and air, and sea;
 All that is glorious, sweet, or fair.
 Either on earth, in sea, or air;
 All that gives pleasure, or wakens mirth,
 Alike in sea, or in air, or earth;
 Breezes, and billows, and caverned hall,
 Are alike to us—we are lords of all!

THE VASE OF FLOWERS

5

By the Author of "Myrtle Leaves."

Fair Vase, what graces hath true taste combin'd
In thy light form, so worthy of each flower,
Which in thee sweetly, blushingly enshrin'd,
Breathes out its incense at this lonely hour,
This holy time of night, when passion's spell
Wakes in young hearts an odorous desire,
Blissful as aught that poesy can tell,
On beauty's bosom pouring vows divine,
The balm of all its truest feeling there !
Bid thou these flowers, which from thy brim respire,
Tell, to my fair, their brief tale fragrantly ;
How soon they fade, for Oh, their fate is mine !
And pitying to soothe my bosom's care,
Invoke them to impart at evening's calm,
Such dream of our past love, memory's blest balm.
As shall awake some lone, kind thought of me,
And vivify the love which still I bear.

THE FLOWERET OF LOVE.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JUN., ESQ.

Author of "Field Flowers," &c

THERE is a sweet retiring flower, with leaflets ever
green,
It decks the bleakest, rudest rock, and gilds the sun-
niest scene ;
It smiles 'mid Afric's sultry sands, 'mid Lapland's
chilling snows ;
Now with th' autumnal heather twined, now with the
summer rose.

Yet, though a plant of every clime, adorning every
bower,
There are but few who know its worth, or own its
magic power ;
It blossoms 'mid life's desert waste, the wanderer's path
to cheer ;
Its zephyr—beauty's maiden sigh—its dewdrop—
beauty's tear.

'Tis tempting to the hand and eye, it is a flower so fair ;
Yet pluck it not too wantonly—sharp thorns are latent
there :

And whomsoc'er those thorns shall wound, may never
smile again,
For little aids the soul's full fount to cool the fever'd
brain.

Still for the fair, who'd weave a wreath that never
more may fade,
Of this one sweet retiring plant be her green garland
made ;
And chill must be the frost below, and rude the storm
above,
If either blight the wreath where blooms that fadeless
flow'ret—Love !

THE NEW INN:

A Tale.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

" But when return'd the youth?—The youth no more
Return'd exulting to his native shore:
But forty years were past, and then there came
A worn-out man——"

The Parting Hour.

IN a village pretty far north of the metropolis, which, for certain reasons, we have chosen to designate Eversfield, stood, a few years ago, a house of entertainment, called, somewhat paradoxically, the New Inn, as at least a century must have elapsed since it could have preferred any just claim to that title. It was, in fact, an old crazy-looking place, which no one in his sober senses would have fixed on, even as a temporary domicile, but from the circumstance of its having no competitor within several miles, the clean-swept door, bright casements, rich in flowering or aromatic shrubs,

—those frugal, yet inviting appendages, which shed an air of neatness and comfort over so many ancient dwellings in this realm,—were here wanting. In spite, however, of this unpromising exterior, an elderly traveller, well mounted on a strong black horse, and bearing about him much of the appearance of a gentleman, thought proper to stop at this equivocally-named mansion, on a fine evening, in the summer of 18—, and enquire if he could be accommodated for the night? The query, albeit ~~as~~ unusual one, failed to propitiate the goodwill of ~~the~~ landlady, who, a very counterpart of Meg Dods, had, like that celebrated personage, accelerated the downfall of her house by the incivility of her demeanour. “A bed! she could not tell—there might or there might not. She dared to say, if there had been one at M—— (the next market town), the gentleman, if he was a gentleman, would not have been seen in Eversfield that night. However; if no other travellers came in, that is, no old customers (for she never turned away old friends for new ones), there would be the red bed, if he liked to take chance!”

—The stranger said he would run the risk. “And no risk in it,” (cried the ostler, silyly, as he assisted him to alight,) “only mistress be in one of her sour cues,—a very common matter; by the bye,—and won’t know which side her bread is buttered on. As for old customers, she have scared them all away, long ago; and

new ones, are like cuckoos at Christmas. But your honour is welcome, whatever brought you; and it was a rum fancy, sure, for the like of you to put up here." But this latter part of the speech, with the usual tact of a north-countryman, was given *adieu voce*.

The earnestness with which the stranger regarded the landlady, as he followed her into the house, tended rather to augment than allay the irritability of her temper. "You look in my face, man, as if you had never seen me before; which is like enough, to be sure, but no good reason for staring so at a lone woman, notwithstanding. They talk of women's curiosity"—
 "Nay, nay, it is not curiosity that makes me gaze on you," replied the stranger calmly; "years work great changes, yet still I see in your face, as I am much deceived, the features of Judith Crump?"—"And why not Mistress Judith Crump? and whose features else should you see?" replied the hostess sharply; "the name is written on the sign; and though the letters are nearly rubbed out, (as it would be folly to waste paint where everybody knows me,) I warrant you could make it out when you were seeking a night's lodging; and, to speak truth, now you are in, you seem to make yourself quite at home:"—for the stranger, either not hearing, or disregarding her rebuke, had fixed himself in an elbow chair, placed in the recess of a large bay-window, and was looking round him with a degree

of interest for which even Mrs. Crump, enamoured as she was of her own domain, was at a loss to account. —“ You have been in uglier villages and worse inns than this, I warrant ? ” —“ Indeed I have,” replied the stranger. —“ Well, well,” returned she, more complacently, “ I am not against doing anything to make a gentleman comfortable, when I get one in my house ; which, truth to tell, is not often now-a-days, for the world is changed since I was young, and *gentles* now look for more than an old woman or an old house can afford.” —“ I love this house,” said the stranger, with glistening eyes. —“ The deuce you do ! ” cried the astonished landlady ; “ it’s a clean and comfortable place within, though I say it.” —“ It is more than that to me,” interrupted the stranger, “ it is the house where once—but I forget myself. I have rode far to-day, my good friend, and feel somewhat exhausted ; a light supper, methinks” —“ Supper ! ” repeated the hostess, relapsing into ill-humour ; “ the fire is out, and we keep no butcher-meat this warm weather ; and yet, as you have ridden far, and seem but a frail body, if there was ~~anything~~ ^{something} I could get” —“ Thirty years ago,” said the stranger, with a pensive smile, “ you were, I remember, celebrated for your cookery of a chicken and asparagus.” —“ And have I lost the art, man ? No ; whoever you are—and surely you must be somebody that has known me,—though, to my thinking,

I never set eyes on you before—you shall try whether my hand is out or no. Nay, nay, the chicken is not to kill, so you need not fear its being tough: it is but to cut the 'spiragus and make up the fire; and though, it seems, thirty years are past since we met, if your appetite holds as good as my hand, you shall eat a hearty supper this night, for all that is come and gone."

"Poor Judith," cried the stranger, as she closed the door on him, "thou art unchanged, I see, in temper though time hath laid his hand somewhat heavily on thee. If that were all, or if all were so! But 'twere vain to hope it; I have dated the risk, and must abide the issue. How little altered is all that I see around me—the same neglect without, the same order and neatness within! That old tall clock; the buffet, rich in its pride of punchbowls and of plate; nay, these very granteurs seem to be the same that were flourishing here when—yet, why do I linger? why, but that I fear to know the change that awaits me—the effects of that infatuation, which so long withheld me from the only spot which should have been—~~which is~~—still dear, spite of all that ~~may~~ have resulted from my own fatal procrastination!"

He rose, and having tasked himself into composure, walked into the village street, through which the circumstance of his arrival had rapidly spread, attracting a lively interest to his after-movements. He was ob-

served to examine, with apparent earnestness, the features of every aged person whom he met in his walk, and to turn away from all with seeming disappointment. At times he paused, as if irresolute whether to proceed; after which, he would quicken his pace to a rapidity which indicated singularity of character, at least. The evening was delicious, warm but not sultry, and being near the close of the hay-harvest, the air was loaded with perfume, the balmy influence of which seemed, at intervals, to produce a degree of rapture on the countenance of the stranger, which afterwards faded into an air of depression, for which his observers were at a loss to account. In this frame he reached the church, a venerable edifice, half-grown over with ivy, which stood on a beautiful eminence at the end of the village. He entered the churchyard, and, after a short apparent struggle, passed to a spot where stood the burying-place of the Mortons, a family that had given 'squires and patrons to the village for many generations, and over the last of whom a tomb had been raised not many years since. He looked on the inscription, covered his face with his hands, and stood for some minutes motionless; till seeming to recover, and observing that his motions were watched, he turned at once from the place and the spectators (who had fallen back, somewhat abashed at the sternness with which he regarded them), and directed his attention to the lovely scene

which lay spread before him. The sun had just sunk beneath the horizon; but the sky, the hills, the trees, were still radiant with a thousand hues reflected from the glowing orb; the valley was sinking gradually into shade; and the little stream, that glided beneath the churchyard wall, now catching a beam of light, and now relapsing into shadow, seemed, to the stranger, to offer a strong parallel to those past years which, having glided away under a like alternate brightness and shadow, were now fast verging on darker hours and deeper gloom. It was by this time whispered through the village by an old man, who had witnessed the churchyard wanderings of the stranger, that the late 'Squire Morton had an only son, who went to foreign parts many years ago, and was thought to have died there, "but I shrewdly suspect," cried the rustic, "that this is the very man."—This conjecture seemed to acquire probability from the subsequent movements of the unknown, who, leaving the churchyard by an obscure gate leading to the old mansion, directed his steps thither. He was followed no farther. Night was now stealing on, and the villagers, fearful of being observed, and giving offence to one who might hereafter assume authority among them, retired to the village-street, along which, after the lapse of nearly an hour, the stranger was observed to return, slowly and dejectedly, to the New Inn. He was received by Mrs. Crump,

not merely with increased respect, but with an air of kindness and sympathy, which only some unusual occurrence could have produced. The boiled chicken and asparagus soon made their appearance, with a jug of creaming ale, borne by the hostess in person, and announced by her as her oldest and best: "She never brewed better," she said, "not thirty years ago; and if he was for a nightcap, as most gentlemen were, and she recommended it always after travelling, particularly as he did not seem over well, she had some excellent brandy, kept on purpose for old friends; and she had old friends—aye, and of thirty years standing."—"I have no doubt of the excellence of all these," cried the stranger; "and such justice as a broken-down man can pay to your kind exertions, shall not be wanting."—"Then why do 'you change as white as my apron? and, mercy on us, Grace, let go my gown, you'll tear it from my back, woman;" for the old domestic, who had accompanied her, forgetting the reverential awe with which the dame was regarded by all her servants, was now clinging wildly to her mistress, and seemingly gasping for breath—"Grace!" said the stranger, dropping his knife and fork, "can it be?"—"Tell me," cried the old woman, sinking on her knees, "for my days are few, and this seems like to shorten them—tell me, I pray of you, are you Everard Morton?"—"I am that wretched being," replied the stranger, raising the

almost fainting woman as he spoke, and seating her in a chair: "But you, Grace, my nurse—the loved and honoured of my parents, to find you thus!"—"Ah, if that were the only change!" cried the old woman: "But tell me once again, for my eyes are old and dim, are you, indeed, my own dear master? Are you that bright and glorious being whom parents, sister, and one more—But all those blessed days are past. O that weary India!—Nay, nay, I meant not to upbraid you, my master;" for Morton, covering his face with his hands, was giving vent to emotions which made Grace tremble, and awed even the astonished Mrs. Crump: "Yet Oh!" cried the old woman, as he threw his arms round her, "but this embrace is sweet, and requites me for all that I have suffered. Yes, yes, that eye, that kind look that shows the heart in the face, are still the same."—"I never remembered," said Mrs. Crump, blubbing, "that when Grace asked to carry in the 'sparagus, she had been your nurse, and might want to know whether it was indeed her young master. But, lack-a-day, the supper will be cold!"—The stranger waved his hand impatiently; but the old woman perceiving a cloud gathering on the face of her mistress, at the implied disregard of her culinary skill, hastened to avert it, by craving leave to withdraw: "I have seen you, my master, and my latter days will be

happy."—"They shall be," replied Morton eagerly, "if it be in my power to make them so. Alas! I little thought to find you thus!"—"You might have found her worse," cried Mrs. Crump, somewhat tartly.—"My master," said Grace, "but for this worthy woman, your poor old nurse would have been a pauper on the parish. I was frail and feeble; I had a heart for work, but my strength was small; in this house I found a home, when every other was closed against me; and to my good mistress I owe"—"Not half what you are saying, Grace," cried Mrs. Crump; "you speak better of me than you ought."—"She has spoken that of you," exclaimed Morton, "which I can never forget. It is my intention to settle among you, and"—"Aye, say you so?" cried Mrs. Crump, with a shout of exultation; "and shall we have the old hall rear its head again, and old times, and old customs? Nay, then, it shall go hard but the New Inn comes in for a dab of paint at last! Who would have thought this, Grace, to get back the old family? But, Lord love us, where are my poor brains running to, and you, it may be, knowing nothing of the past? I should have thought of that before; and poor Grace, woman, weeping her heart out, partly for joy, and partly for grief, I warrant; and your honour, too. Well, well, I'll leave you to yourselves: she has much to tell, and you to

ask, no doubt; but remember an old woman's advice—what is past cannot be undone; look to that which is to come!"

"And now, Grace," cried Morton, as the door closed on Mrs. Crump, "tell me that which I dread to inquire. I am aware that my parents are dead, and the old house deserted; but my sister and——" "I guess whom you would say," replied the old woman; "they are both living, so far as I know."—"As you know!" repeated Morton, impatiently.—"My master," cried Grace, "let us look on the bright side of life. Alas! how often is the dark side the consequence of our own rashness and folly!"—"Too true," observed Morton, with a sigh; "I will not again interrupt you by any querulous repining at the effect of my own misconduct."—"You will, of course, recollect," continued Grace, "that one main cause of your going to that weary India, was the heavy loss your father sustained by the failure of Middleton's bank. Alas! my poor old master (I may say it to you) was always too anxious about appearances: he could not bear to reduce his establishment, or diminish, in any way, that had been done by his father before him; and as his income would no longer support his usual style of living, you were to go abroad, in the hope of gaining a fortune. Ah! I remember well what a heart-break it was to us all! How did your poor mother beg of my old master

to be content! ‘We have still enough for happiness,’ I recollect hearing her say, ‘if we lose not our live-
rard.’ And you so near your marriage, too, with poor Miss Ellen Woodville, who said least of all, but wept enough in secret! ‘I do think you were loth to go, my master!’—“At first,” replied Morton, “it seemed little short of banishment; but my father’s word had always been a law to me; and by degrees,—for why should I spare myself,—I caught his ambitious views; and believing that my absence would be limited to a few years, voluntarily resigned that happiness which can never be recalled!”—“The past,” cried the old woman, wiping her eyes, “can never return; but every stage and condition of life has its blessings, where there is a heart to feel them. I shall never forget the morning that you left us! Your father was to have gone a stage or two with you, but a fit of the gout, brought on, I believe, by vexation for what he had been doing, confined him to the house. O what a scene was there! He suffering as much, I really think, from repentance, as the rest of us from grief; your mother and sister clinging round you; and poor Miss Ellen, her own heart breaking all the while, endeavouring to speak comfort to all! It was a relief, almost, when the chaise drove off: we all stood watching it, as well as our tears would let us, till it reached the top of the hill, where, I remember, you stretched yourself from

the window, to look back on the old house, and in a minute after"—“Dwell not on this,” cried Morton, in great agitation, “it is but too fresh in my memory.”—“You were gone,” resumed Grace, “and, after a while, things went on as usual; but my master, recovering his spirits, and reckoning on your success, would not retrench one tittle. You may imagine what must follow.”—“Yet I did remit considerable sums,” said Morton, “before any serious distress could have fallen on him.”—“Some money he certainly received,” returned the old woman, “but it only hastened his downfall he thought, I believe, that your riches were to have no end, and among other wild plans recommended by one much in his favour, and whom I almost fear to name, determined to stand for the county.”—“Madness!” exclaimed Morton.—“It was little less,” replied Grace, “against one of Sir John Tarleton’s fortune. I need hardly say, that he lost his money and his election. But why should I make a long story of what is better forgotten. His difficulties ceased, his estates were mortgaged, and every day was now and said that ruin was fast approaching. It was at this time that Mrs. Woodville died, leaving her property to her daughter, under the guardianship of the squire: she came then to live with us at the hall, and a great comfort she was to your poor mother, now, alas! in trouble on another account. Soon after the election,

when money was low, and our wants (at least the poor master's) pressing, a gentleman, who had met your sister at the race-ball at M——, came all on a sudden, and made proposals to the 'squire for her. He was rich, it seemed, and, therefore, very welcome at that time. But, lack-a-day! Miss John liked him not; nor was it to be wondered at, for he was the very reverse of her—dear, sweet creature! A more selfish man than Mr. Sumners I never saw, and among his servants he had the character of being at once proud and mean. Such as he was, however, every thing favoured his suit. The 'squire, as I have said, found his difficulties fast increasing, and nothing had been heard from your honour for a length of time."—"I must have been up the country," exclaimed Morton; "yet I wrote often. But go on."—"Your father, poor gentleman, thought," returned the old woman, "that the husband of his daughter could not refuse to assist him through his troubles; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the marriage taken place"——"They were married, then?" cried Morton.—"Alas! yes," replied Grace; "and immediately after he carried away his bride, more like a sacrifice, poor dear lady, than a bride, to his seat in some distant part, never caring for the 'squire or his troubles. And now, alas! our troubles began to thicken, that wretch, whom I cannot bear to name, gained complete ascendancy over everything: he had the

mortgages on the estates, it seemed; and what money was spent, came and went through his hands. At this time his secret aim,—be patient, my master, for heaven's sake,—began to show itself. He pretended to have heard that your honour had been killed in battle, and, therefore, took courage to propose for poor Miss Ellen.”——“Who was this miscreant?” exclaimed Morton, passionately.—“Alas! you knew him too well—young Penson, the lawyer.”——“Impossible—he! that contemptible, crouching sycophant!”——“Alas!” cried the old woman, “he was no longer crouching or contemptible. By some means, no good ones to be sure, he had scraped a pretty deal of money together; and by doling out to the 'squire, from time to time, such sums as he wanted, this rascal Penson, I know not how, had got power over the whole property. Poor Miss Ellen! I shall never forget how her eyes shot fire, when this man's addresses were first turned to her by the 'squire! But seeing the tears roll down his cheeks, her countenance changed, and a deadly paleness came over her sweet face, for she feared (as she told me) what was to follow. But I see your honour is dreadfully affected by this part of my story: so, to make an end of what wrings my heart to bring back, the villain threatened to foreclose, I think he called it; and to save your poor father and mother from being cast destitute into the street, she consented”——“O Heaven, I shall go dis-

tracted!"—"Nay, nay, moderate your feelings."—"I will—I must; but be brief."—"She consented to become the wife of Penson."—"Oh the wronged angel!" exclaimed Morton, in agony; "why was not I apprised of this? I would have flown: but it is my own work, and I must abide it."—"Letter after letter," replied the old woman, "had been written to India, but no answer was ever received: what could we think, but that you were dead?"—"You might well believe it," replied Morton; "by what fatal chance the letters on both sides could have miscarried, it were vain to inquire. My duty led me to a distant station, where, in a course of glory, as I then thought—of frenzy, as it now seems—time passed rapidly on, till a wound, received in action, reduced me to a state of almost hopeless debility, under which I languished for years, and from which I have but lately recovered. But proceed."—"I have little more to tell," replied Grace; "poor Miss Woodville's sacrifice, for such it was, did but put off the evil day. The rascal Penson continued to lord it over all, as if he only was master, which, I fear, was the case. The dignity of his family, for which the poor squire had given up everything, was openly ridiculed by Penson, who had now taken up his residence at the hall. In defiance of the master's anger, the tears of my poor lady, and the persuasions of his wife, he discharged nearly all the servants, sold the carriage and coach-

horses, and racked the tenants, till the old mansion, to which the farmers used to come with such smiling faces, was now only filled with lamentations. Alas! the change was too great! My poor master sunk, heart-broken, into the grave, and my mistresses did not long survive him."—"And does the villain live?"—"Patience, my dear master; your looks testify me remember who hath written, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.' Alas, his conscience is sufficient punishment!"—"Conscience!" exclaimed Morton, pressing his hands on his eyes.—"Pardon," continued the old woman, not appearing to notice his agitation, "soon left the hall. No wonder that he could not live there, the remembrance of what he had done, and the execrations of the neighbourhood, (for your dear parents were greatly beloved,) were more than he could bear!"—"But where was my sister in this dreadful time?" cried Morton.—"Alas! poor lady," replied Grace, "she had no power to assist. my poor master, in his extremity, wrote both to her and Mr Summers; and one night (a bitter cold one too), as we were sitting mournfully round the fire—for Pardon had gone out in anger—we heard a loud knocking at the door, and immediately after, poor Miss Julia, as I always called her, rushed into the room. But, dear heart, she could only mingle her tears with ours; and the next day brought her angry husband, who, after raving the squire soundly

on what he called his folly and extravagance, carried off his weeping wife, vowing that he would take her where none should ever find them."—"Unfeeling wretch!" exclaimed Morton.—"He kept his word, however," continued Grace, "for never since that hour has tale or tidings been heard of them. This last blow, as I may call it, quite overcame the poor squire: he never held up his head after. Alas, poor gentleman, he grieved to think to what a husband he had given his child! The very night he died, (it was in his easy chair, for he held up, in a manner, to the last,) my poor mistress was holding his hand, and Miss Ellen, that is, Mrs.—well, no matter—placing a cushion at his back; but he knew it not, thinking it was me who was pouring out a cordial for him; Pension was out; that very night he said, looking in mistress's face, 'Poor Everard, poor Ellen, poor Julia!—all my doing, not thine!' and he prest my mistress's hand: 'You should be happy.' 'Can I be happy to see you thus?' she replied. 'I have sinned,' he said, in a low voice; 'I have repented; there is hope, Julia—there is hope!' He sunk back in his chair, and, with a smile on his countenance which I shall never forget, seemed to die gradually away. We could not weep, somehow, his parting was so blessed. My mistress looked up, and seemed to pray upwardly. But you feel it too much."—Morton wept in agony: "My poor sister!"—"Gull lives, I trust,"

replied Grace; "cheer up, my dear master; your return may do much."—"No, no, Grace, that time is past."—"Say not so, my master, there is happiness in store for us yet. How could I ever hope to see this blessed moment! But you are exhausted, and need rest."—"Can I sleep to-night, think you, Grace?" said Morton, with a mournful smile.—"You must try, at least, my master, for the sake of others, if not your own. Think on your sister, your poor old nurse, and—Well, well, I will say no more."—"Not to-night," said Morton, rising hastily; "to-morrow we must talk further." He embraced her, and retired.

It will be easily believed that Morton slept little, nor were the slumbers of Mrs. Crump so profound as usual. The treasures of the east were floating before her eyes all night. Her green stuff curtains, seemed transformed into silken draperies, and so far did her imagination outstrip her judgment, that taking a basin, which unluckily stood at her bed-side, for a bag of gold, in her eagerness to grasp the seeming prize, she upset the unfortunate utensil on the floor, to the destruction of her own self, and the sleep of her servants. This accident, changing a fancied gain into a real loss, effectually dispersed her golden visions.—"What a plague have I to do with money-bags, and to play the fool thus at my time of life! If he

is rich as a nabob what is that to me? It may be better for the village, which, truth to say, is poor enough; yet, if the village is bettered, I must be a gainer. Besides, he is of the old stock; and a good stock too, which is more than can be said of new ones, I trow; and if he rears up the old hall again, as no doubt he will, shall I not raise up my old house too? If I can't turn a basin into a money-bag, I knew where to look for gold any hour in the day; and why should not I open my heart for the return of the young 'squire? Young, did I say? nay, that he is not; but I know him when he was, and a more generous, open-hearted youth was never seen."—And with all the kindly sensibilities of her nature in full force (and more; / rough husk encloses a rich kernel), Mrs. Crump fell asleep.

In the morning she failed not to produce her silver toupot, and gay cups of real china, (unused for many a year,) for the 'squire's breakfast, and to attend him herself, as she observed, in duty bound. "I must rob you of Grace, Mrs. Crump," said he, after an acknowledgment of her civilities, as grateful to her feelings as it was honourable to his own.—"I thought as much," replied the landlady; "and glad I am to give her up to you—a worthier creature never lived. If you had seen her last night, as I did, kneeling at your chamber-door, and calling down blessings on your

head, I warrant, though I did not hear a word come from her lips. Poor thing ! when she heard me she rose, and would have slept away. ‘Why, Grace,’ said I, ‘we have all need to be thankful to heaven for this unexpected good.’ But she only looked up, as if to say, ‘Who so much as I !’ for her heart was full—So I left her to herself ; but I warrant she slept little.” Morton drew his hand across his eyes.—“Send her to me, Mrs. Crump, if you please.”

“Grace,” said he, “you must be my housekeeper ;—we may not part again in this world. Nay, nay, hear me out. I must have the old hall put in order immediately. I saw last night a notice on the gate that it was to be let.”—“Yes,” replied Grace, sobbing, “by Penson’s agent at M——.”—“I must have the estate, too,” continued Morton sternly ; “but for that I must deal with Penson.”—“Deal gently with him, my master,” cried the old woman, “for the sake of her ——.”—“Fear not, Grace,” replied Morton, “he is protected by an angel—I had also called him to a fearful account. There must have been treachery, Grace,” he continued, with increasing vehemence. “I not only wrote often, but I also remitted sums which were actually received—by whom, I know not ; and, alas, it were vain to enquire into that which I cannot, must not, punish.”

Gold works wonders. The hall was taken, repair-

furnished; the court-yard cleared of its weeds, the gardens restored to order, the outbuildings tenanted, before Eversfield had recovered from its punishment; and Morton, accompanied by his faithful housekeeper, took possession of the old mansion, amidst the shouts of the villagers, and the congratulations of the tenantry, who, already informed of the benevolent intentions of their new squire, were exulting in their meditated rescue from the gripe of Penson. A sumptuous entertainment was provided at the New Inn, by direction of Morton, where Mrs. Crump, who on her part had not been idle, presided over the good cheer, under which her long oak table groaned, attired in a gown that had not seen the sun for thirty years, and arrayed in smiles to which her face had been almost as long a stranger. The squire himself did not disdain to look in upon the festivity, and even to hob and nob in a glass of old October with the lady-president, to the great delight and exaltation of that worthy woman; but a shade of sadness mingled with his mirth, and Grace could not, by any entreaties, be prevailed on to join the festive board. "Her joy was not of that kind," she said. They understood her not; but there was one who understood her, and the tear that glistened in his eye, as he prest her hand, was not soon forgotten by that grateful creature.

The prompt enquiries which Morton had caused to

made after the retreat of Summers and his sister, had been hitherto ineffectual, and he now determined to seek them in person. He had also another purpose still to accomplish, the recovery of his paternal estates from the hands of Penson; but his reluctance to open a communication with a man who had injured his father so deeply, had hitherto kept him undetermined as to the best mode of proceeding. In the meantime he had learnt from the agent of Penson, that he now resided near Bristol; where, abandoning his former profession, he had embarked in commercial pursuits, with little success, it was thought, as the estates at Eversfield were known to be mortgaged to a considerable extent. The application of a rich East-Indian was, therefore, listened to with eagerness by his agent, who at once offered to negotiate between them; but this Morton for the present declined, desiring, at the same time, that his return should not for the present be made known to Penson. Why he wished this he scarcely knew, except that having indirectly ascertained that Ellen still lived, he was desirous to convey to her, with all possible delicacy and attention to her feelings, the knowledge that he yet existed. The mode in which this was to be accomplished was still, however, a matter of doubtful consideration.

The summer was far advanced, when, with a heavy heart, Morton set forth in quest of his unfortunate

relative. His first point of enquiry was naturally directed to the former residence of Mr. Summers, on the north coast of Devon; and on the evening of the third day he was approaching a town in Gloucestershire, where he intended to pass the night, when the clouds, which had been long gathering, burst into a tremendous storm. Desirous of temporary shelter, he was directing the post-boys to drive to a small public-house by the road-side, when an open carriage passed rapidly by, the horses of which, alarmed at the lightning, were wholly ungovernable by the terrified driver.—The carriage was quickly overturned, and the gentleman thrown into the road, where he lay stunned and senseless. The people of the house ran hastily out; but, torpid and fearful, remained inactive till Morton came up, and ordered the gentleman to be conveyed to a bed, and a surgeon to be instantly sent for. From the appearance of the unhappy man, however, Morton feared the worst, and determining, on the instant, to use what surgical skill he possessed, he took a lancet from his instrument-case, and applied it to the arm of the sufferer. This restored him to consciousness; but it was to a consciousness that his injuries were mortal; a conviction that seemed to strike him with horror. Morton having bound up the orifice, and recommended him to repose, was preparing to leave the room, when the stranger, in a hollow voice, exclaimed.

"May I not ask to whom I am so much obliged?"—
 "My name is Morton."—"Just heaven," cried the stranger, "I thought as much."—"You have known me formerly, perhaps," said Morton, "in India."—"India!" repeated the other; "it is too true, then."
 "What is it that thus agitates you?" exclaimed Morton; "remember that repose ~~is~~ ^{is} Look on me," cried the other, gasping with agony—"I know you not," returned Morton, calmly—"Would you had never known me," replied the stranger; "or that I—but that is past. Know me now for your inveterate foe!—for him, whom had you recognised while you held the ~~hatchet~~—yet not so. I only am a murderer."—"In the name of heaven who are you?" exclaimed Morton—"Penson!" A dead silence ensued. Morton, changing from red to pale, seemed labouring to smother his rising passion; while Penson, apparently exhausted by his efforts, sunk back on the bed, half fainting. "I forgive you," at length cried Morton; "I forgive you Penson, and may heaven forgive you."—"I shall soon prove that," cried the wretch, reviving; "I have injuries ~~which~~ which will destroy me, and that speedily. You talk of forgiveness, alas! you know not what you have to forgive! I intercepted the letters on both sides: nay, more, I possessed myself of monies remitted by you to relieve your father's distresses, and made them the instrument

of his ruin ! Hear me out—I will confess all, and die. I forged the tale of your death, which gave an unwilling victim to my power ; but I grow faint.” At this moment his servant burst into the apartment.—“ The horses, sir, are stopped unhurt, the doctor is coming, and my mistress too.” The patient groaned—“ I would not have had it thus !”—“ Nor I,” inwardly ejaculated Morton, when the confession of Person had agitated almost to frenzy. He looked on the wretched man, who lay writhing in torment before him, and his crimes were forgotten in his sufferings. “ Person,” he cried, “ you have, indeed, wronged me deeply ; but I forgive you from my soul.”—“ I deserve it not,” cried the dying culprit ; “ yet the sound of forgiveness is sweet. Oh, that I were spared but for a season !”—“ Be calm, then, if you wish to live.”—“ If I wish to live ! Alas ! I tremble to die : my wife here already ! No, no, I cannot bear this !” It was too true. Her sense of duty had outstripped the tardy zeal of the surgeon. She entered the room unnoticed or disregarding the presence of Morton, who, overcome by the violence of his emotion, had withdrawn for a moment to look on the wreck of that beauty in which his young soul had delighted. It was a wreck ; but a lovely one ! The features were changed, the bloom was faded ; but the soul, that gave light to the countenance, still beamed in all its native

brillancy. "My husband," she exclaimed, in a timid tone, "do I find you thus?"—"You find me but to lose me for ever," he replied, breathing with difficulty; "my moments are numbered. Weep not, Ellen, you should rather rejoice. I have been an evil partner to you who sacrificed all to me; but I leave you to one who will, I trust, repay you for all your sufferings. Morton," he cried—"Morton!" repeated Ellen, sinking breathless at the side of the bed—"Yes," continued her dying husband, "the living Morton—he forgives me."—"I do, from my soul," cried Morton.—"Will not you also forgive me, Ellen?" She looked up, but vainly attempted to articulate. "I read your heart," cried Fenson; "a heart which, till now, I never knew how to value. Could aught smooth the passage of a sinner to an unknown world, your forgiveness—But death grasps me close. Morton, to you I bequeath her, and one darling girl, whom I must never again press to my heart. Alas! her also have I used wickedly! My riches are built on sand—the gold that is won by guilt cannot prosper. At my death a nest of harpies will rush in and seize on all; but you, Morton, you will protect the widow and the fatherless!"—"I will, I will," exclaimed Morton, shedding tears on the upraised hands of the dying man.—"Heaven be praised for that. In a few

moments I shall be,—what I could have wished—it is too late ! ———” He sunk back and expired.

The death of Penzon was, to Ellen, a release from a selfish and unfeeling tyranny ; but the suddenness and the manner of his dissolution could not but affect her greatly. With all his errors, he was the father of her child ; and even the feelings which embittered his last moments were, to her pure and gentle soul, the source of deep regret. The anxious care of Morton removed her immediately from the trying scene ; nor, till the last obsequies of Penzon were performed, did he press on her those friendly offices of which, alas, she had so much need. The forebodings of the dying man were but too well founded : his riches were fictitious ; and Morton, in the redemption of his paternal estates, secured the only fund which remained to the widow and orphan. In the daughter of Ellen, a lovely girl of eighteen, he beheld the bright image of his early fondness restored to his admiring gaze ; while, in the soft converse, the just and noble sentiment of her angel-mother, he retraced those more valuable gifts which time cannot impair. In talking and weeping over the past, the first inquiries of Morton were respecting his sister. “ She lives,” replied Ellen, “ but fallen from that affluence which dazzled your dear father. Her husband was always insensible of her merit, and treated

her with harshness, which, after a time, strange as it may seem, darkened into hatred. Her vain attempt to succour her dying parent was treated by him as an attempt to renounce the allegiance of a wife. He even affected to be jealous of her, whose soul was purity itself; and looked on the innocent child she had borne to him with aversion, if not abhorrence. At his death, which happened a few years since, he left the bulk of his fortune to a distant relative, bequeathing only to his wife and son a scanty pittance, which, by the iniquity of an agent, has been yet further reduced."—"Julia has then a son," cried Morton, with animation—"Yes," replied Mrs. Penson, "a son who is an honour to a mother, that has educated him at great sacrifice, but which are amply recompensed by his filial attachment and devotion"—As Mrs. Penson pronounced this eulogium on his nephew, with sparkling eyes, Morton observed the young Ellen Penson blush deeply: he looked inquiringly at her mother, who understood his look. "Yes, Morton, George Summers loves my Ellen; and it is the dearest wish of my heart, that she may become the wife of that best of sons"—Morton's eyes glistened. "Well did Grace say that there was happiness yet in store for me: but where are this dear sister and her noble son?"—"I know not at this moment," replied Mrs. Penson. "The poor unhappy man, whose errors I humbly hope, unexpiated by his sufferings, treated

the hopes of my young friend with disdain; and my dear Julia, dispirited at his repulse, and declining in health, left me in tears that I had no power to dry. 'I believe,' said she,—but this was only the chimera of a desponding mind,—'I believe I have not long to live: I would fain see dear Eversfield ere I die; I would fain look on the tombs of those whose last blessing I was not permitted to receive. But other anxieties press on me now: George must be eased for first; this cruel blow to his hopes has unfitted him for the way of life which, irksome as it was, he pursued so patiently, (he was classical assistant at an academy in this neighbourhood;) here we cannot stay; he even talks of going to that fatal India!' I attempted to cheer her with hopes, which, alas, I could not feel; but she only smiled mournfully on me: 'No, my dear friend, happiness is not for us! Be assured, however, that, within a month, you shall hear of me and my poor George, whatever be our destiny, and separated we cannot be!'—"How long since is this?" exclaimed Morton, eagerly.—"Nearly three weeks," replied Mrs. Penson; "but no intelligence of them ~~has~~ ^{yet} reached me."—This relation determined Morton to proceed homeward without delay; particularly as ~~deliberary~~ ^{deliberate} seemed to demand, at least, a temporary absence from one, whose sensitive feelings were too tremblingly alive to the opinions of a mis-judging world, to desert the stay.

even of a being so dear to her, when duty and principle alike counselled his departure.

He reached Eversfield late in the evening, and was proceeding slowly along the village street, when his attention was attracted by a tumult at the door of the New Inn. "It is but a faint, I tell you," cried Mrs. Crump, screaming at the top of her voice; "and I will have none of you here; the woman is no more dead than I am. John Ostler, drive these geese off, while I go and look to her, for Betty is but a simple body like the rest of you."—"What is all this?" cried Morton, alighting—"Oh, here is the squire, so I care for none of you now. Why, your honour must know, that just now, as I may say, we saw Dick Cooper's cart coming up the street, with a youth like supporting a woman in his arms, and just as they got opposite this door, she dropped in a swoon; so Master Sam Martin here, chusing to think the woman was dead, and that the parish might have to bury her, sets up a hue and cry, and brings all the village about my ears in a moment."—"Where are these strangers?" cried Morton, in some agitation—"In the parlour with Betty; she's a helpless thing, to be sure, but the young man seems hardy, if he was not in such a twitter. And I declare," continued Mrs. Crump, as she ushered him into the parlour, "your honour looks I don't know how like; but see, the lady is better."—"Julia, my dear Julia!"

exclaimed Morton, unable to control himself, for, changed as she was, he knew his sister at a glance.—“Everard! No, no, it cannot be; it is a dream—a delusion!”—“No, my own, my beloved sister, it is thy brother that folds thee to a heart thou shalt never leave.”—“Madam Summers, as I live,” cried Mrs. Crump; “and to take her for a pauper!”—Her voice seemed to awake the wonder-stricken Julia to the reality of the scene: “I do not understand—you were dead.”—“No, no, it was a tale forged for an unworthy purpose, by one who is, alas, gone to his account.”—Poor Julia sunk on her knees in mental prayer and thanksgiving; while her son, on whose noble countenance Morton was gazing with admiration, silent and awe-struck at such unlooked-for happiness, hung over his mother with fond and tender solicitude. By this time Grace, who had tottered down to the New Inn at the news of what was passing, entered the room, and beholding the long-divided brother and sister folded in each other’s embraces, exultingly exclaimed, “Said I not that heaven had blessings yet in store, and is it not so, my master?”—Their felicity was completed.

The sequel of our tale will be readily anticipated. Morton immediately adopted his nephew as his heir,—and George, at the united desire of his mother and uncle, took also the family name. In a few months after, the nuptials of George Summers Morton and

Ellen Penson were solemnized with a splendour inferior only to the happiness of the union; while Mrs. Penson, yielding at length to the wishes of the long-attached Morton, and the soft persuasions of Julia, united her destiny also with his. The summer of their days, it is true, was past, but a soft and soothing autumn, radiant in decline and rich in golden fruits, shed a calm lustre over their declining years. There was a union of kindred minds—of congenial virtues. And Eversfield—reviving under the bounty and protection of the old family, as they were always emphatically termed by Mrs. Crump,—had long cause to bless the arrival of the stranger at the New Inn.

STANZAS.

'Tis said, the heart an altar made,
 By love, to burn celestial fire,
 If once neglected, or betray'd,
 Will blaze no more with fond desire.
 The glance of love the eye may steal,
 The heart may yet in fancy rove,—
 But still the wandering soul will feel
 The absence of departed love.

And can it be that love can die?—
 Oh, no!—I feel within my breast,
 Though dormant, love awhile may lie,
 He springs refresh'd by sleep and rest.
 The phoenix, from eastern flames,
 In spicy flame exuding wings;
 Its youth renew'd, it still retains,
 And brighter from its ashes springs.

THE PARTING.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

YES—it must be—the hour is come !
 I hear the sound afar,
 That calls thee to thy peaceful home,
 And me to fields of war !
 With bounding heart and light'ning brow,
 I ever heard that call till now ;
 Hope rush'd to meet it—and wilt thou
 My path to glory bar ?

No ; love so deep, so true as thine,
 Nor less sublime than true,
 Would never lure me to resign,
 When fame and freedom too
 Are calling. Were it not for thee,
 I ne'er had left thee for a name ;
 But is there not a holier claim,
 When freedom has a her due ?

For this am I prepared to bleed
For this resign'd to die ;
Since happier far the nobly dead
Than they who live to sigh
Beneath a tyrant's hated sway,
No, dearest, not the bridal day,
If *thou* wert mine, could charm away
The curse of 'lavery'

And dream not, if I breathe farewell
Without one starting tear,
Less deep my love than their's who tell
That parting, how severe'
In all I do—in all I dare,
Thy form shall still be present there ;
Nor e'er to heav'n shall rise my prayer
Without a name so dear !

Farewell, then ! since the hour is come .
And peals the sound from far,
That calls thee to thy distant home,
And me to fields to war.
I go to glory or the grave ;
And when I mingle with the brave,
To conquest, thou o'er battle's wave
Shalt be my guiding star ! .

One last embrace—nor be thy brow
 With boding gloom o'ercast ;
 Nor let de-pendence whisper now,
 ' It is indeed the last !
 Hope still the happier hour to see,
 Which brings me back to love and thee ;
 When all our joys are yet to be,
 And all our pains are past !

SARAH'S GRAVE.

*For the memory of a faithful domestic, who died on the 11th of
 June, 1826, in the 17th year of her age.*

Who could have dreamt, when late we view'd
 The buds of cheerful spring protrude,
 'Those churchyard boughs so soon should wave—
 Poor maiden ! o'er thy early grave ?
 These mark thy dust ; but thy good name,
 Nor brass, nor marble, needs proclaim.
 Though wealth nor honours graced thy birth,
 And lowly was thy lot on earth,
 Thy meek retiring virtues won
 Observance oft, from friends unknown.

Long, Sarah, had we seen thy bloom
Droop, like a primrose, o'er the tomb,
While murmur nor complaint was found
To pass those lips in silence bound
Nor will we blush to own that we
Have watch'd, and wept, and pray'd for thee
Now prayers and tears avail no more,
For thou hast pass'd life's troubled shore,
But hope remains—celestial guest!—
To whisper, "Thou hast reach'd thy rest"
Oh! should we ever meet thee there,
When earth's distinctions disappear,
We shall not blush to own that we
Have wept and pray'd below for thee.

W H

A PORTRAIT

BY MISS PARDOY.

THERE is a settled sadness on the brow,
 And in the downcast eye, and on the cheek.
 Too proud for pity, and too deep for tears—
 It was not always thus. She once was fair,
 Even to a wonder. She had faded, then,
 Like a plucked rose, or a crushed violet '
 'Tis a sad tale. Look on the portraiture
 Of what she grew to be: still beautiful—
 Most beautiful! A soft and shadowy thing,
 To haunt the dreams of one whom poetry
 Had lulled to a sweet madness. But not thus
 Was that pale, faded lady, in her youth.
 I shall not seek to paint her. There's a charm
 Around the heart's own portraiture, to all
 Who love to dream of beauty, which mere words
 E'erred to image forth another's thought

Of loveliness, but withers and destroys
 Enough, then, that this charm which you have flung
 O'er some ideal form of witchery—
 The nameless spell—the soul-enthraling bond—
 Fancy and feeling have wrought out for you—
 Was her's in all its talismanic strength !

I do remember her: I would not give
 That memory for an added term of years,
 Though I might live them all in happiness !
 How well she loved ! but you may read it here,
 Even in the blight and ruin of her youth—
 She loved, and was unhappy. She had taught
 Her heart the lesson of idolatry,
 And day by day she coned it. And for him
 Who had won all her thoughts. He was so fair,
 That never maiden sighed in secrecy
 For such a suitor. Few, who marked the flush
 On his rich cheek, dreamt that the deadly hand
 Of fell consumption had o'erspread it there.
 And thus they loved and smiled the hours away,
 Until he sickened like a cankered flower,
 And died !————

That lady was beside his bed,
 Tearless and calm. She uttered no complaint ;
 For what were words to such a grief as her's ?
 Months passed ; and, even at the twilight hour,

RECOLLECTION.

She was seen seated by his grave; her head
Pillowed upon the turf. She did not weep,
But with a faint and melancholy smile,
She strewed the grave with blossoms: and, at length,
She lingered there so long, that some went forth
To lead her to her home. It was too late:—
• Her sorrowing had outworn her; and they came,—
And found her heart had broken!

RECOLLECTION.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

WHEN mem'ry looks back on the record of years,
Ere reason and feeling decay;
Ere the footsteps we leave in this valley of tears
Are swept by oblivion away,—
'Tis sweet, when delight has been sober'd by age,
To glance on its mirrors again;
'To glide o'er the clouds of adversity's page—
They seem not so desolate then.

As the tempest brings calm; as the hoar frost the spring
 As the dawning disperses in day;
So the sun and the shade of vicissitude fling
 A beautiful light on our way;
And passion and rapture, when temper'd by thought
 No trace but of happiness leave;
When grief, when remembered, is tranquilly taught
 How vain—how ungrateful—to grieve.

Life's briars and roses—its gladness and gloom,—
 Do they vanish together?—Oh no!
The flow'rets we pluck, and condense their perfume
 The weeds to the desert we throw.
Like the bee, thoughts fly o'er the field of the past,
 Finding sweets wheresoever they roam:
They wander through sunshine and storm, and at last
 Store nought but their honey at home.

THE TWO KINSMEN.

A Dramatic Scene.

BY MISS MITFORD.

PERSONS—*Mrs. Conway. Agnes Conway, her Niece.*

SCENE—*An elegant Lady's Sitting Room in a great Country House.*

MRS. CONWAY. AGNES.

Mrs. Conway. Why art thou silent, fairest mine?
 Three long
 Eventful weeks have past since last we met;
 Yet, save a sad sweet welcome, thou hast spoken
 No word to me, mine Agnes. Art thou musing
 On Alfred Lee?

Agnes. Why should I muse on him?

Mrs. Conway. Nay, there hath been a moment when
 that question

Had caus'd thee blush, and start, and smile, and glow
 With such beauty as the summer sun
 Lends to the summer flower—the rosy tint
 Of love.

Agnes. If such an hour there were, forget it,
 As I have done, good aunt. Hast thou not learnt
 That I'm a beggar? The long law-suit, waged
 Betwixt my guardians and Lord Delamere,
 Is given against me: I, that was accounted
 The wealthiest heiress of the land, am now
 Its poorest orphan—homeless, friendless!

Mrs. Conway. Agnes,
 Have I no home? And is not my home thine?
 Are not my daughters sisters to thee, Agnes,
 And I thy mother? Sweetest, were I rich,
 Rich should'st thou be. No thanks, no tears, my Agnes
 Talk we of Alfred Lee?—ye were betroth'd:
 What change can thus chance work?

Agnes. Have I not said
 That I am poor?

Mrs. Conway. But he hath competence,
 And will inherit wealth. I've seen his rich
 And generous kinsman, good Sir Etcard,
 Thy kindest neighbour, and thy truest friend;
 And he commands me say, "Not for her lands,
 But for herself, he held his cousin blest
 In winning Agnes Conway: but since lands

So long held her's, and this her pleasant home
 From earliest childhood, needs must be most dear
 To Agnes' heart, he hath already purchased
 Park, mansion, and demesne—a wedding offering
 To the young bride: so that when Agnes gives
 Her own fair hand to Alfred Lee, she gives, too,
 Her own fair heritage."

Agnes. O, matchless friend!
 Knows Alfred aught of this?

Mrs. Conway. Not yet.

Agnes. I deemed so.
 Say to Sir Everard, that I as dearly,
 As truly thank him, as it I, in sooth,
 Were like to wed his son.

Mrs. Conway. And art thou not?

Agnes. Never!

Mrs. Conway. Some lovers' quarrel!

Agnes. No Good aunt,
 I well remember now that thou could'st ne'er
 Abide my favour'd suitor, deeming him
 A slight and selfish trifler: such he proves. *

Mrs. Conway. Ha! say'st thou so?

Agnes. A fortnight past, he came,
 After a five days' absence, and was usher'd,
 As usual, straight to me. Sad looks he wore,
 And in a grave and measur'd tone inquir'd
 If I had lost my all?—if hope were none

To try the cause again, and so reverse
 The harsh decree? I answered, none. And then,
 Shaking his head, and striving for a look
 Of solemn wisdom, after decent pause,
 My prudent wooer spake of poverty,
 And of the duty all men owed their name
 And kindred, not to wed without good hope
 Of fair sufficiency; and then he sighed;
 "If he were rich," he said, "but he was poor—
 Wretchedly poor!" And then he cried, "Alas!"
 And glanc'd at parting; seem'd to weep, and talk'd
 Of broken hearts; and finally withdrew
 In a well-acted passion of deep sorrow.

Mrs. Conway. Hast seen him since?

Agnes. I walk'd down yester eve
 To the dear rectory, to say—Farewell!
 And there, within the lilac bower, I saw
 My sad heart-broken swain in dalliance gay
 With the rich widow, Lady Varney.

Mrs. Conway. Aye?

He woos her now?

Agnes. Her or her jointure; 'tis
 A shrewd doubt whither. As I deem, they came
 To buy the license, for was never pair
 Made such an ostentation of their love.
 Enough of such a waverer! Trust me, aunt,
 At loss of my whole fortune I account me

A happy woman, to have 'scap'd th's sordid
 And mercenary suitor Lady Varney
 Hath drawn the worse lot, I pity her,
 I even from my inmost heart

Mrs Conway And I believe thee,
 Truly, mine Agnes; all the reader believe,
 That there is in thy gentle scorn no token
 Of envy, grief or anger, that thy voice
 Is calm as be thy words, thy cheek unflush'd,
 Thy lip untremulous, thine eyes undimmi'd
 By womanly heats. Thou must have striven well,
 So soon to master love

Agnes Nay, nay, good aunt,
 'I was liking never love a light and gay,
 And gushy fancy wild by a trim ship,
 A comely face, a gallant port, and fed
 By flattery's delicate and feignings fun
 Love! O no, no! though, as his wife, bound to him
 By sacred duties and three-holy vows,
 I should have lov'd him well, and never, surely,
 In poverty had I forsaken him.
 Yet, being left, I felt an instant joy
 'That I was free; for Alfred—frank and gay,
 And brilliant though he seem'd—lick'd the fine tattle,
 The fertile fancy, the high-reaching thought,
 'That make Sir Iverard's eloquent speech a feast,
 To mind and heart. Be sure thou thank him, madam

For his unparagon'd kindness: make as light
As may be of this tale; I would not fling
Dissention 'twixt two kinsmen, nor estrange
The elder from his heir.

Mrs. Conway. Be certain, Agnes,
That Alfred Lee will never now be hen
To his kind cousin.

Agnes. Is he not his next
Of kin?

Mrs. Conway. I grant ye.

Agnes. Nam'd in th' entail?

Mrs. Conway. I grant ye that, too;
But if Sir Everard wed—

Agnes. Wed!

Mrs. Conway. Why, how old
Dost think him, Agnes?

Agnes. Five-and-forty.

Mrs. Conway. 'Tis
The outside of his age: full many a man
Hath been an older bridegroom.

Agnes. But Sir Everard!

Mrs. Conway. Well, and Sir Everard! Is he not,
dear maiden,
Graceful and gracious, mild and generous, kind,
And good, and wise; one that will make his home
The very shrine of virtuous happiness?
Thrice blest will his wife be.

Agnes. But surely, madam,
 He never means to wed. He said so, frankly,
 When Alfred first address'd me; then the purchase
 Of these broad lands for me and his young heir:—
 He'll never wed.

Mrs. Conway. Make not too certain, Agnes.
 Sit here beside me; I have that to tell
 Will work some wonder in thy little brain:
 Listen. Sir Everard, all his life, hath been
 An over-eager student: from a boy,
 His very soul was in his books. At Eton,
 At Oxford, in gay France, or graver Spain,
 Or classic Italy, duly as here
 In his paternal halls, his lamp has burnt
 At midnight, and hath paled before the ray
 Of the bright sun-dawn, and hath seen hirt still
 With *Æschylus'* or *Homer's* boldest page,
 Or *Plato's* golden dream, or *Pindar's* lay,
 Disclos'd before his sleepless eyes. He liv'd
 In those immortal men—in their rich tongue
 Revell'd: it was a passion and a joy—
 The blameless vision of his youth;— but youth
 Wither'd before it. He grow lean and wan,
 As one new-risen from a sick-bed, and bent
 As by decrepit age, and silver hairs
 Untimely bloused with the manly brown;
 Whilst thy resolute and learn'd abstraction kept

Over his fluent speech, and long discourse
 Rusted the courtly ease which ladies love.
 So that, when waking from his dream, he walk'd
 Into the stirring world, he found himself
 Unlike his fellows, sport of vain coquettes,
 Jest of light coxcombs; and in shame and scorn
 Strangely commingled, stole back to his books.
 Aljuring man and woman.

Agnes. Surely, madam,
 You do him less than justice?

Mrs. Conway. So he liv'd
 Retir'd, scatt'ring his bounty through the land,
 But chary of his presence, till one charm
 Lur'd back the hermit to the world.

Agnes. And what
 Might that charm be?

Mrs. Conway. A child, a lovely child!
 She was the niece of one his mother lov'd,
 And often at the castle. 'Twas an heiress—
 Alas, poor thing, an orphan! and their lands
 Join'd.

Agnes. And was she the charm?—she! that poor
 child!

That silly ignorant child!

Mrs. Conway. That very child.
 Gentle and playful was she as a fawn,
 And innocent and loving, and most fair,
 And most unconscious of her power; and he

We all unconscious too till the fair child
 Gave into furter woman then he knew
 That the strange passion that so thrill'd his heart—
 The pleasure mix'd with pain—was love
Agnes Alas !

Why could he not—

Mrs Conway. Why, she was gay as fun,
 And young, and he—Agnes, it is the cure
 Of true love, that it paints in tints of light,
 Hues glitt'ring as the rainbow, the beloved,
 And views itself all shadow ;—he misdoubted
 His age, his form, his gravity, unfit
 To match with youthful beauty. Still he loved
 And from her innocent kindness he perchance
 Had gather'd hope and courage ; when his mother
 Droop'd in this northern climate, and he bore her
 To Limerick, where she died

Agnes Alas !

Mrs Conway She died,
 After long suffering ; and when Sir Edward
 At length won home—

Agnes Alas !

Mrs Conway He found the maid
 Betroth'd to his next kinsman ; and forgetting,
 All, save her happiness, proclaim'd at once
 Him whom she lov'd his heir. Need I to tell
 The rest mine Agnes ?—that the maid became

Poor, and her mercenary suitor left her
For a rich widow. Thou art silent, sweet,
And surely musing now. Is it of Alfred
Or Everard ?

Agnes. And he lov'd the poor, poor Agnes !
He—ever wisest, kindest, best—he lov'd her !
And she, for that light youth—when such a man
As Everard lov'd her !

Mrs. Conway. And still loves !

Agnes. To vex him—
To be a grief to him !

Mrs. Conway. From this day forth
Thou'lt be his joy, fair niece. Blest was the hour
That made thee poor, and for yon sordid wooer,
Gave thee his noble kinsman !

ADA TO HER LOVER.

BY JOHN BIRD, F.SQ.

I OVI, wilt thou leave me, leave me thus,

When flowers are blooming and leaves are bright '
Say not parting was made for us,

Why should they sever whose souls unite ?
Let not a vision of wealth and power,

Pace thy steps from thine own sweet glen :
Oh ! were broad lands thy Ada's dower,
Love, would'st thou leave me, leave me then ?

Say, must I sorrow o'er life's spring days,

When like twin blossoms our young loves grew.
And thy soft lip first learned to praise,

One but too blest to be prais'd by you ?
Must I mourn o'er my blighted youth ?—

Frown not !—Ada disdains to chide .
Vows were vain, if thine eye spoke truth,—
Vainer yet, if thy heart denied

Oh ! what is wealth, but a golden chain ?—
 Power ?—a vain pageant—a splendid dream ;
 Peace delights in a syrian reign ;
 Heaven shines soft on the lonely stream.
 Look but once on thine own sweet cot,—
 Fairer gift can the world bestow ?
 Look on a maiden that changes not,—
 Love, canst thou leave me, leave me now ?

THE FUGITIVE.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

LESS wildly sweep, thou wintry wind !
 Ye leafless branches, cease to wave !
 Veil from my sight—veil from my mind—
 That sacred spot,—my father's grave :
 Hide, hide it in still deeper gloom !
 Ye driving show-flakes, swifter fall !
 Wrap your pure chilly mantle round ;
 Lest, every feeling to appal,
 From that low vault my steps resound,
 The awful echo of the tomb !

More darkly spread, ye shades of night !
 Lest I behold that holy fane,
 Where, as he shared each mystic rite,
 He raised the prayer for me in vain—
 If vain can be a father's prayer.
 There, too, my mother's ashes rest !
 Their race is o'er, their task is done :
 Unknown the pangs which tear this breast,
 The crimes—the misery of their son,
 Though once their tenderest, dearest care !

O'er ocean's ever-heaving wave
 I go, to hide my guilt—my shame ;
 Dear tenants of that honour'd grave,
 Forgive this blot upon your name,
 That but by me has known a stain !
 O'erwhelm'd by woe, pursued by wrath,
 Dares yet this heart to breathe a prayer ?
 Deign, blessed shades, to point my path,
 And snatch the wanderer from despair !
 Hope, grant this beam to soothe my pain !

I HEARD A SOUND ON THE EVENING GALE.

I HEARD a sound on the evening gale,
 'Twas parting autumn's farewell sigh,
 As the last lone leaf, with mournful wail,
 Dropp'd, with its kindred dead to die.

Another sound, a knell for the dead,
 In measur'd cadence faint and low—
 A requiem sad for a soul that's fled,
 Swept by in murmurs soft and slow.

Like the autumn leaf, man fades and dies,
 And going hence, is seen no more;
 But free, his imprison'd soul shall rise,
 When life's sad toilsome journey's o'er.

OLIVE HATHAWAY.

A Village Sketch

BY MISS MILFORD.

ONE of the principal charms of this North-of-Hampshire country consists in the infinite variety of woody lanes, which wind along from farm to farm, and from field to field, intersecting each other with an intricacy so perplexing, and meandering with such a surprising round-about-ness, that one often seems turning one's back directly on the spot to which one is bound. For the most part these rough and narrow ways, devoted merely to agricultural purposes, are altogether uncoupled, although here and there a lone barn forms a characteristic termination to some winding lane, or a solitary habitation adds a fresh interest to the picture.

These lanes, with their rich hedge-rows, their slips of flowery greenward, and their profound feeling of security and retirement, have long been amongst my favourite walks; and Farley-lane is, perhaps, the prettiest and pleasantest of all, the shadiest in warm weather, and the most sheltered in cold, and appears doubly delightful by the transition from the exposed and open common from which it leads.

It is a deep, narrow, unfrequented road, by the side of a steep hill, winding between small enclosures of pasture land on one side, and the grounds of the great house, with their picturesque paling and rich plantations, on the other; the depth and undulations of the wild cart-track giving a singularly romantic and secluded air to the whole scene, whilst occasionally the ivied pollards and shining holly-bushes of the hedge-row, mingle with the laurels, and cedars, and fine old firs, of the park, forming, even in mid-winter, a green arch over head, and contrasting vividly with a little sparkling spring, which runs gurgling along by the side of the pathway. Towards the centre of the lane rises an irregular thatched cottage, with a spacious territory of garden and orchard, to which you ascend, first by a single plank thrown across the tiny rivulet, and then by five or six steep steps cut in the bank—an earthen staircase. This has been, as long as I can remember, the habitation of old Rachael Strong, a laundress of the

highest reputation in Aberleigh, and of her young niece, Olive Hathaway. It is just possible that my liking for the latter of these personages may have somewhat biased my opinion of the beauty of Farley-lane.

Olive Hathaway has always appeared to me a very interesting creature. Lame from her earliest childhood, and worse than an orphan,—her mother being dead, and her father, from mental infirmity, incapable of supplying her place,—she seemed preternaturally devoted to care and suffering. Always gentle and placid, no one ever remembered to have seen Olive gay. Even that merriest of all hours—the noon-day play-time at school—passed gravely and sadly with the little lame girl. A book, if she could borrow one, if not, knitting or working for her good aunt Rachael, was her only pastime. She had no troop of play-fellows, no chosen companion,—joined in none of the innocent cabal or mischievous mirth of her comrades; and yet every one liked Olive, even although cited by her mistress as a pattern of sempstress-ship and good conduct,—even although held up as that odious thing, a model—no one could help loving poor Olive, so entirely did her sweetness and humility disarm envy and mollify scorn.

On leaving school she brought home the same good qualities, and found them attended by the same results. To Rachael Strong, her assistance soon became inval-

able. There was not such an ironer in the county. One could swear to the touch of her skilful fingers, whether in disentangling the delicate complexity of a point-lace cap, or in bringing out the bolder beauties of a cut-work collar,—one could swear to her handy work just as safely as a bank clerk may do to the caligraphy of a monied man on 'Change, or an amateur in art to the handling of a great master. There was no mistaking her touch. Things ironed by her looked as good as new, some said better; and her aunt's trade thrived apace.

But Olive had a trade of her own. Besides her accomplishments as a laundress, she was an incomparable needle-woman; could construct a shirt between sunrise and sunset; had a genuine genius for mantua-making; a real taste for millinery; was employed in half the houses round as a sempstress at the rate of eight-pence a day; devoting by far the greater part of her small earnings to the comforts of her father, a settled inhabitant of the workhouse at Aberleigh. A harmless and a willing creature was poor William Hathaway; ay, and a useful one in his little way: for my part, I cannot think what they would have done without him at the workhouse, where he filled the several departments of man and maid of all-work, digging the garden, dressing the dinner, running on errands, and making the beds. Still less can I imagine

how the boys could have dispensed with him, the ten-year-old urchins with whom he played at cricket every evening, and where the kind and simple old man, with his lean, tall person, his pale, withered face, and grizzled beard, was the fag and favourite of the party, the noisiest and merriest of the crew. A useful and a happy man was poor William Hathaway, albeit the proud and the worldly wise hold him in scorn; happiest of all on the Sunday afternoons, when he came to dine with his daughter and her good aunt Rachel, and receive the pious dole, the hoarded halfpence or the "splendid shilling," which it was her delight to accumulate for his little pleasures, and which he, child-like in all his ways, spent like a child on cakes and gingerbread.

There was no fear of the sound falling; for gentle, placid, grateful, and humble, considerate beyond her years, and skilful far beyond her opportunities, every one liked to employ Olive Hathaway. The very sound of her crutch in the court, and her modest tap at the door, inspired a kindly, almost a tender, feeling for the afflicted and defenceless young creature whom patience and industry were floating so gently down the rough stream of life. Her person, when seated, was far from unpleasant, though shrunken and thin from delicacy of habit, and slightly leaning to one side from the constant use of the crutch. Her face was interesting from feature and expression, in spite of the dark and

perfectly colourless complexion, which gave her the appearance of being much older than she really was. Her eyes, especially, were full of sweetness and power, and her long straight hair parted on the forehead, and twisted into a thick knot behind, gave a statue-like grace to her head, that accorded ill with the coarse straw bonnet, and brown stuff gown, of which her dress was usually composed. There was, in truth, a something elegant and refined in her countenance; and the taste that she displayed, even in the homeliest branches of her own homely art, fully sustained the impression produced by her appearance. If any of our pretty damsels wanted a particularly pretty gown, she had only to say to Olive, "make it according to your own fancy;" and she was sure to be arrayed, not only in the very best fashion, (for our little mantua-maker had an instinct which led her at once to the right model, and could distinguish at a glance between the elegance of a ~~countess~~ ^{countess}, and the finery of her maid,) but with the nicest attention to the becoming in colour and in form.

Her taste was equally just in all things. She would select, in a moment, the most beautiful flower in a garden, and the finest picture in a room: and going about, as she did, all over the village, hearing new songs and new stories from the young, and old tales and old ballads from the aged, it was remarkable that

Olive, whose memory was singularly tenacious for what she liked, retained only the pretty lines or the striking incidents. For the bad or the indifferent she literally had no memory: they passed by her as the idle wind, that she regarded not. Her fondness for poetry, and the justness of taste which she displayed in it, exposed poor Olive to one serious inconvenience; she was challenged as being a poetess herself; and although she denied the accusation earnestly, blushing, even fearfully, and her accusers could bring neither living witness nor written document to support their assertion, yet so difficult is it to disprove that particular calumny, that, in spite of her reiterated denial, the charge passes for true in Aberleigh to this very hour. Habit, however, reconciles all things; people may become accustomed even to that sad nickname, an authoress. In process of time, the imputed culprit ceased to be shocked at the sound, seemed to have made up her mind to bear the accusation, and even to find some amusement in its truth or its falsity: there was an arch and humorous consciousness in her eyes, on such occasions, that might be construed either way, and left it an even wager whether our little 'fame' girl were a poetess or not.

Such was and such is Olive Hathaway, the humble and gentle village mantua-maker; and such she is likely to continue; for, too refined for the youth of her

own station, and too unpretty to attract those above her, it is very clear to me that my friend Olive will be an old maid. There are certain indications of character, too, which point to that as her destiny: a particularity respecting her tools of office, which renders the misplaced a needle, the loss of a pin, or the unwinding half an inch of cotton, an evil of no small magnitude; a fidgetty exactness as to plaits and gathers; a counting of threads and comparing of patterns, which our notable housewives, who must complain of something, grumble at as waste of time; a horror of shreds and litter, which distinguishes her from all other mantua-makers that ever sewed a seam; and, lastly, a love of animals, which has procured for her the friendship and acquaintance of every four-footed creature in the neighbourhood. This is the most suspicious symptom of all. Not only is she followed and idolized by the poor old cur which Rachael Strong keeps to guard her house, and the still more aged donkey that carries home her linen, but every cat, dog, or bird, every variety of domestic pet that she finds in the different houses where she works, immediately following the strange instinct by which animals as well as children, discover who likes them, makes up to and courts Olive Hathaway. For her doth Farmer Brookes's mastiff—surliest of watch dogs!—pretermitt his incessant bark; for her, and for her only, will Dame Wheeler's tabby cease to spit and

erect her bustles, and become, as nearly as a spiteful cat can become so, gentle and amiable; even the magpie at the Rose, most accomplished and most capricious of all talking birds, will say, "Very well, ma'am," in answer to Olive's "How d'ye do?" and whistle an accompaniment to her "God save the King," after having persevered in a dumb resentment for a whole afternoon. There's a magic about her placid smile and her sweet low voice, no sulkiness of bird or beast can resist their influence.

And Olive hath abundance of pets in return, from my greyhound Mayflower, downward; and indeed takes the whole animal world under her protection, whether pets or no; begs off condemned kittens, nurses sick ducklings, will give her last penny to prevent an unlucky urchin from taking a bird's nest; and is cheated and laughed at for her tender-heartedness, as is the way of the world in such cases.

Yes, Olive will certainly be an old maid, and a happy one—content and humble, and cheerful and beloved! What can woman desire more?

THE PAST.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

OH ! for the days of olden time,
 With magic wonders rife ;
 When visions, shadowy and sublime,
 Their influence shed o'er life.

When ivied grot, and darksome dell,
 Wild heath, and mountain hoar,
 Were haunted by the potent spell
 Of legendary lore.

When fairies danced the moonlight green,
 And fauns in shady wood ;
 And by each fountain's silvery sheen
 Its guardian naiad stood -

Such were the wild and wondrous dreams
 Which gave, in earlier days,
 The minstrel his romantic themes,
 And woke his favourite lays.

But spell and vision, elf and faun,
 And named, lov'd of yore,
 In vale, or hill, in grove, on lawn,
 Are seen and heard no more.

Far from the worldling's frigid just
 Hath fled the frolic train;
 And proud philosophy's behest
 Unpeopled wood and plain.

May not the poet mourn for this,
 And own, with fruitless sighs,
 Where simple "ignorance was bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise?"

THE PRESENT

BY THE SAME.

BARD of the green-wood lyre !
 How shalt thou hope, in these enlighten'd days,
 For subjects to inspire,
 Or readers who may love thy simple lays ?

Science, with vaunted skill,
 Philosophy, with cold and proud pretence,
 Fashion's capricious will,
 And sordid mammon, plead the joys of sense.

The palpable and real
 Must now supplant the beautiful and wild ;
 The lovely and ideal
 Be deem'd the nursery fables of a child.

Go, sing the charms of wealth ;
 The praise of commerce ; glory of the arts ;—
 But breathe not, e'en by stealth,
 One rustic legend dear to simple hearts.

Or turn from mammon's gold,
 The pomp of science, or the pride of power,
 To win the plaudits cold
 Which fashion gives her minion of an hour.

But hymn not to the ear
 Of heartless worldlings thy primeval strains ;—
 Orpheus won h ill to hear ;
 While earth and earthly hearts thy song disdain.

THE FUTURE

BY THE SAME.

DEEM not the poet, thus bereft !
 Hath song nor glorious visions left,
 More holy, heavenly, and sublime,
 Than legends of " the olden time "

What though the world, and worldly cares,
 O'erspread life's daily path with snares,
 Have science, commerce, wealth, and power,
 Destroy'd the minstrel's loftiest dower

Believe it not ! The immortal soul
 Still travels onward to its goal ;
 Its holiest hopes, its visions high,
 Are link'd to dim futurity.

In viewless ages yet to come
 It seeks its everlasting home ;
 And, conscious of its heavenly birth,
 It spurns the bounds of time and earth.

Then, ~~do not~~ mourn the past no more,
 And cease the present to deplore ;
 With ~~unwieldy~~ ~~hazy~~ and heaven-wild eye,
 Look forward to ~~ETERNITY~~ !

Beyond thy mortal vision's scope
 Exists the " ~~promised land~~ " of hope ;
 And through the shadowy vale of death
 Extends the vista seen by faith !

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

BY THE REV. DAVID M'NICOLL.

AH, dire event! that seems to wring
Tears from those eyes of blue:
The stricken floweret of the spring
Thus sheds its morning dew.

Could I restore each vagrant part,
That multiplies thy pain!
'Twould quickly heal thy wounded heart,
And thou would'st smile again.

List, weeping maid, in life's rough round,
This tale ye oft may tell;
"My vessel shiver'd on the ground,
Just ere it reach'd the well."

When love's pure streams thy taste invite
 And on the brink ye stand,
 The much-lov'd youth himself may smite
 The pitcher from your hand.

Meantime, while lighter shocks succeed,
 Let patience still bear up;
 But, maiden, chiefly learn to heed
 The carriage of the cup.

And think, O think, there is a fount
 Whence living waters flow;
 Like Silva's brook, by Sion's mount,
 Softly those waters go.

Yet, though of the proud flood no burst
 Is heard, or torrent's noise;
 Those waters more shall quench thy thirst,
 Than all terrestrial joys.

Drink, and these earthly rills shall seem,
 Though taunted, mean and poor:
 Cease then thy grief; at this free stream
 O drink, and thirst no more.

Then, no rude accident shall wrest
 From thee thy full supply;
 The well, deep-seated in thy breast,
 Shall spring eternally.

SEPARATION.

AYE, think of me in after years,
 Although the dream be past,
 Love's charmed dream of hopes and fears,
 It is not made to last.

It cannot last—hearts will grow cold,
 And weary, although blest ;—
 Life's book has but one leaf of gold—
 Yet must we turn the rest.

Both are much changed ;—we cannot be
 All that we once have been,
 Love cannot make our destiny—
 'Tis but a single scene.

That scene,—oh life may never more
 Seem lovely as it seemed,
 When wanderers on a fairy shore,
 Our way we only dreamed.

SEPARATION.

But this is past—why should I say
What is in mine own heart ?
I know each has a separate way—
I know that we must part.

I know your heart,—I know my own—
Wide difference is there—
And these, so opposite in tone,
A various fate must share.

Deem not I would thy faith recall—
Look not for tears from me—
Equals, pride well for me do all,
Indifference does for thee.

Oh strange that two once so beloved,
Each all the world to each,
Should meet in other days unmoved ;—
What lesson does it teach ?

One that, at least, I long have known—
To trust to nothing here ;
That the heart should be cast in stone,
To suit so cold a sphere.

It is not for a thought of love,
I bid thee think of me ;
The stars may leave their homes above,
Ere that again may be !

But keep that thought, like one rich vein
Of pure and golden ore,
Mid all the false and heartless train
Teach in their worldly lore,

To mind thee that there are such things,
As truth and love on earth,
When heartless sneers the scoffer flings,
Upon their priceless worth.

Thou canst not be all worldly, while
Such memories with thee dwell,
Haunting thee with a moonlight smile
Of former love—farewell!

ONE HOUR WITH THEE!

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I.

ONE hour with thee ! when summer's sun-set closes,
 And day's last blushes gild the quiet grove ;
 One hour with thee !—to watch the shutting roses,
 And whisper in thine ear soft tales of love !
 All the fond heart has treasured through the day,
 At evening's dewy close, for faithful lips to say.

II.

One hour with thee !—when day's dull toils are over,
 And wearied nature courts the peaceful scene ;
 One hour with thee !—when gentle spirits hover
 Around our guarded path—unheard, unseen ;
 Then, all the vexing cares of busy day,
 One hour with thee at eve can well repay !

III.

One hour with thee!—when infant eyes are sleeping,—
The dove-like sleep, that only childhood knows ;
One hour with thee!—when eve's pale star is keeping
Her lonely watch, till heaven with radiance glows;—
Like that true star, *thou* art the guiding ray,
That cheers my path, and lights me on my way.

IV.

One hour with thee!—outweighs the empty splendour,
The heartless joys for which so many live;—
For one *such* hour, how gladly I surrender—
All fashion's crowds, and fashion's pomps can give.
Sick of life's gaudy scenes, I steal away,
To share thy converse at the close of day !

THE FAITH OF LOVE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

She died—she died,—yet still to me
 She comes in sad and sober dreaming,
 And from her hair a pale light streaming,
 Shows her as she was wont to be.

Barry Cornwall

Thou hast watch'd beside the bed of death,
 O fearless human Love!
 Thy lip hath caught the last faint breath,
 Ere the spirit fled above.

Thy prayer was heard, by the parting blest,
 In a low and farewell tone;
 Thou hast given the grave both flower and tear—
 Love, Love, thy task is done.

Now turn thy steps from each pleasant spot,
 Where thou wert wont to rove,
 For there the friend of thy soul is not,
 Nor the joy of thy youth, O Love!

Thou wilt meet but mournful memory there;
 Her dreams in the shade she weaves,—
 Filling with echoes the summer air,
 With sighs the trembling leaves.

Turn to the world and its reckless throng,
 From those dim haunted bowers,
 And shut thine ear to the wild sweet song,
 That speaks of vanished hours.

And wear not now on thine aching heart,
 The image of the dead;
 For the tie is rent which gave thee part,
 In the gladness its beauty shed.

Gaze on those pictured eyes no more,
 Whose smiles the life outlast;
 All between severed souls is o'er—
 Love, Love! forget the past!

—“Voice of sad bodings! away, be still!
 Strive not against the faith
 Which yet my bosom with light can fill,
 Unquench'd and undimmed by death.”

“ From the pictured smile I will not turn,
 Though sadly now it shine ;
 Nor quit the groves that in whispers mourn
 For the step once link’d with mine :

“ Nor shut mine ear to the song of old,
 Though its notes my tears renew ;—
 Such memories fast in my soul I hold,
 To keep it pure and true !

“ And I will not deem that all is o’er—
 I win a loftier trust,
 From the very visions ~~that~~ restore
 The face now veil’d with dust.

“ By the holy instinct of my heart,
 By the hope which bears me on,
 have yet mine own undying part
 In the deep affections gone.

“ By the presence, which about me seems
 Through day and night to dwell,
 Voice of sad ~~bedings~~ and fitful dreams !
 I have said no ~~last~~ farewell.”

BALAAM'S PROPHECY.

BY MISS E. MATTHEWS.

There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall
 out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab."

NUMB. xxiv. 17

I.

HE stood on the brow of the mountain of Peor,
 The vision of ages o'ershadowed his soul;
 Entranced were his senses, yet dread on the ear,
 Fell accents that scenes of the future unfold.

II.

"Like aloes whose fragrance is borne on the gale,
 Are spread forth those tents in the wilderness far;
 The shout of a king is among them,—all hail!
 Thou star¹ out of Jacob,—thou how in war!

III.

“ I see him arrayed in his vesture of light,
Behold him whose sway all the nations shall own,
The sceptre from Israel shall rise in his might,—
Dominion and glory envelop his throne

IV

“ Oh Edom, thy heroes and princes may share
The battle, but vain is their prowess to save;
Thy maidens the banquet no more shall prepare,
For nothing is thine but the feast of the grave

V.

“ He rides on the whirlwind, and Moab must fly,
And Amalek prone from his empire be hurl'd;
With rock-dwelling Kenite, whose nest is on high,—
Nor vestige remain of their place in the world.”

WEDDINGS:

By a Parish Clerk—*Ps.* 3.

THOUGH, perhaps, it may be unwise to wear a subject threadbare, and to risk the loss of that reputation which, much to my amazement, has crowned the humble endeavours of an unlearned Parish Clerk to please readers of polite literature, yet I cannot withstand the flattering solicitations of my friends, and am tempted to look into my memorandum-book, and to select a few more specimens of Weddings for the amusement of those persons who have condescended to view my former reminiscences with indulgence.

I remember, not very long ago, that my curiosity was strongly excited by a bridal party who chose our church for the performance of the nuptial ceremony. It consisted of an elderly and a young lady, and two gentlemen. The females, from a certain family re-

semblance,—a look, rather than a likeness,—I felt assured were mother and daughter. Both were handsome, though the former was more than a little gone by; yet art, judiciously applied, had, in a great degree, succeeded in concealing the inroads of time, and, by candle-light, she might have passed for a much more juvenile person. At the present moment she was certainly far the gayest, both in dress and manner; her dark eyes were still full of fire, while those of her daughter, apparently dulled by grief, were heavy and lustreless; her cheek was flushed with the tint of the rose,—it might be with rouge,—but it offered a strong contrast to the pale, marble, melancholy face of the desolate young creature by her side. The fashion of wearing orange flowers has taught me to distinguish the bride; and, after I had put on my spectacles, and looked a second time, to be quite convinced of the intentions of the elder, I was not guilty of the mistake of ushering the young lady forward, although, when I contemplated the bridegroom, I must confess I *was* amazed, and thought that, if I was right, a blunder of a very serious nature had been committed somewhere. The gentleman's age could not exceed five-and-twenty years; he was handsome, and had the air of a man of fashion,—careless, easy, and indifferent, notwithstanding the awkwardness of his situation; and that he felt it to be awkward was

evident, ~~from a slight~~—a very slight change of countenance which once or twice occurred when he caught the eye of his male companion, and by his anxiety to avoid all contact with the pale bride-maid, who, silent and almost motionless, seemed only by a strong effort to be able to support herself throughout the trying scene. The second gentleman was a tall, stout, middle-aged person, of a stern aspect, and who appeared out of place at a wedding, for he gazed at the bride and bridegroom with a look anything save benignant, and kept aloof from the young lady, though occasionally eying her with a softer glance, as if he was afraid that a single word would destroy the equanimity which she struggled to maintain. The bride was the only person who seemed to be quite at ease, and her look and manner were so odious, while enjoying the circumstances in which she was placed, that I could scarcely repress a rising inclination to do her a mischief. She returned the cold, repelling glances of the elder gentleman with haughty scorn, eyed the drooping girl by her side with contemptuous pity, and addressed herself frequently to the bridegroom with words and glances of fondness, which he bore as well as he could during the ten minutes which elapsed before the clergyman was ready. Nothing occurred at the ceremony, except that ^{the} the bride-maid grew paler and paler, and trembled so violently, poor thing,

that she found much ado to stand without clinging to the rails of the altar. At last it was over ; and then, as if for the first time, aware that the deed which had just been ratified was irrevocable, she uttered one long deep sigh, and fell down upon the pavement. The bridegroom rushed from his place ; his countenance lost all its placidity,—his hair bristled up wildly,—his eyes seemed rushed from his head,—and cold drops burst from his forehead. “ I have murdered her,” he exclaimed, “ and for gold ; my life,—my soul,—my gentle love ! ” —“ Hold, sir,” interposed the elder gentleman, “ add not insult to injury. This poor child has been already sufficiently wronged, sacrificed at the shrine of avarice and vanity ; but I will not trust her to the care of an unnatural mother, and a heartless libertine : henceforth she shall be under my guardianship. Revel in the wealth obtained by your disgraceful marriage ; but learn, that in forsaking this trusting girl, you have lost the heiress of far more extensive possessions.” Raising the prostrate form of his adopted daughter in his arms, where she lay for a moment sobbing and gasping for breath, he led her, when a little recovered, though still unconscious of what was passing, to his carriage ; lifted her in, and, quickly following, drove swiftly away. The bridegroom seemed now utterly to have lost his senses ; he raved and swore ; called himself a brutal wretch, and a perjured

villain; wished that the roof would fall down and crush him, or that the earth would open and swallow him up; and a deal of nonsense of that sort. The bride, in a half-whining, half-whispering tone, attempted to console him; but it would not do. He spurned her from him roughly,—darted into the vestry, and out of the door, in a minute,—not even waiting to sign his name in the book. The bride now seemed to be inclined to go off in a fit of hysterics; but I ordered a large basin of water to be brought in, and looked at it in such a determined manner, that she, in pity to her blonde face and orange flowers, to say nothing of her complexion also, abandoned the project; so, not daring to weep, and not deeming it expedient to weep, she waited, patiently enough, considering all things, for the return of the gentleman, who, however, never came back; and, at last, when it was twelve o'clock, and no more business could be done that day, her carriage was called up, and in she stepped, and we never saw either her or her husband again; so how they got on together, or whether they ever met afterwards, I cannot say.

I remember, likewise, another very singular circumstance which took place at our church. The wedding was an exceedingly grand one. A post chaise and four, provided for the bride and bridegroom, with the boys in white satin jackets; and though the party was not

very numerous, the train of carriages would have accommodated thrice the number. Nothing was ever more magnificent than the bride's dress; she was all Brussels lace and diamonds; and, as I heard somebody learned in those things remark, had the value of thousands of pounds heaped upon her person. She was very beautiful, and extremely rich, being a co-heiress to one of the largest estates in England. The sister of the bride was with her, but she was certainly not so handsome, indeed only what might be called pleasing, and dressed very elegantly in white silk; yet, notwithstanding the striking difference in their personal appearance, the commanding dignity of the one, and the retiring simplicity of the other, I thought that if I had been a young man, and could be allowed my choice, I should take the less beautiful lady of the two; there was an air of such gentleness and kindness about her, and her smile—and she smiled often—was so sweet, that the heart quite warmed towards her: perhaps it was that somehow I fancied, for all she looked so pleased, that there was a little of sadness in that smile, and I felt interested because I thought her, despite of outward appearance, unhappy. There was too, at times, a faint tint of the blush rose upon her cheek, coming and going, now deepening a little, and then fading quite away to ivory paleness, which, to my mind, was more lovely than the rich carnation glow which

vied with the lily on the bride's radiant countenance. She sighed too, often; and each sigh was accompanied by a deep blush, as if, though going to part with her sister, she was ashamed of sighing; and then she smiled again, but there was more of pensive tenderness than of gaiety in those smiles; they proceeded not from a heart at ease, or troubled only for another's happiness; she might have wept at the contemplation of the approaching separation, and her tears would have had an obviously natural cause; but her smile concealed something she wished to hide. The bridegroom was not punctual, and the bride, though haughty enough in her demeanour towards her companions, seemed to love him too fondly to cherish any thing like anger at his delay. Indeed she displayed a warmth of affection, which, to a fastidious person, might seem unbecoming, even under her present circumstances. She was sure that he was ill,—that something dreadful had happened to him,—and was just dispatching half the gentlemen, and all the footmen, to enquire the cause of his absence, when he appeared. Rich and beautiful as she was, he justified her choice, for a more noble-looking gentleman I never saw; his entrance caused a bustle which took off the attention of the party, or they might have read strange things in the varying expression of his speaking features. The bride's idle speech was prophetic, some-

thing dreadful had certainly happened to him, for he trembled with agitation. Attributing his nervousness to having overwalked himself in his hurry to keep his appointment, he asked for a glass of water, and having swallowed it, became somewhat more composed; but still there was a restlessness in his air, a quivering on his lip, a continual change of countenance, which shewed that all was not right. The party, however, *seemed*, or, perhaps, *were*, too much engaged to remark it. The eyes of the bride's sister were never lifted towards him; and, though still smiling and talking cheerfully, she made a movement which mingled her with the crowd, and concealed her from individual observation. The bride, drawing down her long veil, cast her glances to the ground; the whole party reached the vestry room, passed through, and approached the altar;—when, suddenly pausing, the bridegroom exclaimed—“Oh! Charlotte, I cannot deceive you. I am a ruined man,—an absolute beggar. Every shilling of my property in the West Indies, literally, irretrievably lost!” All the party stood rooted to the ground in amazement; every eye was directed towards the bride, and she it was who first broke silence. “You tell me this,” she cried, “only to try me.” She spoke calmly, but there was an air more of vexation than of sorrow, which, little experienced as I am in the ways of the world, surprised me; for I expected that she would

have thrown herself into his arms, and quieted his fears at once. "No, no, by Heaven," he replied, "I speak the truth. I never doubted you—till now." "You never had cause, Sir," returned the lady, a little proudly,—“Nor shall have; I am ready to do all that may be required of me—lead on:”—And while offering her hand, she looked about, as though anxiously hoping for some one to assist her out of a disagreeable dilemma. The hint was taken; an elderly gentleman stepped forward:—“As your friend and adviser, my dear,” he said, in rather a hesitating manner, “I cannot allow a romantic generosity to hurry you into any act of imprudence: all will, I have no doubt, be satisfactorily explained, and we shall meet again under this holy roof; but it is absolutely necessary, for the happiness of all parties, that there should be time allowed for consideration.” “I yield up all my claims, Sir,” replied the bridegroom; “I release her from her plighted vows—she is free—and I wish her—happy.” This short speech was uttered with some difficulty; and at its conclusion, overpowered by his emotions, the unfortunate gentleman staggered back against the wall, and covered his face with both his hands. The bride now thought proper to shed a few tears, and to appear very faint. Straightway she was surrounded by a crowd of eager persons, offering smelling bottles; and perceiving which way her wishes tended, they led her gently into

the vestry room, whence moving on to the carriage, she suffered herself to be placed within it; and the chief part of the cavalcade rolled slowly off. One person only remained in the church beside the disappointed bridegroom, and that was the bride's sister. The moment she found herself alone with him, she flew to his side, —spoke to him in soothing tones,—and though, for a few minutes, she essayed in vain to win him from his distraction and despair, yet she succeeded at last. There had been nothing unmanly in the anguish of mind which he had betrayed; and after a strong effort he recovered outward equanimity at least, and giving his arm to his fair consoler, they walked up and down the aisle several times, apparently in deep discourse together. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, the gentleman handed his companion into her carriage, one of the two which still remained in waiting. He looked thoughtful, sad, and very pale,—yet quite composed. The lady's face I could not see, for she had doubled her veil over it, and flinging herself back in a corner of the chariot, in another moment was lost to view. The disconsolate bridegroom, if such he might be called, dismissed the travelling equipage, with its white satin jacketed postillions, and strode from the scene of his blighted hopes. The Brussels lace and the diamonds made their appearance at church shortly afterward, attended by a retinue more splendid than

ever ; but the bride was not accompanied by her sister ; and the bridegroom, though a baronet, was far inferior in personal appearance to the man she had discarded. Every thing passed off very well. The lady, at first, did not appear quite so proud of her choice as on the former occasion ; but the moment that she was saluted by her new title, her countenance brightened up, and she cast glances, melting with tenderness, upon the coarse, rough features of her ill-favoured consort. It was not very long before other familiar faces visited us again ; a quiet, but an extremely happy party ;—no pomp,—no shew ; but the loss of outward glitter was amply compensated by the unaffected joy which all seemed to feel. It was the interesting sister of the late bride, and the gentleman who, in losing a large estate and a wife, had gained a treasure which promised to reward him for all his past sorrows and mortifications.

A second pair came to be married under circumstances somewhat similar to those which occurred at the intended nuptials between the beautiful heiress and her West-Indian lover, but with a very different result. There was nothing at all remarkable about the appearance of the bride. She was well-looking, well-dressed, apparently well-bred, and (it is always difficult to be precise respecting the exact period of a lady's age,) not old, though certainly beyond her teens. The bridegroom, with a handsome, though rather coarse, and

not very expressive countenance, possessed a fine athletic figure, and might be styled, in vulgar language, a tall, strapping Irishman. He did not seem to be held in very great esteem by the relatives of the bride, but he was not a whit disturbed by their cold and contemptuous treatment, but talked fondly to her, and cracked his jokes with the pew-opener quite at his ease. They waited for the person who was to give the bride away; and a carriage, shortly after their arrival, drawing up, a smart, active-looking gentleman got out, followed by two men of very dubious appearance; who, under the sanction of their conductor, walked into the vestry, and very soon discovered their profession and errand, by unceremoniously tapping the bridegroom on the shoulder; mighty uncivil behaviour, as he himself remarked. The person who had ushered in these myrindons of the law, congratulated the bride upon his discovery of her intended husband's embarrassments, in time to save her from an imprudent marriage; but his friendly interference was not taken so kindly as he had flattered himself it would have been; and he, in turn, looked rather discomfited, when the lady, telling him that the exposure of her dear O'Rourke's pecuniary affairs could make no difference in her affection, and that she knew of no better employment of her spare cash than the liquidation of his debts, requested that, after the ceremony was over, for she would on

no account have it delayed for such a trifle, he would accompany her to the house of her attorney, where the whole matter might be arranged;—and then, attended by the sheriff's officers, who would not lose sight of their prey, the bridal train entered the church, and, after the completion of the nuptial rite, the Irish gentleman triumphantly led his wife, followed by her officious friend, to the carriage, and the two bailiffs getting up behind, they drove away, leaving the rest of the party to amuse themselves upon the effrontery of the one sex, and the weakness of the other.

The next wedding which took place was remarkable for its being a match of the most disgraceful and sordid interest I ever remember to have witnessed. The bride was very young and very pretty, and nothing seemed to take off her thoughts from the unwonted richness of her dress, except the necessity which she supposed herself to be under, of shewing a proper, or rather an improper, degree of attachment to her intended husband, who was old, ugly, and decrepid; indeed so lame and helpless, that he was obliged to be carried from his carriage to the vestry-room in the arms of two servants. The bride's family was, with her, consisting of a father and a mother; the first, a mere cypher—the second, a shrewd, clever, bustling dame, sharp and keen-witted enough for half-a-dozen, and two plain, concerted sisters. The whole set looked

as if they had seen better days, and were rejoicing at the prospect of mending their broken fortunes. All the spare cash appeared to have been lavished upon the attire of the bride, or it was probably a present from her rich suitor; the rest, without being exactly what is styled shabby genteel, were anything rather than splendid, and the little of the new paraphernalia, purchased for the occasion, had been made to go as far as possible. Unanimity prevailed amongst these otherwise unamiable people; at any rate, they thought fit to vie with each other in manifestations of respect and regard for the antiquated bridegroom. One administered drops, another rubbed his hands with eau de cologne, a third was ready with his snuff-box; and a fourth carried the crutches, of which he sometimes chose to avail himself. Then the windows were shut and opened at his caprice; and, though evidently anxious to get the ceremony over, a look or a word was law, and they waited with the most exemplary patience to a tedious delay, before he was willing or able to endure the fatigue of being carried into the church. The old gentleman was attended by a sullen, dogged sort of looking youth, — some disappointed nephew I presumed — who surveyed all that was going forward with suppressed rage. Lifted up in the arms of his bearers, the bride by his side, holding in her small white fingers a wrinkled hand, distorted by the

gout, and followed by the mercenary crew whose lessons the youthful hypocrite had so successfully practised, the disinherited heir bringing up the rear, —the misguided old man reached the altar. He looked ill when he entered the church, and while the ceremony was going on I perceived an alteration in his countenance ; at one time he could scarcely make the responses. Rallying, however, he got through the service better than I had expected, and was even pretty brisk when he signed his name ; but when all was concluded, he grew worse, his face became more and more ghastly, and he dropped back in a fit and expired. The first ejaculation uttered by five of the party, was, “ How fortunate that it did not happen before the knot was tied ! ” But they grew a little blank when the nephew, stepping forward, and assuming an air of importance, took upon himself to send for a surgeon. The whisper passed respecting the validity of the marriage, and hopes were expressed that the widow would be entitled to her dower. The bride had tried, but could not weep, until she heard of the jeopardy of her expected jointure, and then she cried out of pure anger. The relations now thought fit to be very civil to the nephew ; and one of the sisters, nay, even the widow herself, when she had dried her eyes, smiled complacently upon him, and afterwards, at the coroner’s inquest, I saw that he was in a very fair way

of being taken in. Indeed, I have since been told that a match was made up between him and one of the parties, but they did not come to our church, so I lost the sight of that wedding.

The next couple were a very interesting pair: the bride extremely pretty, and gentle in her manner; the bridegroom a distinguished looking person, who seemed born to win a lady's favour. I admired him for the manliness with which he supported the timid creature, who seemed only to think herself safe when clasped in his arms. There are many gentlemen who would have felt themselves awkward in his situation, and would have either been too officiously fond, or too negligent, but he, apparently kindly indulgent to some alarm which he could not share, studied only how to soothe the fears of his bride, and, by his judicious and tender attentions, enabled her to go through the ceremony without any violent agitation, though she started many times, and trembled exceedingly at the slightest sound. It happened that, while the parties were signing their names, I looked out of the vestry-room window, and in the street I saw a tall man wrapped up in one of those large fashionable cloaks so much worn at present, who, to my mind, looked exceedingly like an Italian bravo or Spanish bandit, such as one has read of in romances. He seemed to be skulking about, and just as I was going to call the attention of the company to

the singularity of his demeanour, he turned a corner and disappeared; so I said nothing, but could not help keeping my eye upon the street, while the party were going to their carriages. The bride was handed down first, and before she reached the last step, the same figure darted from behind an angle of the church, and, as he raised his arm, I perceived that he held a pistol, which he directed at the young lady's head. Before I had time to utter a single cry, it was discharged, and I saw the intended victim stagger, but she was fortunately unhurt, nor did she even fall; the bridegroom's quick eye, prompt spirit, and ready hand, prevented the slightest mischief; turning the assassin's arm with a powerful grasp, the pistol glanced upwards, and was fired in the air: still supporting his half-fainting bride, until the servants came up, he gave her tenderly to their care, and was in time to prevent the discharge of a second weapon, and to secure the person who had attempted to commit so frightful an outrage.

I am always grieved when I see anything like a disproportioned or a reluctant marriage; and I could not, from the first moment I beheld her, help pitying a young lady who came to church in company with two or three persons, very sad and very pensive, and as if she had no heart at all in the business which was going to take place. She did not shed a single tear, but never was there anything more hopeless and woe-

begone than her countenance: there was no appearance of constraint, yet she was evidently unwilling, and she seemed to have no confidence, and even no intimacy, with the people about her. The bridegroom followed closely, and I could not be surprised at her repugnance, though I was astonished that any thing short of force, could have induced her to trust such a man with her happiness. He was nearly fifty. I should think, and although neither ugly, ill made, nor ill bred, there was something sinister, and even revolting, in his whole appearance. He had sense enough to see that his attentions were absolutely sickening to his intended bride, and he discontinued his attempt to win her from her grief; though not without betraying, by a lurking devil in his eye, and a slight contraction of the forehead, his secret mortification at the cold shudder, and the look of anguish with which she repulsed his courtesies. It was scarcely the canonical hour when they arrived, and the clergyman was not in waiting. The bridegroom evinced a great deal of fidgetty impatience at the circumstance, and sent a message to his residence, which was hard by. The lady at first appeared to be about to remonstrate against all hurry, but she left the sentence unfinished, allowed him to do as he pleased, and, with the air of a martyr, prepared to meet her fate. Another short delay occurred from some foolish trick which had been played with the surplice: it was sewn

up, and had to be unstitched before the curate could put it on. I saw that the bridegroom was in a fever the whole time. At last all was ready, and the party ranged in front of the altar. The ceremony had commenced, but it was interrupted by a gentleman who, rushing breathlessly into the church, dashed the ring from the bridegroom's hand, just as he was going to put it on, and addressing the bride, exclaimed, "Fare thee well, heaven, I am not too late! You have been bitterly tricked; your brother is safe—he never was in danger; and the whole tale is a fabrication of the most infamous description." The disappointed adventurer bit his lip and clenched his hands with rage; but he had not a word to say, and his companions and abettors in the conspiracy slunk behind him. The young lady flung herself down upon her knees, and uttering an emphatic ejaculation of thanksgiving, was at once transported to the height of happiness; but again shewing some symptoms of fear, she suddenly addressed the clergyman, saying, "Tell me, sir, am I that man's wife?" He quickly assured her that she was not; adding a congratulation at her narrow escape from the snare prepared for her; and most grateful for her release, she took the arm of her friend and hurried from the spot, the rest following moodily. For my part, I never was so glad to lose my life in the whole course of my life.

The absence on account of sudden illness of the

curate, whose turn it was to officiate, at another time was productive of very serious consequences. The party came just at eight o'clock, and certainly of all the beautiful women I ever saw, the bride was the most lovely. She was by no means unconscious of her attractions; and seemed to have more gratification in surveying her face in a glass, than in attending to the sweet things whispered by her betrothed, on whom, however, now and then, she condescended to bestow a look of approbation. He said something about expecting a friend's presence at the ceremony with whom the lady was unacquainted, and presently that friend entered. He appeared to be struck and dazzled by the beauty of the bride; indeed he never took his eyes from her for a single moment; and she, though sometimes turning her head away, gave him full opportunity to indulge his admiration. The bridegroom, proud of the charms of one whom he was so soon to call his own, at first viewed the effect which they had produced with much complacency; but his countenance fell, when he observed the little restraint which his friend placed upon his raptures. Looks did not long content him. He placed himself by the side of the beauty, leaned over her, and began to make soft speeches in her ear. She tried to frown, drew her chair forward, seemed to disregard him, but listened. And now the bridegroom seriously took the alarm; he

assumed a grave air, and seemed to be making up his mind to utter his sentiments; and the company conversing, in low tones, with each other, began to whisper remarks upon the impropriety of the stranger's demeanour. Nothing that was going on was lost upon him; he saw it all with a glance, but it had not the effect of altering his conduct, for he only proceeded the more earnestly to urge his suit. At last, perceiving that the lady was not displeased with him, he turned about and appealed to her friends. He was young, handsome, lively, impassioned, and impudent withal; and he pleaded his cause so eloquently, that he succeeded in making an impression upon the relations of the bride. He rapidly sketched the advantages which would accrue from an alliance with him,—descanting upon his birth, fortune, and character, and his inextinguishable passion for the loveliest object in creation, in a very glowing and commanding style, interrupting the bridegroom's attempts to gain a hearing in a manner that left him not a word to say; and, indeed, the gentleman did cut rather a poor figure, while his rival was thus shewing off, and winning the suffrages of the audience; and when he had an opportunity of speaking, either from anger or agitation, he could not avail himself of it with any credit, stammering out a few incoherent words, while his treacherous friend, taking a pencil from his pocket, wrote hastily upon

the back of a letter a promise of marriage, on the penalty of forfeiting the whole of his property, which he put into the hands of the young lady's father. Things now assumed a serious aspect; the new suitor was evidently in earnest, and his wealth, and moreover his liberality, prejudiced the bridal party in his favour. The bride, who had hitherto been quite passive, permitting, rather than encouraging, the contest for her hand, now seemed disposed to favour the pretensions of her new lover; and when the bridegroom did muster sufficient presence of mind to ask her, if she could forsake him for another? she said nothing, but gave her hand to his rival; and the clergyman, who had been sent for to supply the place of his colleague, coming in, was told that his services were not required. The rejected bridegroom flung out of the church in a rage, while the successful stranger led the lady off in triumph. He told us that we should soon see him again, and he kept his word. The bride looked more beautiful than ever; the wedding was of the most splendid description; and the bridegroom rained a shower of gold upon all who had either art or part in his marriage. I must confess that, while pocketing his money, I thought the other gentleman exceedingly ill used.

THE MOONLIGHT BOWER.

By the Author of "The Legend of Genghis Khan."

'Twas on a balmy eve of June,
When softly gleamed the rising moon ;
All sounds of earth and air were mute,
When first I heard thy silvery lute ;
Bright was the eve, and blest the hour,
When first I saw thee, beauty's flower !

The calm,—the scene,—the fairy tone,—
Into my thoughts like light have gone ;
Entranced lay earth ; the stars around
Blue Heaven, seemed twinkling to the sound ;
The murmuring stream, and rippling sea,
Grew still, and listened, envying thee.

White moonbeams pierced the leaves between,
To see thee, and to make thee seen ;
And there thou stood'st—all glowing bright,
With alabaster brow of light ;
As 'twere an angel come to see
What thing a world like ours could be.

The object is what we meet, perchance,
 Only in place of old romance,
 The sound was like the loved one's voice
 Which tells it nigh to worth the loss.
 And mingling, both made poor earth seem
 Not mine's abode, but fancy's dream

There beauty's curdling ~~and~~ subdued
 The spirit to love's melting mood
 The radiant and the rare combined
 Of sin and grief the sense to blind
 And off flew reason, like the grey
 Of twilight from the eyes of day.

Since that far evening, time hath brought
 Both sights and sounds, a start for thought,
 But, conjured forth at memory's call,
 That moonlight howe outglows them all,
 And oft, when earth and air are mute
 I hail thy form, and hear thy lute

THE FUNERAL OF SIR THOMAS FURNIVAL,

At Worksop, circiter. A.D. 1238

BY JOHN HOLIAND, 189.

* * * * *

" Which Thomas to the holy lande went for to seeke,
The sepulture of Christe, and thereto agreed
With Gerard his brother, and there Thomas dyed,
Payne of the Saracens for Christes love,
Therefore we trust Christe hath reward him above.

" When Sir Thomas was slayne for Christes sake
His brother came home Gerard agayne,
And that Maude ther Maider graciously gan take
That his bones among hathen shuld be lane,
And made him returne without more delayne
Again to the holy lande, and his bones home brought
As it was Goddes will that he shuld be brought.

"Then tumulate here in Nottinghamshire,

At Wyke the north side of this Minster,

With his helme on his hede will enquire,

With precious stones that were sometime set a-re,

And a noble charbuncle on him doth he bere,

On his hede to see they may who will

Of my writing witness for a-tale."

Le "Stemma Fundatorum Prioreatus de Wyke"

HAUN by, yet just without the legal bound
Of Sherwood's ancient forest, once far famed
For archer-outlaws, deer, and glorious trees,
In ample splendour WORKSOP'S minster-towers
Rose over that proud Augustinian abbey,
Whose wide and mouldering ruins yet remain.
—When Britain's Saxon line to Norman arms
Yielded the throne and kingdom, pious lords
This sacred site devoted, pious hands
Dug out the wide foundation; while, long time,
Founders, and their descendants, liberal still,
With large munificence for aye endowed,
So deemed they this fair church and monastery.

Within the shadow of those castle walls,
 Reared by the Bishops and the Monks,
 Here dwelt their priests—hence the good patron drew
 Religion, such as error and rude times
 Conserved for faithful or false devotees:
 And hither, when they rarely died at home,
 Or fell, more oft, in martial strife afar,
 Were brought their bodies for interment, where
 High funeral obsequy, requiem, and rites,
 Were duly had; and where, in fitting state,
 Tombs, effigies, inscriptions, told their fate.

What time the tide of Europe's burning zeal
 Lit by that preaching apostle,—moved all
 Kings, potentates, and princes, warrior knights
 To wage, for Christ's sake, antichristian wars:
 To paint the cross on their victorious banners,
 To anoint themselves, their swords, their cause, and they,
 With sacred chrism,—then, then the pride and power
 Of all-conquering Christianity, repaired
 To meet the infidel at Acre's towers,
 Throw down his altars of Moloch,
 And win from him the sepulchre of Christ,
 Or perish gloriously where Christ had died.

Some thirty years, ere the third Henry closed
 His long and troublous reign o'er this fair realm;

Did England hear sad news from Palestine ;
 How that in battle many British knights
 The infidel had slain : that there had fallen
 Sir Thomas, called " the brave De Furnival !"
 And that his brother, fighting at his side,
 Interred the corse, and haply yet might live
 To greet their widowed mother, thus bereaved,
 With better tidings how the battle fought.
 —And so it came to pass : time and fair tide
 Brought home Sir Gerard from the holy land ;
 His sword undulled with slaughter, and his heart
 Still bearing unrevenged his brother's death.
 But love bespoke of war a breathing time,
 And sent him home to wed a baron's daughter.

To Worksop castle, where his mother, Maud,
 Kept state, such as became De Lovetot's heiress,
 Sir Gerard sped. Soon her maternal arms
 Embraced the steel-clad warrior, who returned
 With filial ardour the sad salutation.
 But when she listened to his tales of war,
 And heard how impious unbelievers still
 Retained Christ's sepulchre, and drenched the soil
 Of holy Nazareth with the Christians' blood ;
 And how her eldest-born, a mangled corse,
 Fell by their hands, and now lay buried where
 Their desecrating feet trod down his grave.

And bursts of anguish in succession broke,
 And passionate entreaties, which in vain
 Sir Gerard's filial love essayed to smother.

She wept not that her eldest-born had gone
 On that mad enterprise, for she had borne
 And suckled him for chivalrous exploits ;
 Yet, in his infancy, she taught the boy
 To gaze with rapture on a red-cross banner,
 To hate the turban, scymetar, and crescent,
 And curse the Saracen : arms were his toys,
 His very nursery-tales king Richard's wars.
 She wept not that her son had fought and fallen
 'Midst the false Prophet's votaries, nor that he
 Breathed his last prayer amidst their impious taunts,
 For this his sire (who fought near Acro's walls,
 With England's Lion-Heart, but died in peace
 A pilgrim at Jerusalem,) oft foretold.
 —But, Oh ! she wept—'twas madness to her soul,
 To think that he, a champion of the cross,
 Baptized, and by the blessed eucharist preserved
 Till he had enterprised his holy deeds—
 That he should fill a Moslem's hated grave,
 Who nobly fought, and gloriously expired.

O would Sir Gerard, for his mother's love,
 But once again embark for Palestine !

And from the infidel's polluting power
 Ransom with wealth, or with his sword redeem,
 His brother's Christian body;—she would then
 Not only on him blessings e'er invoke,
 But for the health of his immortal soul,
 And for the soul's repose of good Sir Thomas,
 With all their antecessors and their heirs,
 She would ordain perpetual mass and requiem
 From *Worsap's* convent quire: yea, she would found,
 And with all chantry perquisites endow,
 A chapel for our Lady; and would build
 O'er Gerard's grave an alabaster tomb,
 The pride and wonder of their priory.

Moved by her eloquent anguish, and resolved
 To disabuse his brother's dear remains
 Of all alleged indignity, once more
 He armed himself for foreign enterprise;
 And having shrived his spirit with the priest,
 And to the Virgin made his liberal vows,
 He, dauntless, sailed again to Palestine.
 Thenceforth around the FURNIVALS' proud castle,
 As summer evening's long sweet twilight closed;
 And when the winter winds swept old Sherwood,
 While yet their lord, Sir Gerard, staid away,
 Sang the retainers this rude roundelay:—
 Her feelings could no longer be controlled—

" Sir Thomas was a valiant knight,
And bravely he fought and fell ;
His grave is made and marked afar,
Where treads the infidel.

" Sir Gerard is gone to Palestine,
To fetch his brother's dust:
Holy St. Mary, ill his sail,
Who puts in thee his trust.

" His mother keeps her chamber close,
And nought does she but mourn ;
Holy St. Cuthbert ! comfort her,
Until our lord return.

" Sir Gerard, he is a noble knight,
And high is his warrior pride ;
And his plumed casque and coat of mail,
And his good broad sword are tried.

" Heaven speed him safe to Palestine ;
Heaven bring him back in peace ;
That our good lady Furnival
May her sad mourning cease."

It was the season when the flowers sprung forth.
And verdure clothed the earth. and leaves the trees—

152 FUNERAL OF SIR THOMAS FURNIVAL.

When spring was far advanced : the forest wide,
 With heath, and ~~grass~~ ^{purple}, and yellow blossoming broom,
 Smiled cheerful : sapling then—the Greendale-oak,
 So famed and mighty since,—was budding out,
 Beneath its parent tree in Welbeck Park.
 Through Worskop's meadows, under old Bracebridge,
 The little Royton merrily ran on ;
 And, where it washed the abbey's northern wall,
 Sallows, and sycamores, and bank-side flowers,
 Were mirrored in its bosom ; while the sun
 Bright on the white-walled monastery reposed,
 And shone on Worskop castle. All seemed glad—
 All, save the inmates of that feudal pile,
 Whose rightful lord had been untimely slain—
 Yea, whose remains, e'en now, were homeward borne
 With pomp and retinue across the forest.

Three days had passed since, safe off Britain's shore,
 The pilgrim-warrior landed with his treasure,
 And kissed the ground to think, now earth with earth—
 His brother's ashes with his native soil
 Would mingle, and his mother's prayer be answered.
 Towards the fourth nightfall, the procession came
 Within the park, and winding slowly on,
 Soon reached those wooden crosses LOVELOT lords,
 To mark and ratify their convent gifts,
 Which their own hands had planted,—and where rose,

In after-times, for other purposes,
 The yet-surviving shaft and steps of stone
 Here had assembled, from all quarters brought.
 And of all classes,—a promiscuous throng :
 Clerks, and religious men, and men of arms ;
 Tired pedlar-priests with masses by the score ;
 Serf, vassal, and retainer ; yea young thames,
 Women, and mendicants,—composed the crowd.

First in the funeral train, a file of priests,—
 Abbots, and priors, and inferior names,
 At heads of houses, or their delegates,
 With crostiers, crosses, reliquaries, walked.
 —Walter de Leyrton, Worksop's holy prior
 In cassock black, and rocket snowy white,
 And sable cloak and hood, and cornered cap—
 —The old Cistercian abbot of La Roche—
 And Welbeck's proud Premonstratensian lord—
 With Beauchief's grave superior,—were there.
 A splendid bier sustained the plain rude chest
 Which held the relics of the good Sir Thomas—
 (A simple coffer, fashioned in the hour
 When brave Sir Gerard, with his strong broad sword,
 Boldly exhumed his brother's mouldering corpse,)
 A sable pall was thrown profusely o'er,
 Scutcheoned with the arms of FURNIVAL—
 Six sanguine martlets on a silver field,
 A vermeil bend divides.

The cavalcade

Soon passed the gate-house wicket, and arrived
 At the great Saxon door : an hundred lights
 Illumed the ample church, and as the train
 Advanced along the aisle, an hundred voices,
 By rigol, psaltery, flutes accompanied,
 In requiem rose, and challenged the response—
 Priests and antiphonars, alternate, raised
 The solemn funeral chaunt. The bearers now
 Before the fair high altar placed the corpse ;
 Which did the priest all reverently uncover,
 Now sprinkling on it consecrated water,
 And touching it with unguents, then proclaimed
 The spirit consecrate, absolved, and holy ;
 Meanwhile the fuming thuribule he swung,
 And odours of burnt incense filled the church.
 —Full many pressed to gaze upon the limbs
 Of him, whose deeds had been their wondering theme.
 Some strove to gain a superstitious touch,
 And some were fain to kiss the dear remains !
 It was, indeed, a sight to lecture pride,
 With death's own image of mortality.
 The large thigh-bones, placed cruciform, were seen :
 And o'er the ribs, the vineless forearms,
 Crossed at the wrists, were laid ; the skull was bare,
 Save that of Palestine's thrice holy earth,
 Which preciouslly adhered. Thus—thus he lay,
 Name—skeleton—and dust—the fallen Crusader !

—Now, while the last antiphony is sung,
 With careful zeal into the grave they lower
 The collocated bones : a ponderous coffin,
 (Such later times have often seen exhumed,
 And vilely treated in this burial spot,)
 Out of one block of solid limestone wrought,
 Received the rich deposit : firmly down,
 O'er all, a ponderous slab was then cemented.

Now paid the rites—mass and procession done,
 Thurification,—threnody surceased—
 In prompt prostration all the people fell
 Down on the sacred floor ; and then the priest,
 With solemn benediction, and spread hands,
 Blessed the decumbent multitude aloud,
 And warned them to their homes : yct, ere they went,
 The mourner mother, who meanwhile had placed
 On the high altar, gifts and tythes of lands,
 And convent charters, amplified and sealed—
 Now bade vast largess to the common crowd,
 And to the mendicant abundant alms,
 And to the travelling chanter's gold for rentals,
 And to the priests, and young noblesse, best thanks,
 Be duly paid.

• •
 Ere long, in after-years,
 The little chapel, to our Lady vowed,

106 FUNERAL OF SIR THOMAS BURNHAM

In most elaborate Gothic beauty rose
 The long the sumptuous tomb adorned the grave
 Of the brave knight—such tomb is heretofore
 Few eyes had seen—a sculptured portraiture
 Of the armed warrior lay imposed thereon,
 Attoured as he fought in Palestine
 The legs and arms were crossed; the baudrick bore
 That same strong filigree which withal he smote
 The Saracen, still rusted with his blood
 And on his head his own steel helmet shone,
 Now chased with precious stones, amidst which blazed,
 Supreme, a noble carbuncle—Long stood
 This tomb, the theme of ancient gossip story
 Its fame, the convent-chronicle hath sung—
 The grave historian written: now, alas!
 All but the history brief, hath passed away
 Of this memorial

Yet, amidst fair scenes,
 To contemplation's eye, of curious taste,
 Or art, attractive—WORSOP'S church remains
 Huge pillars, Norman arches, proud twin towers,
 Our Lady's chapel, exquisitely ruined!
 Monastic walls, fair gate-house, fairer porch—
 All, all attest that past and perished grandeur,
 Which, with the mighty name of BURNHAM,
 Hath record found, history legend, songs

BROUGHAM CASTLE.

WESTMORLAND.

BROUGHAM CASTLE is a very ancient edifice, but the precise time when it was erected is a subject of mere conjecture. From the style of the architecture, and particularly of the Keep, Grose pronounces it Roman. Some coins and urns have been found here, and the place has all the usual evidence of a Roman station. Others assert, that Roger Lord Clifford, son of Isabella de Veteripont, built the greater part of the castle, and placed over its inner door this inscription :

This made Roger.

His grandson, Robert, built its eastern parts, where his arms, and those of his wife, were cut in stone. An inquisition, in 1403, found it and its demesne worth nothing; "because it lieth altogether waste, by reason of the destruction of the country by the Scots." The Countess of Pembroke relates that

Henry, when but Lord Clifford, "with his father, Francis Earl of Cumberland, did magnificently entertain King James, at Brougham Castle, on the sixth, seventh, and eighth days of August, 1617, on his return from his last journey out of Scotland." After this it appears to have been neglected, and become ruinous, until the years 1651 and 1652, when Lady Anne Clifford, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery, ~~ordered~~ ^{caused} it to be repaired. The *Tower of Leagues*, the *Pagan Tower*, and a state-room called *Greystoke Chamber*, are frequently mentioned in her memoirs. After the death of the Countess, it was suffered to run progressively to its present state of ruin. The side next the river is divided by three square towers; from thence, on either hand, a little wing falls back—the one leading to the gateway, the other connected with the out-works, which extend to a considerable distance along a plain of pasture land. The centre of the building is a lofty square tower: the shattered turrets which form the angles, and the hanging galleries, are overgrown with shrubs. The lower apartment in the principal tower (into which you descend by several steps,) still remains entire; being a square of twenty feet, covered with a vaulted roof of stone, consisting of eight arches, of light and excellent workmanship. From the construction of this cell, and its situation in the chief tower of the fortress, it is not

probable it was formed for a prison, but as the retreat of the chief persons of the household, in the time of siege and assault. All the other apartments are destroyed. The outward gateway is machicolated, and has the arms of Vaux (chogny, or, and gules.) on its tower.

In the vicinity, on a woody eminence, on the east side of the Lowther, stands Brougham Hall, the seat of Henry Brougham, Esq.; which, from the richness, variety, and extent of the prospect from its fine terraces, is often styled the *Windsor of the North*.

SONNET.

Written after reading Dr. Currie's Life of Burns.

BY MISS MITFORD.

BURNS! not the fairy songster's painted wings,
 Shaking from tiny plumes Columbian dew,
 Can match the changeful splendour of thy muse :
 Now melting tenderness resistless flings
 Delightful sorrow ; now, quick-flashing, springs
 The patriot glow ; now wit the smile renews ;
 Now love with fancy blends his gayest hues,
 And reason's self lies captive whilst he sings.
 Idol and victim of a heartless train,
 Bold was thy rhyme, impetuous, ardent, clear ;
 Not Ariosto's, no, nor Shakspeare's strain,
 Could sooner raise or sooner quell the tear.
 One only tear thy magic cannot chain,—
 Burns! Burns! for thee it falls, thee on thy bier!

DEATH'S PROGRESS.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

WHEN APRIL flow'rets decked the ground,
 And odours breathed in ev'ry gale,
 While verdant nature smiled around,
 His gelid cheek grew wan and pale,
 We bore him to the purest air,
 Beside the fountain's crystal springs;
 And deemed each murmuring zephyr
 Would come with "healing on its wings!"

II.

When SUMMER led the joyous host,
 And nature, 'neath his glaring ray,
 With richer foliage clothed the bowers,
 More shadowy still—he wore away!
 I 'en *then*, with eager hearts we caught,
 Hope's faintest gleam;—and hail'd the streak
 Of hectic hue, that season brought,
 To light at once his fading cheek!

III.

Inclusive hope ! The breeze that play'd
 Among the yellow waving corn,
 Sigh'd o'er the turf, where he was laid
 To rest, one bright AUTUMNAL morn !
 Now WINTER comes, with brow of gloom,
 And cheerless blasts, and stormy skies ;
 To dock with snowy wreath the tomb,
 Where our hearts' buried treasure lies !

LINES WRITTEN IN ILLNESS

BY THE REV. R. FOLWELLE.

DREAM of the morn, whose cooling wing
 O'er my eyelids used to fling
 The fragrance of the rosy dew,
 Ere (sealed in slumbers soft and light)
 They open'd to the ethereal blue ;
 Where, through its cloud of crimson, bright
 The sun arose, and mead, and fold,
 And wood, and wave, were streak'd with gold.—
 Dream of the morn, ah ! whither fled ?
 Why can not still my fever'd heart
 To lively fancies well nigh dead ?

The same green mead, as whilom gay,
 Courts the first blush of balmy day.
 In that brown upland, more remote,
 Kindles the shepherd's wattled cote.
 Yon oak wood loves, as erst, to spread
 Its boughs with earliest radiance red:
 And, dancing to the orient rays,
 The distant billow seems to blaze!

But I start up from troubled sleep;
 And scolding tears my eyelids steep.
 Ah! the sweet morning dream no more
 Shall freshness to my soul restore,
 Nor bid the scene that charm'd my sight
 Once, once again breathe young delight!—
 'Tis not in sun, in wood, or sea—
 Alas! the change is all in me!

THE WRECK.

BY MISS PARDOE.

PROUDLY the tall ship skimmed the wave,
 As before the gale she flew:
 Hardy and daring, bold and brave,
 Were her iron-hearted crew.

Laughter and song and revelry,
 O'er the waters pealed out gay,
 As that vessel gallantly sped by
 On her bright and sunny way.

The youth in his morning prime was there,
 With heart, light as thistle-down,
 O'er whose noble brow, in childhood fair,
 Stole its first soft shade of brown.

And the man in his might of strength and pride,
Was also upon her deck :
And the sturdy veteran stood beside,—
Life's scar, but not its wreck !

High beating hearts and flashing eyes,
Had that battle-ship for freight !
Hearts, which had called forth beauty's sighs—
Eyes, which had ruled her fate.

On, and on, o'er the smiling sea
Did the gallant bark speed on :
It was a goodly sight to see
That vessel scud along !

The tempest came in the pale moon's train,
And the lightning lit her way,
And the thunder-rolled o'er the darkened main,
And the sailor prayed for day.

But day came not !—alas, for all
Who sigh for the morning's light,—
How slow for them time's footsteps fall,
How wearily lags the night !

Laughter and song were heard no more—
The dance and the shout were done—
All, all, were hushed by the tempest's roar,
As it urged the war-ship on !

Dark was the sky, and dark the wave—
 Save when lit by the lightning's flash :
 Woe to the strong, the bold, the brave,
 'Mid the elemental crash !

The heart of fire, the arm of might,—
 What are they in the tempest-hour ?
 This is no mortal feud or fight,
 Where man may urge ~~his~~ pow'r !

Sudden a mighty shriek uprose
 Amid the awful strife—
 It was the harrowing cry of those
 Who parted there with life.

No other sound, save the storm, was there,
 When that long, loud cry was done !
 It was the wild voice of despair,—
 And they perish'd every one !

The gallant ship, and her noble freight,
 Passed away like a wind-chased cloud :
 Not one was left of the crew, which late
 Was so spirit-flush'd and proud.

On a summer eve their course began,
 And, ere the morrow's sun,⁶
 Stripling, and man, and veteran,
 They had perished every one !

The morning came—in its beauty came—
 But the spot was never known,
 Where, 'mid roaring waves, and lightning's flame,
 The ship and her crew went down !

TO EMMA.

BY JAMES BIRD, ESQ.

Author of "The Vale of Slaughden," &c

I.

MY bonny bride!—the joy that springs
 From life's unclouded morn, so bright ;
 The bliss that youth's fond dreaming brings,
 Hath charmed me with its dear delight ;
 But not the joys of life's noon-day
 Nor dreams of raptured fancy born,
 Sweet as the flowers that tempt the bee,
 Were half so sweet—as loving thee !

II.

Oft have I met the jocund throng,
While hearts beat high with boundless mirth;
Have listened to the syren's song,
That gave to passion's ardour birth;
But not the sweets of pleasure's bowl,
Nor beauty's voice, that charmed the soul,
Though priz'd, too deeply priz'd, by me,
Were half so sweet as loving thee!

III.

My eye hath gazed o'er hill and plain,
My steps have ranged in blooming bowers,
My ear hath heard soft music's strain,
My hand hath pluck'd ambrosial flowers;
But not the scenes that charmed my eye,
Nor music's softest melody,
Nor summer's sweetest flowers, to me
Were half so sweet as loving thee!

IV.

And now, that time's destructive fingers
Have changed me, love, since first we met,
Though care has warn, and faintly lingers
Around my heart and memory yet;
Still, not old time, who scathed my brow,
Nor care that wrung, and wrings me now,
Can change the bliss that waits on me
My bonny bride! in loving thee!

THE FORSAKEN.

SHE was alone : a ray of evening light
 Fell on her pale, sad face, and a young zephyr
 From the open lattice kissed her brow, and
 Gently waved away her anburn ringlets, as in mercy
 He would calm her throbbing temples. She was young,
 Innocent, and beautiful. Before her lay a portrait,
 And a curl of sunny hair ; she gazed on them as one
 To whom life had become a burden.

Alas, poor fond and trusting one,
 Thou art forsaken ! One, with semblance of great worth,
 Had sought her heart and won it : then, as a wayward
 child,

Threw from him the bright gem, as though it were
 A bauble of no price, grown weary of, because
 possessed.—

Alas ! deserted ! that thou should'st have chosen
 So frail a bark, in which to venture all thy hopes

And fond affections, thy whole sum of happiness.
'Twas wrecked! He left thee and thy simple dwelling,
For titles, gold, and high renown.
Another autumn evening came, and threw its splendour
O'er her grave. The faithless one, repentant, sought—
But found her not. The cottage was deserted,
And desolation stalked where once was happiness.
The garden wild, the jasmine and sweet clematis,
Torn from the broken lattice. Aged father and
her mother,
Whose joy and comfort had departed,
Passed childless to the grave, with none "to shed
The tears of mem'ry o'er their narrow bed."

H. A. S.

OCEAN.

BY MR. PERCY ROSS.

Author of "The Heart, &c

" Time writes no wrinkle on *that* *severe* brow,
 Such as *creation's* dawn beheld, thou *rolling* now."

Byron.

I.

OCEAN, pour forth thy multitude of waves,
 To sport and glitter 'neath yon rising sun;
 Send up glad music from thy myriad caves,
 As when thine earth-enslaving course begun;
 'Time *harks* not thee—his centuries pass thee by,
 As flits yon cloud across the golden sky!

II.

When, as old chaos into form *rolled*,
 Thou mirror'dst first that sky so young and fair,
 And not a sound of living creature broke
 The whispering stillness of the pure air,
 The sun-fit waves as now *came* along,
 And rose as now thy undulating song.

Q 2

III.

Earth became peopled, race succeeded race,
 Till men had made their homes on every shore;
 In turn they occupied their point of space,
 Played their brief parts, and then were seen no
 more;
 As waves an instant on thy surface glow,
 Then fade into the darkness—as below.

IV.

Cities which have no name in history's page,
 Of which e'en hoar tradition now is mute,
 Grew in extent and grandeur, age by age,
 And in the marble halls the dulcet lute
 Mix'd with the revels' shout of wild delight—
 Now grass grows o'er each unsuspected site!

V.

Others, of which fame speaks, are names alone
 And dust,—Thebes, Carthage, Babylon, and
 Troy,
 Are atoms, their wide palaces o'erthrown,
 Their gorgeous temples, and their bowers of
 joy;
 But ruthless ruin hath no fang for thee,
 Thou glorious symbol of eternity!

VI.

Mutation is earth's law, hath ever been.
And shall be while her revolutions last ;
E'en thine own islands, woods, and vallics green,
Nurtured barbarian hordes in ages past ;
And where her spires arise—her harvests swell,
The naked savage yet again may dwell !

VII.

Let change to change succeed—let deserts grow
To populous nations,—nations become waste,—
The same in storm and calm, in ebb and flow,
No records of old time in ~~THEE~~ are traced !
Then roll as ever, vast and hallowy sea !
Till a new chaos alter even thee !

FAREWELL AWHILE TO THEE, MARY.

BY HENRY EDANDRETH, JUN. ESQ.

FAREWELL awhile to thee, Mary,
Adieu yon peaceful vale,
Where all is blithe and free, Mary,
As is the summer gale.

To gaye scenes I go, Mary,
But not to scenes more fair;
And dark will be my brow, Mary,—
For thou wilt not be there!

Yet oh! forget me not, Mary;
Though far from thee I roam,
I'll love but one dear spot, Mary—
That spot shall be thy home.

And should some other youth, Mary,
 Bend to thy charms the knee,
 Forget not me and truth, Mary,
 And I'll forget not thee.

He'll tell thee I'm untrue, Mary;
 Yet should I haply smile
 On eyes of Heaven's own blue, Mary,
 Will they my heart beguile?

Ah! no—though blithe and gay, Mary,
 I join the lightsome dance,
 Not beauty's brightest ray, Mary,
 Shall pale thy dearer glance.

For there's a spell in love, Mary,
 No power on earth may break;
 That spell thou'st bid me prove, Mary;—
 I'll guard it for thy sake.

Then should some other youth, Mary,
 Bend to thy charms the knee,
 Forget not me and truth, Mary,
 And I'll forget not thee!

THE MIGHT OF SONG.

BY MARY HOWITT.

AT morn a Grecian vessel sailed
 Before a winged breeze,
 With pennon bright, and canvas white,
 O'er the Stellan seas.

With carved prow and glittering oar,
 She proudly rode along,
 And the light summer breezes bore
 Afar her rowers' song.

Ere eve the tempest's fury broke
 The might of surging wind :
 A hostile shore lay dark before ;
 A pirate bark behind.

Like the fierce demon of the night,
 That robber-ship appeared,
 And kept its onward course aright,
 Not wavering tossed, nor veered.

Before the storm, the noble ship,
 A helpless thing was cast;
 The wild winds took her tatter'd sail,—
 The waves her splinter'd mast.

And she lay stranded on the coast,
 'Mid winds and waters' roar:
 And 'mid a fierce barbarian host,
 That throng'd the desert shore.

"Ye find no harbour in our isle;
 "Hence to the sea," they cried;
 "Launch your fair ship to skim the deep;
 "The midnight sea is wide!"

"We have gold," replied the mariners,
 "And many a precious gem;
 "Were kings your captives, we have wealth
 "Could more than ransom them.

"If not by rich reward beguiled,
 "For mercy let us rest;
 "Hear kneeling age, and the fair child
 "Upon it's mother's breast!"

"Put off—away!" they fiercely cried,
 "We spur your boasted store;
 "There is more merrcy in the tide,
 "Than on this barren shore!"

The mariners, in wild amazement,

Look'd on the furious seas :

At length spoke one,—"We sing the lays

"Of sweet Euripides :

"Our ship was bound for Salamis,

"The place that gave him birth ;

"And not a man is here but owns

"The same his native earth,

"His lays were call'd a night and day,

"To soothe our infancy ;

"We lisp'd them in our childish play,

"Beside our mother's knee.

"We sung them in our ardent youth ;

"In love, in battle-strife ;

"In exile, poverty, and pain,

"They cheer'd our later life.

"They shall be sung beside your couch,

"Amid your festal throng ;

"For what a kingdom cannot buy,

"Is freely giv'n to song."

They rais'd a pity-breathing strain,

The savage man grew mild ;

And fierce eyes wept relenting tears.

To mercy reconcil'd.

Mightier than gold, the strength of song :
 Those glorious Grecian strains
 Moved, else unyielding, hearts to melt,
 And broke the captive's chains.

THE HEATH.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

I LOVE the wild and ferny heath !
 Though dreary deem'd, and bare ;
 I love to feel Heaven's balmy breath
 A truant wanderer there.

As sweetly there the wild-flower grows,
 And drinks the pearly dew,
 As in the garden blooms the rose,
 Of richer, prouder hue.

As blythely from its broomy nest
 The skylark soars on high,
 As from the spots which man has drest
 With patient industry.

Nor has my heart by music's power
 Been soften'd, and subdued,
 As on the heath at night's still hour,
 By quiet solitude.

In morn's young brightness, noon's repose
 At vesper-hour serene,
 Or when the moonlight softly throws
 Its splendour o'er the scene.

I find some wild and simple grace,
 Beyond the reach of art,
 Which silent thought delights to trace,
 And cheereth in the heart.

yond the habits, not less than the knowledge, of our ancestors, and that we can no longer waste our leisure, or employ our minds, in idle gossipings.

It is certainly true that the world does improve as it grows older, and that, even within the last half century, there is a wonderful change in the habits of society, more especially in that sex which were formerly more given to gossiping. Misses are tied by the fingers to the harp or the piano, and squall bad Italian during those hours in which their grandmothers gossiped in bad English. Wives, no longer relieved by the clubs from the presence of their husbands, cannot huddle into a chair, and hie to a neighbour to relate the history of the morning quarrel, and the dinner-hour reconciliation ; they are too busy in contriving splendid entertainments, the settling of sons, and the marriage of daughters, for useless tittle-tattle. Widows (who were once notorious gossips) are scarcely less busy ; either they are young enough to be beauties, or old enough to be blues, and, in either case, have many fatigues to encounter. Between blond and books, cypress, gauze, and chemical experiments, the criticism demanded by a *marchand de modes*, or a new opera, they are in too much request to analyze the conduct of their neighbours, or detect the intrigues of their servants.—We have no tattling widows now-a-days, except in remote villages.

Even old women of both sexes, the proverbial gossips of preceding ages, are now unknown; how, indeed, can they be found, when age itself is banished, and, of course, its former privileges and immunities remain unclaimed? We do indeed hear many bilious ladies and asthmatic gentlemen detail symptoms, which formerly, after due lamentation, led to the conclusion, "I am getting into years;" but this phrase is now gone to the "years before the flood." It is an understood thing, that the length of a man's life has nothing to do with his strength, appearance, conduct, or character. Abernethy has conquered age; and it is evidently believed by many "reverent seniors," that *Time* himself takes the blue pill, and means to live for ever; on which account they deem it unnecessary to trouble themselves on the affairs of *eternity*. Amongst our progenitors, with the meddling inquisitive neighbour and the silly chatterer, were many found, who, conscious of advancing life and approaching death, took "sweet counsel together" on the important situation in which they found themselves. This class is pretty nearly extinct; their wisdom and humility would be considered as *outré* and vulgar as that of the gossips at a country christening.

But if the name be exploded by which a general source of social amusement was once designated, can the inherent desire common to our nature be controlled?

Can even knowledge eradicate, or fashion crush, those wishes which are paramount in many, and felt by all ? Certainly not ! We may change the form, the texture, the value, of our garments, but we are all sensible that clothing is necessary for us ; and scarcely less so is that sense of desire for unrestrained communication with one or more of our fellow-creatures, which, however we may refine upon it, is neither more nor less than "gossiping." There may not be a king in Europe who gossips with his hangman, but there are more than one who find that office supplied by their physician or confessor. We are all well aware that groomes and coachmen are the accredited gossips of noblemen, whose ancestors (proudly as they figure in the pages of history,) found the same personages in pages and *fools* in days past. Our young ladies do not make confidants of their waiting-women ; but the reams of gilt-edged, well written, crossed and recrossed paper, constantly passing from one corner of the kingdom to the other, prove the necessity of communication from one over-charged vessel to another. Mamma, too, has her diplomatique intercourse with inferior agents ; and papa talks of politics with as much intense interest, as if all the difficulties of the coalesced administration were resting on his responsibility.

It is true, our numerous daily journals and weekly periodicals stand us instead of newsmongers, being

printed gossips, to whose information and quietness we are deeply indebted; but although they save us from the necessity of "swallowing, with open mouth, a tailor's news," they foroid us that reciprocal communion, and that "colloquial warfare," which the great moralist deemed the soul of conversation; there is, therefore, evidently a want they cannot supply, and which they generally excite. I know no class of persons that enjoy a gossip more than literary ones themselves—the profound casuist, the investigating historian, the learned antiquarian, the sage politician, even the imaginative novelist, and the rapt poet—rejoice when they can quit the cares and honours which belong to their labours, and mangle with kindred spirits in the refreshing case of idle gossipry. The tea-parties of both our old Universities, are well known as the scenes where the rites of gossips are enjoyed to the full; and we question whether the march of intellect in the New University, will be able to trample the habit into the dust, although it is certain that great cities are less favourable to it, than places where the dearth of public amusements render the pleasures of conversation more inviting.

Yet, even in London, have we not *conversations* on all sides of the town? which are merely extensions of the old system of gossiping; and the way in which they are crowded, prove the fact that, whether people

find a gossip there or not, they anxiously seek it : it is, indeed, certain that many do enjoy it. See how happy a party of old lawyers are in "fighting their battles o'er again;" listen to the conversation of a group of painters, revelling in their own vocabulary of lights, shadows, and effects; mark the anxiety of architects to build, with each other's aid, new temples and towns, and raze the city of Nash to its foundation.

Medical men are either good gossips, in the most extensive and endearing sense of the word, or they are deficient in one of the best endowments of the profession; for how often does the doctor's visit cheer the patient as much as his skill? How much more pleasant is his voice than his prescription? With him the power of gossiping is so much a duty that it ought to be studied as an attainment. But if this is the case with a transitory visitor, much more does it become matter of moment to all those young people who are about to enter the path of matrimony; for happy is it when persons whose duties and situations afford the best possible opportunity for the enjoyment of social intercourse, prove good gossips to each other. The possibility of doing this, is not quite so easy as it will appear to be to every pair of youthful lovers, for it requires much mental exertion to be at once an amusing and a familiar companion—great forbearance in controlling temper, and awakening the resources of

memory and talent for one whom we regard as a second self, entitled to our affections, but liable to endure our troubles.

More especially should woman endeavour to bestow this inestimable "Pledge of Friendship" on him whom she has promised to love and honour. The usages of society, the claims of business, and the nature of man's heart, will frequently draw him from her side; but happy will it be for both, if the hour of his return is hailed with that welcome which assures him that his presence bestows, not interrupts, enjoyment. No intercourse can be so easy, and therefore happy, so full and fearless in the communication of opinion, so willing to lay open its weakness, or so capable of exhibiting its strength, as that which takes place between two affectionate, sensible, and lively persons thus situated; therefore every woman should so study her husband's taste, and appreciate his acquirements—so learn when to speak, and when to listen, that she may add to her other and perhaps more striking accomplishments, that which will certainly outlive them all, the power of being "a safe companion and an easy friend," or, in other and older words, "a loving gossip."

THE DAYS OF OTHER YEARS.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

THE evening skies are ting'd with gold—

Sweet incense breathes upon the air—

The world is lovely as of old,

And nature still as fair.

But cold unto the faded eye,

And darkly changed its scene appears—

And we remember, with a sigh,

The days of other years.

Beyond the hills of distant blue,

Their tide of light hath ebb'd away—

The flowers beneath their beams that grew,

Have sunk into decay.

But there's the loveliness in death,

That memory balm in silent tears ;

Though fled for aye their bloom and breath,

With days of other years.

There beauty rests—her tresses bright,
 In summer's sighs that wont to wave
 Upon the brow, where all is night,
 Hang, lorn, within the grave.
 There memory loves to wake and weep,
 Her cypress wreath pale sorrow rears,
 O'er fair and faded things that sleep
 With days of other years!

THE LAMENT OF THE FORSAKEN.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

THE flowers I have cherished
 So fondly, are dead ;
 The last hope hath perished,
 The last dream hath fled ;
 These eyes, that were tearless,
 Are gushing with tears ;
 This heart, that was fearless,
 Is throbbing with fears.

They ask, but I name not

The source of my woe ;

Who promised, but came not,

None ever shall know ;—

That others should blame thee,

Would add to my pain ;

And what shall reclaim thee,

If love be in vain ?

For ties that must sever

'Twere idle to mourn ;

For hopes that can never,

O never ! return ;

Yet grief will be waking,

Till sense shall forsake

The heart that is breaking :—

O when shall it break !

And know, 'mid thy splendour,

When conscience shall tell

Of the breast, true and tender,

That loved thee too well ;

By the heart thou hast broken,

The deed was forgiven ;—

May the vows thou hast spoken

Be pardoned by heaven !

O D'E.

From the Hungarian of Adam von Hochbach

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

De mit torom fejemet,
Hiszen nem csak engemet,
Erdefelmet
N' szol hu es bajoton.

O WHY, O why should I repine,
As if there were no griefs but mine,
No woes like these,—
For others have their cares—not few;
And others sing their dirges too,
And elegies?
There's none whose bliss may not be broken,
There's none whose language has not spoken
Of sad distress;
No eye that tears have never wet,
No heart above the influence set
Of bitterness.

Poor man! he deems it sweet to know.
 When thistles round his pathway grow,
 They grow for all;
 That he—a pilgrim—only fares
 As other pilgrims fare, and shares
 Man's common call.
 And thus, the universal lot
 He bears, and bearing murmurs not;
 'Twere vain annoy;
 So with his fellow-men he speeds
 Across the plain, 'midst flowers and weeds,
 In social joy.

Then yield not, yield not to despair.
 But bid the bud of sorrow bear
 A flower of peace;
 For peace is virtue's favourite twin,
 And grief is close allied to sin,—
 And changeless ease
 Is not a child of earth; there's nought
 But quiet courage—tranquil thought,
 To smoothe our path:
 Pain must be ours—'tis your's—'tis mine—
 'Tis all men's: misery its decline
 And rising hath.

'Thus I subdue my stubborn will,
And though my griefs were greater still,

Would patient bow ;

Calmer and happier there are many,
And yet I would not change with any
My being now.

For I have learnt " 'Tis well ;" and spring,
A joyous, renovated thing,

From grief and gloom ;

" 'Tis well !" I'll utter through the day—

" 'Tis well !" upon my bed I'll say

Through time to come.

Friends ! I have triumphed ! I have found
Comfort :—now pass the wine-glass round,—

We'll pledge anew :

Among your social ranks I'll stand,

I'll grasp again each friendly hand,

And so do you !

If absence exile us—if I,

Divided—distant—need moist sigh,

O'er life's vexations ;

I'll think that every pain is light,

And every hour of darkness bright,

Save separations.

EGYPT'S LAST PLAGUE.

BY M. J. J.

I.

NIGHT, gentle night!—sweet season of rest,
 When even the slave as the monarch is blest;
 Mother benign!—in whose bounty may share,
 The wearied with pleasure, the wearied with care;—
 Once more hast thou sheltered the land with thy pall,
 And lonely, and lovely, and peaceful is all!
 Breathless the city as yonder dark hill,
 The temples deserted, the palaces still;
 The warrior, unarmed, as the infant is calm,
 His banner droops down, like the plumes of the palm;
 The judge hath put off his stately array,
 Only in visions the ruler bears sway;—
 Fair eyes have closed, like their sisters, the flowers,
 Watchful ears heed not the flight of the hours.—

Mother and babe, one soft slumber keep,
 Captive and mourner, awhile cease to weep,
 And Egypt the splendid, the warlike, but seems
 A kingdom of silence ! a valley of dreams !

II.

'Tis morn—and the spirit of slumber hath fled :
 Woe now to the living ! woe, woe, for the dead !
 Myriads behold the last setting sun,
 Myriads behold him now day is begun ;
 Warrior, and priest, and ruler are here,
 Maiden, and sire, and stripling appear—
 There is grandeur, and beauty, and prowess at hand—
 But where are the FIRST-BORN, the pride of the land ?
 —The prince in his palace—where else should he
 dwell ?

The babe with its mother, the slave in his cell ;
 Hunter and herdsman, abroad in the field,
 Chieftain and soldier, each one by his shield ;
 How vary those first-born in fortune and fame !
 But traverse wide Egypt, their *fall* is the same ;—
 Not by the pestilence, not by the sword,
 But smitten in slumber, the slam of the Lord :
 Of their late breathing thousands alone may be said—
 “ They lay down the living, they lie now the dead ! ”

III.

Burst forth glorious sun on this day long decreed,
 The haughty are humbled, the captives are freed !
 Farewell to four ages of bondage and fears,
 Farewell to the land they have moistened with tears ;
 The tribes of the chosen are gathering fast,
 Then late lords are crouching—farewell to the past !
 They need not the splendours of martial array,
 Jehovah himself is the guide of their way ;
 His bright cloud their banner, his own arm their shield,
 Stern rocks shall be fountains, the desert a field !
 Oh ! shine as at noontide, great sun, on this host,
 And symbol the glories their future shall boast ;
 And thou, hoary ocean, with all thy wild waves,
 Cease, cease, thy van roaring.—wind, rest in thy caves ;
 Make ready a path through the dark depths of old,
 For Judah must pass like a flock to the fold ;—
 But Egypt shall follow, priest, people, and throne,—
 Then rage, mighty ocean, *that* host is thine own !

ARM-CHAIR WANDERINGS.

BY THE REV. T. J. JUDKIN.

My body still is very low and weak,
 And now, for twenty summer days or more,
 I have not crossed the threshold of my door;
 And yet, meanwhile, of travel I can speak—
 Wondrous and wild; for, lo! each wooded peak
 I've ranged, where white-hoofed Dian chased of yore
 The slender deer; and I have heard the roar
 Of Phlegathon, and passed, with burning cheek,
 Jove's throne of light, to which the sun looks dim;
 And I have walked the coral-floored sea,
 Where, low and sweet, the gentle Nereides,
 In linked circles, chant their votive hymns;
 And one has been my dear companion—she
 Who read aloud those tales of poesy!

A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

THERE is calmness on that brow,
 Though traced by lines of early care!
 No anxious thought disturbs it now,
 For all seems fixt and settled there.

There is a languor in that eye—
 The struggle of the soul seems past;
 No gathering tear is rising high,
 There—all pain still and sunk at last.

No wailing sigh that booms heres,
 It rises slowly, like the state,
 Which, sad and tranquil, ocean leaves
 To wash the ships' reef, & seaman's grave.

Yet scorn him not, ye selfish train !
 That murmur o'er each little woe ;
 Who ne'er a lonely pang so tam,
 Or hid one tear unnoticed flow.

Ye never knew the noble pride,
 The inborn dignity of mind,
 That can its keener feelings hide,
 When every earthly hope's resigned !

For on that high,—that open brow,
 Once beamed the energies of mind,
 And that sunk eye, so languid now,
 Has glow'd with tenderess refin'd.

But, oh !—that sadly swelling heart
 Conceals a wound that must remain ;
 No soothing balm relieves its smart,
 Or binds the ever-bleeding vein.

Then what can wake the tender tear—
 Or bid the tide of genius roll—
 To him who sees the future year,
 A deep and solitude of soul ?

STANZAS,

Written during a tedious illness.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARKE.

The eagle, that soars to the fountain of day,
 Drinks youth evermore from the streams of its light;
 And, rejoicing in strength, when he wooeth its ray,
 Will soar up to the sun with an undazzled sight.

The mountain, that rose when the stars first looked
 down
 On the earth's infant verdure, stands firm in its pride;
 All that ages have done is its summit to crown,
 And with mosses and flowers to sugarland its side.

The forests, that lie in the far western clime,
 Where the serpent and tyger are monarchs alone,
 Seem to gather fresh grace from the ravage of time,
 In the fierceness and death of the hot torrid zone.

The rivers, that wind through the valleys so green,
 Hold their courses unchanged to the measureless deep ;
 Whilst the cataracts, hid their huge ramparts between,
 Still bound down, as of old, from the storm-beaten
 steep.

The stars, that have been in their splendour the same,
 Though thousands of years have been told by their
 blaze.

Have for ever burnt on, with an unconsumed flame,
 As if some great spirit were shrined in their rays.

And look forth to the sea, with its wonderful ~~isles~~—
 Who can tell by its *changes* how old it may be ?
 'Tis as calm as it hath been, when summer's sky
 smiles—
 'Tis as strong in its rage—'tis as loud in its glee !

Heaven, ocean, and earth, with their creatures, remain
 Unexhausted, unchanged, as the gifts that they bring ;
 And all, save the spirit of mankind, remain
 The germs and the blossoms of Nature's first spring.

But man, who was formed to rejoice in their wealth,
 Alone feels the finger of time touch his brow,
 As he draws him away from his pleasure by stealth,
 And stops his heart's blood in its cheerfullest flow.

Like a weed in the rock, when the sun burns above,
 We wither away—whilst around us we see
 Life, health, and enjoyment, incessantly move—
 In the course of the breeze—in the flight of the
 bee.

We perish in silence, and sink to the dust,
 Whilst aspiring to build up our mansion to heaven ;
 When the tempest-lost bark of our credulous trust
 From its course, by the blast of misfortune, is driven.

Oh ! whilst we are sipping the goblet of life,
 The poison of death is infused in our veins ;
 Whilst we fancy our banquet with luxury rife,
 'Neath the beautiful fruit we find sickness and
 pains.

Stern monarch ! thy bow may be stretched for its
 aim,

Thy arrow be pointed to strike this frail heart,—
 Yet it shall not rebel at thy resolute claim,
 It shall not refuse, when thou bid'st me depart.

I am coming away in the spring of my years,
 To repose in the winter and night of the tomb ;
 I am leaving each charm that my fondness endears ;
 I am changing my sunshine for silence and gloom.

I hear the approach of thy wings in the wind !
 Thy presence I feel in the depths of the air !
 I am with thee ! Farewell to the good and the kind,
 Whom I leave on the earth in the trammels of care !

TO A FRIEND,

On her Birth-Day, February, 1827.

I HAVE twined thee a wreath, but no vernal breath
 Has scented the flowers of the winter time ;
 No delicate bloom, and no lovely perfume,
 Are found in my short-lived chaplet of rhyme :—
 'Tis twisted of feelings that grow in the heart,
 Which fail not their agreeable warmth to impart.

In vain may the hail the deep bosom assail,
 The snow-wreaths of bitterness fall on the breast ;
 The power of the frost—all its influence lost,
 Can only deprive the fond heart of its rest :
 The feelings that dwell in the innermost soul
 Ken not the power of a worldly controul.

The affectionate heart, as the seasons depart,
Still glows with a steady and beautiful light ;
Like the beam of the sun, when its day-course is run,
It leaves a deep warmth through the chillness of
night ;
Sheds a ray of fond bliss on those bosoms that feel
Its soft cheering influence over them steal.

You may read in the eye, the strong passions that fly
O'er the soul, when or pleasure or pain is near ;
But affection alone in the actions is known—
It flees not from sorrow, it lurks not from fear ;
But danger will call it to life in a breath,
And nothing can crush it but conquering death.

Then such is the glow that my bosom may know,
As I welcome this day, which on Caroline shone—
The first day of life in this dwelling of strife,
Oh ! would in that list it were numbered alone !
But hence may thy days be the smile of the spring,
And thy years, with their number, fresh happiness
bring.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

— "The country wins me still,—
I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan,
'That flatter'd me with hopes of earthly bliss,
But *there* I laid the scene."—*Corneille*.

THE VILLAGE GIRL, at early dawn,
Trips blithely o'er the dewy lawn,
Bearing her fleecy fay'rite's meal,
With all the haste of youthful zeal;
While, close to her protecting side,
He sports in all his merry pride!
And, as she pours a grateful lay,
To hymn the new-awakened day,
The blossom'd woods around prolong,
Glad echoes of her cheerful song.
Untutor'd warbler! happy thou!
No sorrow clouds thy sunny brow;
For 'neath thy beddace' simple vest,
How lightly sits thy bosom's guest!

Nor knowing ill—nor fearing guile ;
 Its only wish—a parent's smile.
 Yon lowly cot—at distance seen,
 Peeping from out its leafy screen,
 Where sing the birds "their wood-notes wild,"
 Bounds all the wants of nature's child.
 Her birth-place, and her peaceful home,
 Where worldly follies never come ;—
 Since fashion's footsteps ne'er intrude,
 Upon its hallow'd solitude.
 There, when morn's blushes tint the skies,
 Or eve's pale dewy stars arise,
 To heaven, the fragrant breezes bear
 From that calm roof her artless prayer ;
 Pure incense of a heart unstain'd,
 A shrine which vice has ne'er profan'd !
 Ah ! would not worldly grandeur change
 Its splendid lot—like her to range,
 Far from the crowded haunts of care,
 The smiling meads, and pastures fair,
 Where innocence and rose-crown'd health.
 Are the young peasants' only wealth ?
 Yes ! thousands, wearied of life's joys,
 Its gilded pomps—its empty noise,
 (Where hid beneath the flowery guise
 Of pleasure—sorrow lurking lies ;
 Like the keen thorn beneath the rose,
 Emblem of pleasure's brief repose ;)

Thousands would quit the busy scene,
 I or rural shades, and meadows green,—
 To roam at will the mountain's side,
 Or watch the streamlet's silver tide !
 But FASHION courts, and bids them stay,
 Longer in life's tumultuous way :
 Their leader, folly, from the throng
 Still beckons, and still lures them on ;
 And there they linger—hour by hour,
 Slaves to a false enchantment's power ;
 Longing to break the spell-wrought chain,
 And fly to nature's haunts again :
 But youth and manhood pass them by,
 And age still finds them with a sigh,
 E'en on the verge of its decline,
 Victims of pleasure's golden shrine !
 Oh ! let my steps pursue their way,
 Far from the busy, and the gay ;
 Still let them keep the peaceful shade,
 For the calm joys of virtue made !
 There—far removed from worldly strife,
 May all my evening hours of life
 Fade sweetly, as the passing beam
 Of sunset, from the tranquil stream,
 That steals its mellow tints away,
 With gentle and unmark'd decay !

THE BEACON LIGHT.

A Tale.

BY DAVID TYNDSAY, ESQ.

Author of "Drama in the Ancient World."

EARLY in the seventeenth century, on the south-west coast of the British empire, there stood an ancient and noble castle, protecting a long range of rocky country, several small bays running very far inland, and a quiet little village of fishermen, which was deposited like a nest at the foot of the rock on which the castle was built. It had, with its dependancies, once been the property of a rich and noble family, whose last representative had, by a wild career of folly and profligacy, ruined himself, and despoiled his children of their paternal lands. His patrimony passed into the hands of strangers, and he, forsaken of his wife and scorned of

his friends, fled into banishment, with his two helpless and desolate children. Years rolled on, and Wenvoe was destined in the troublesome and distracted times which followed, to see many changes of masters. At length, at the end of the tenth year after the departure of its hereditary lord, it was announced to be sold, and, to the astonishment of all men, its natural owner became the purchaser. None could guess how he had acquired the means: that was a secret which he did not seem disposed to share; but that he must have had great difficulty in the acquirement, was obvious from the mode in which he fulfilled the last conditions of the purchase: to make up the necessary sum, he sold his jewels, his wardrobe, the signet from his finger, and the plume from his hat. He entered his paternal halls a despoiled, and almost bankrupt creature, without a single attendant to minister to his wants, or the prospect of procuring a single meal to alleviate the most pressing of them: yet, for all this, he strode over the pavement with a proud step and an elevated head, and, for the first time for many years, a smile lit up the triumph of his wan and wasted features.

His neighbours of all ranks crowded around him, and gladly expressed their sympathy with his feelings, and their own pleasure at beholding him restored to his natural home and natural place among them; for though many of the nobles still remembered his early

career, yet time had softened down the tints of its humoursness; and by the younger, who knew him only by his sorrows and his sufferings, no prejudice was entertained against him. To the vulgar, his very vices had the recommendations of virtue, profusion at least, was a popular one among them, and his return was hailed as the dawn of a long jubilee of happiness. Nor were the higher classes less loud in their expression of approbation at the loftiness of his spirit, when they beheld him bartering away his cloak for the proud joy of sleeping beneath his paternal roof. Such an act, in a country where hereditary pride is a virtue, won him, indeed, "golden opinions from all sorts of men."

It might be thought, without any violation of probability, that this universal sympathy and flattering approbation was balm to the past wounds of the spirit, and sufficiently soothing to the mortifications endured by it at present, to render their poignancy harmless, and open a way for the heart's better feelings to rush forth in gratitude and love to his neighbours and his friends. Many of these had come forward with warm hearts and helping hands. They knew the castle alone was his, that the estate remained yet to be purchased, with unprompted kindness they offered their assistance, and requested him to accept, unceremoniously, the friendly aid which they as unceremoniously proffered. The hearts of many men would have melted, under the

kindness, and so would his a few years before, ere shame and sorrow had rendered it callous to benefits offered too late. But Ravenscrag of Wenvoe, was no longer the Ravenscrag of earlier and happier years: grief had been busy, too busy, with his peace, when none had thought of, or pitied him; and during his season of degradation and shame, men had averted their faces in scorn from his poverty and guilt. His heart had hardened in that lonely period, and now no kindly looks of theirs could soften that petrification: his scared spirit disdained to owe them a further obligation; he was too much their debtor already. Ten years before, he felt that this aid would have saved him; now—but he would depend for resources upon himself alone, he assured them; and, with cold haughtiness, he repulsed the gentle sympathy of his equals, and the well-meaning praises of his humbler friends. He acknowledged that his sole object was to re-purchase the estate, but at the same time declared it was his pride to effect this alone: he would have no help from human hands. They still persisted, till, becoming troublesome to him whom it was their wish to serve, they were coldly driven from his presence, by his assurance to the gentlemen, that the only favour they could confer upon him was, to leave him for ever to himself, as his fortune forbade his association with such noble company; and to the villagers, by bidding them reserve their services

for those who could afford to pay them hire; for his part, he had nothing left to give.

Many wondered what had become of his children—his young son, and infant daughter; yet nobody cared to question him upon the subject, and he was not of a nature to be communicative to any one. Five years rolled away, and the solitary, completely abandoned by his neighbours, added two domestics to the castle. Gradually appearances grew better; in two years more he was attended as became his birth; and in three more, from that period, he had repurchased all his ancient patrimony, and once more tread over the soil of his fathers, its undisputed lord.

His neighbours looked on in silent wonderment. They had made, from his proceedings, their estimate of his character, and noted him down as the miserable and selfish slave of that avarice of age, which too frequently succeeds the profusion of youth; but the vulgar, in whose eyes avarice is the sin which deserves and wins no pardon, heaped darker calumnies upon him. Never satisfied with common vices, they ransacked the catalogue of sin to fit him whom they hate with the darkest; and to Ravenscrag they had assigned some of a frightfully important character. And it was not wonderful;—his singular seclusion, his repulsive manner, his invisible acquirement of wealth, and penurious habits in the expenditure of it,

gave some colour to their suspicions. Of these he was soon made aware by the altered conduct of the peasantry; they no longer shrunk from his path as unwilling to intrude upon the sorrow of a heart-broken, though austere man; but looked sternly into his eyes as he passed, and muttered curses, not loud but deep, even in his very hearing. He was startled: he knew there was no opposing the general hate, and that the vulgar are speedy in their vengeance. He too became changed, and strove, by an assumed courtesy, to win back the respect which he had lost; but it was too late, he was already an object of hatred and fear.

It was on an autumn evening, in the year 1635, after a night and day of tremendous storm, that two fishermen were employing themselves on the beach in mending their nets, and discussing the probable damage done by the last night's tempest, and the no less raging storm of the morning. It was a magnificent, yet terrible sight that evening gave to their view; such as is often beheld by the voyager after a day like this, at the setting of the angry sun. The black and gigantic pall of clouds, which till then had overshadowed the waters, were broken up into masses, and coloured by huge rays of flame darting from the setting sun, which itself fast sinking into the black waters, seemed as though he would set the atmosphere on fire before he left it. "Didst ever see such a sun, Rhediol?" said

one of the fishermen to the other—"did'st ever see such a sight?—how he lights up the crazy old hulk just under Wenvoe, till she seems made all of blood and gold!—Does he not look as if he were going to the bottom of the sea, to burn the poor bodies last night's work has sent there?—Ah, all is quiet enough now; but in the darkness, after the guns were silenced, I thought I heard their screams. It might have been but fancy—
 "And yet she must have gone down near us. I saw her make the head, and in spite of her condition, I hoped she would have run into the bay; but the Heavens above said no.—or her pilot must have been mad, for she tacked and drove upon those rocks, where she must have gone down. Ah, poor souls! many a wet eye there will be for them, when this sad story is known!"
 "And many an aching heart too, Morgan," replied the elder, glancing his eye over the dreary waste of waters;
 "but they, at least, will know nothing of that. But look at that screaming curlew hovering above, dipping his wing, then bending his eye down into the water, and screaming aloud as he rises, as if frightened by the sights he sees there.—Alack! all things are sorry for the woe, but the rock's heart that caused it!"

"Caused it?" repeated the young fisherman, looking astonished at the other, as though the words had been blasphemy:—"Caused it, sayest thou, Rhedol?—Was not the tempest God's?"

"Yea, Morgan," replied his companion solemnly, "for he rideth upon the wings of the wind, and with the blast of his nostrils the waters were gathered together; yet was it not the wrath of God, but the wickedness of man, that sunk the gallant ship last night; but hush! hush!" he continued, in a subdued voice, and lowering his eye towards the earth as he spoke,— "hush! we may not speak always of that which we know; evil may be abroad, and then he is not far distant."—

The younger fisherman looked up in surprise, for he saw nothing to warrant the extraordinary change in the tones and manner of his companion. A figure was indeed descending the rocks, and slowly approaching the spot on which they stood, but it was not one, in the conception of Morgan, (who was a stranger in that part of the country,) at all calculated to excite either surprise or fear; it was the person of a cavalier, somewhat past middle age, who walked cautiously, supporting himself upon a staff, and whose looks were grave, if not sorrowful. His long hair fell gracefully over a pale and thoughtful face, and his dress, though that of the highest rank, was black. He approached them courteously. "It is a wide grave, Rhedol," said he, solemnly; and, addressing the elder fisherman, while his eyes were earnestly cast upon the immense waste of waters stretched out before them; "and

many were hailed into its darkness last night, who hoped to have gazed on its tranquility to-day; but my people tell me that the sufferers were not all lost: a boat was observed to put off from the frigate some time before she sank. In that case, they must have made for the higher coast, and landed above in safety. Shouldst thou see the wanderers, Rhediol, give them this gold: they must needs be in want and misery, and it may assist to alleviate the bitterness of their lot; take it, and dispose of it for their benefit in any mode thou wilt."

Rhediol did not extend his hand to receive the offered benefaction of the stranger, but shrunk from the gift, and retreated a step from his position. The eye of the cavalier met his, and again did the fisherman cower beneath its glance; for there was a momentary flash of something destructive in the glance of its fierce bright blue. In an instant it was gone, however, and Rhediol, recovering his recollection, assured the gentleman that he had been entirely misinformed, for not one victim had escaped the storm of the preceding night. "We went down near the bulk of the Vengeance, noble sir," added he, "just beneath the battlements of the castle. It was equally impossible, either to give them assistance, or for them to be preserved without it. They steered away from the little bay, and drove madly enough, we thought, upon the very rock

they should have cleared. What, ho!" he continued, having a fresh party of peasants and fishermen, who were returning to the village from their unsuccessful search: "What, ho, comrades! how fared the sufferers?"—"All lost," replied a voice from the approaching group, which quickly surrounded the party on the beach; "not a single soul has escaped. The Beacon Lights must indeed have burned dim, or Griffith must have fallen asleep, and neglected his charge. He is of the Lord of Wenvoe's appointment; his master should look well to his doings. They say, too, that when the Beacon Lights died out, their spirit was seen sitting about the cliffs, as false spectre, to warn them from safety, and lead them to destruction."—"Their speeches were hushed, as they approached and beheld the person of the cavalier, upon whom they gazed with looks of uneasy astonishment; he stood unmoved for a minute, and then calmly prepared to retire. "Well, then, my gallant friends," said he, courteously, "this money, with which I designed to assist the shipwrecked men, shall now be yours, as the fair reward of your exertions in their favour: spend it among ye as ye please."—He threw a handful of coin among them, which, though all gazed upon earnestly as it fell, no man attempted to make his own; like the accursed gold of Judas, no man would receive it into his hand. The stranger marked its reception, and smiling in quiet scorn, slowly retired.

No sooner had the last sound of his retreating footsteps ceased, and the last flutter of his cloak disappeared, than Rhediol loudly exclaimed,—“Perish, his blood-bought gold! Accursed be he who would take a gift from his hand! For every coin polluting this innocent earth, a wretched soul has perished! Touch it not, my brothers,” continued the fisherman, his language rising with his energy; “touch it not! but throw it back to the sea, from whence the murderer won it! Touch it not! but throw it back to its ancient owners, and let it carry to them, amid ocean’s deepest caves, a curse on the wrecker of Wenvoe!”—The young men caught the feeling of Rhediol. They were of an age to prefer sacrifice to self,—heroism to gold; and they spoke with his voice, and would have followed as he led, but there were white heads and calculating eyes among them, and hard fingers inured to long labour, that, after the first moment, did not shrink from the touch of the glittering spoil before them. “The gold itself a’nt a bit the worse, Rhediol,” said one of them, in reply to the enthusiasm of his friend; “’tis only bad in bad hands; so chucking it into the sea would be but nonsense after all. There—what harm will it do me? In truth, I think, if ’tis as ill got as you say, this is the best way to make amends: he can’t do better than bestow it on the poor.”—Rhediol listened, but his opinion did not change; he stooped to the

earth, gathered up a few of the pieces, and threw them into the waters, almost at the foot of the castle. The young men again applauded; and Rhadiol, feeling himself a hero, strode proudly to his humble cot, followed by the shouts of his friends, and greeted by the more valuable approbation of those within—the blessings of his wife and children.

Another year passed away, a year of sunshine and beauty, during which the voice of the tempest was not heard to roar, nor the cry of drowning men to startle the sleepers of earth. Towards the close of that year, on a soft autumn eve, at an open window, in a magnificent apartment, stood, sadly ruminating, the cavalier of the heech—the dreaded master of Wenvoe. He was looking out upon the broad bold sea; and though he appeared to throw his eagle glances far over the mighty waters, yet, in reality, they rested but upon one solitary object, and that was the hull of the black and sunken ship. It was the wreck of the Vengeance on which he gazed, which some years before had struck, during a storm, upon these rocks, and perished, with all on board, amid the darkness of a terrible night. Now she lay, a blackened hulk, wedged closely in among the jagged rocks, almost beneath the battlements of his castle; but this circumstance gave no pain to him who now surveyed it; on the contrary, as he looked, his eye grew brighter, his cheek flushed,

and no longer needing the aid of a staff, of which the spirit's strength supplied the place, he strode haughtily through the apartment, thinking aloud in a stern, calm bitterness of speech—"Yea, thou sign and signal of my glory," said he, as he looked on the melancholy wreck, "one glance at thee is balm for all the wounds that meaner daggers can inflict! I heed not now their curses or their wrongs; I am avenged, through thee, upon the offenders of future years. When I dashed out, with this outcast hand, the Beacon Light, that warned thee from danger, and held up the lamp of death, that drove thee there,—when mine ear drank in the last, the perishing shriek of those who trod thy deck, I said, the hatred of man is nought,—his utmost malice cannot defraud me of this,—his utmost power cannot call back that shriek; yea, terrible ocean, thine anger hath served me well; and thou, black coffin of him who was once thy lord,—dark and sepulchral urn of many mingled ashes,—thou canst not even avoid my look, nor hide thee under thine ocean pall, from the triumph of him who made thee what thou art!"

He turned from the window when he had thus spoken, and strode into the centre of the room. There was a stern complacency in his face, as he gazed upon the objects it contained; a satisfaction that, in any other, might have been joy; but feelings so vivid were

dead in his bosom. *That* was no place for passions; he had stifled them when he first arranged his plans for the future; for he knew, otherwise, his arm would not be unerring, nor his designs unsusceptible of defeat. On his right-hand stood a gigantic iron chest, filled to its uplifted lid with golden pieces, jewels, and massy chains; on the table before him was strewn heaps of coin: and it was upon these he so earnestly fixed his eagle gaze. "It is ruin," he at length said, in a low firm voice; "it is all mine! won indeed by danger, by treachery, toil, and blood; but it is still mine. Sorrow, and fear, and doubt, be far away from him who holds thee in his grasp—thou sceptre of the earth, thou touchstone of men's love!"

He was interrupted in his stern contemplation by a slight noise at the door of his apartment. "Is it thee, Cutbert?" said the master, as he swept the gold into the chest, upon the closed lid of which his hand continued to rest; "and what is thine errand now?"—The favoured domestic humbly bowed, and presented a letter to his master. Rarencrag glanced his bright eye over the superscription, and was for a moment lost in thought. Recovering himself quickly, he commanded the absence of his domestic. He was instantly obeyed; and when the door had once more closed, he threw the letter upon the table, and continued to think earnestly, as his eye still rested upon the packet.

"Whence is it that I tremble now?" said he, mentally, and with astonishment at his own feeling, which was, indeed, new to him: "What indistinct whisper is this, and what can I have to fear?" He paused: the superscription was in a delicately formed small character, evidently, from its fineness, the hand of a woman. "It is Athanasia's character," said he; "yet of what can she write to me? Did I not forbid, for the present, this communion? She is docile and tender; it is no common cause which prompts her to disobey. Can it be to prepare me for evil—for disappointment—for death? My boy, my boy! art thou, O art thou, yet safe? Can it be that this hoarded gold is not destined for the purpose for which I won it? Shall the name of Ravenscrag perish from the earth, now that I have hallowed it with rays of gold, and crimsoned mine own soul, to deck its regenerating splendour? O misery! when have I doubted thus before? Wherefore do I shudder now? Fool that I am,—like the rock of my castle, the passing tempest shall not shake me so."

He opened the letter with a firm hand, and held it with unshaking fingers. He scanned a few lines of tender enquiry from his daughter, who entreated permission to dwell in her father's house; and a longer address from his beloved son was enclosed. A deep sigh rose to his lips, and with it a mountain of anguish was rolled from his bosom. He recovered his

firmness, and, with a calm smile, proceeded to read the letter.

"How long will my beloved father," said the animated writer, "keep his children from his heart? How long will it be ere their glad feet shall press the soil of their native land? Wilt thou refuse to hear our petition, dear father? Hath the voice of thy little Athanasia no longer any music for thine ear? I shall tell thee, even though thou shouldst frown upon my light-going pen, that if *thou* wilt not listen, another will; and there, the wisdom of the charmer's voice will not be heard in vain. Athanasia hath a listener; and, dear father, thou wilt know what that title means. It is chiefly for this cause, that we would have no secrets from thee, that we would retain our native home. But something of importance I have to say to thee. Thou wilt remember Danvers, the bold captain, who so often led the crews of the *Vengeance* to victory. He was lost, men say, in his wreck, with his gallant crew, in the early stage of his career. For this thou wilt be better informed than myself, for I have heard from my tutor that he was thy early friend. Well, his fortune was not entirely lost with his life; it has descended upon his son, a noble and gallant youth, who has lately visited my tutor's house. Walter Danvers is worthy of thy Athanasia's hand; and, hasten me, father, but she thinks so too. He is rich, gentle, and

the son of thy early friend; now, therefore, call *all* thy children home together."

Ravenscrag dropped the letter from his grasp, for the characters had *begun* to swim before his eyes. Another paper fell from the first. He stooped, recovered it, tore it open, and glanced his eye over the signature of "*Walter Danvers.*" He uttered no words, but stretched it out towards the hull of the Vengeance, and his feelings broke forth in a short and bitter laugh.

Soon, however, he had mastered his agitation, and could think upon what had chanced. "What!" said he, after a long pause of ~~starry~~ *starry* thought, "Danvers, the husband of my daughter! Danvers, the son of him who stole her mother from me, and over whom, in my wrath, I have bade the ocean roll, and bury him in its deepest cells! O, never, never! First should that pall of half the earth cover all my father's house! Sooner should that greedy glutton disgorge his prey, and send back the ashes of yonder tomb, re clothed in their garments of flesh, to beard me for revenges! What, ho!" he continued, gathering resolutions more deadly from every added thought; "Cuthbert, where art thou? I have need of thy service; attend thy master's bidding."

The favourite domestic entered the room with the last sound of his master's voice. Even the traces of agitation disappeared from the features and manner of

Havenscrag, on the entrance of his attendant; and he gave his orders with that calm positiveness to which the servant had ever been accustomed. He spoke in a steady, clear voice, and gave his dreadful commission with a mildness that was sickening to hear. "Cyril has written to me," said he, "and he says thy foster child is about to become the wife of Walter Danvers, the son of him who"—The old man grew pale; the master proceeded slowly:—"Look that thou be firm in doing my will in this matter; command her to think no more of this man, nor engage herself further, till she shall see me; and then, do thou instantly conduct both her and Cyril hither, but bring not Danvers; mark me—he must not put foot in Welwoe. Should he hesitate, or she listen to his pleadings.—Cuthbert, thou hast done an unscrupulous deed before.—bury thy dagger in his heart."—Cuthbert arose, and wrung his hands in grief; but there was no pity for the hapless Danvers in his expression, and the look he gave his master assured him of his obedience. "I cannot write," said Havenscrag; "but thou shalt take with thee my signet; they are accustomed to receive its messages,—and will not dispute its commands."

Alone once more, Havenscrag continued to ponder upon the circumstance which had so powerfully shaken him, and to strengthen his determination in regard to his children. "Danvers the husband of Alcysia's

child!" said he again, mentally; "Dangers to share the wealth that I have wrung from the sinking wreck, amid the groans of drowning men, whose bodies I gave to the sea in exchange! But would not that be in some sort just? Is not his *father's* body amid the heap, and was not *his* the wealth that first clattered on this empty palm—the earliest won spoil of 'the ocean? But what of that? Has it not been my nightly dream, my daily hope, that my son should enjoy the gold of the spoiler, and my name be again restored to its lustre through the wealth of him who stained it! So shall it be! Son of the adulterer, die! and thou, child of my heart, smile not thy sweetness on thy father's foe, nor look love on the race of him who wronged thy mother! Rather than so, would I see thee a marble corse at my foot! But I know thee, gentle one, and thy softness; and that thou wilt not give me, knowingly, a pain."

Five days passed tranquilly away, smiling over the world of waters; but the sixth brought darkness and storm in its bosom, to pour around the coast of Wen-voe: the sea-birds flew shrieking over the ocean, and the fishermen shook their heads, as they looked up at the heavy clouds, and cold, yet fiery light of the partially visible sky. Low mutterings and whisperings were heard in the air, as if the spirits, about to trouble the ocean, were hovering above it, and disputing amid their consultations. Night came down with each ad-

vancing stride of the thunder; and Ravenscrag, as he sat alone in his favourite apartment, marked how the lightning whizzed over his head, and lit up the festival of the elements. “Thou wilt have food to-night, hungry fiend,” said he, apostrophizing the wild billow, as it rolled to and fro, vexed by the intervention of the giddy wind; “thou wilt have food to-night; and I—I shall have gold. Sharers are we in the spoil, and I feel that treasures are sweeping towards us now: and comes not one to tell me so?”

It was the entrance of a stranger to which the Lord of Wenvoe referred; a pale, diminutive, creeping thing, entered the apartment, and stood with small glittering eyes before his master. “A sail comes,” said he, rejoicingly; “will not our leader go to give it welcome? I have left the Beacon Tower, with its lights still burning, to bring this early notice. I know of the absence of Cuthbert, but we can win treasures without his help. I will conduct you to the Beacon, and remain myself in the little bay; when you see the fitting time, you shall extinguish the Beacon lamps, and that shall be the signal to me to put up the false light over the bay. I have a torch and lamp ready, and only wait your pleasure.”

“Thou hast done well, my trusty knave,” said the master, “and I will quickly follow thy counsel. Second me well to-night, and Cuthbert’s share shall be thine.”

The small, snaky eyes, shone with greedy delight at this speech of the leader, as he rose from his seat and prepared to leave the room. They descended a staircase in the tower, which led them, through many dreary passages, to a door opening upon the rocks. Here, for an instant, they paused, while Ravenscrag made a demand of his follower respecting the occupations of his servants: "Art thou sure, Griffith, that none are abroad?"—"Not one, noble master, believe me," replied the Beacon keeper; "they sat shivering the last few hours together, telling tales of ghost and wreck, till, frightened by their own conjurations, they gradually stole away, lest they should be called upon to help some actual sufferers this dreary night, and now hide their fears and their follies in their beds."

They now arrived at the little Bay of safety, the only harbour for the storm-driven ship, but from which they prepared to allure her. Griffith took his post in silence on the rock, concealed his torch, till the proper moment, and then prepared to trim his lamp. A heavy shriek came to them, at that moment, from the waters, and the guarded light went out.

The vulgar murderer who hesitated not to shed blood, yet trembled at the omen which appeared to warn him from the deed, looked with a troubled aspect at his master, as asking an explanation of his own startled thoughts. Ravenscrag was calm. "Hath the

wind blown out the lamp," said he carelessly—"light it again; I will wait here till thy return."

"Master," replied the slave, "it was not the wind, but the breath of that shriek, that blew out the guarded light; and whose was the voice that uttered it?"—"Fool! the sloop nears by that cry, doubtless," replied the leader; "and even now, perhaps, treasures are waiting our grasp.—Hence with thee, light the lamp, and return to thy station quickly."

The slave of superstition sank before the calm scorn of his master, and hastened to obey his commands. In a few minutes he had retaken his station, and Ravenscrag departed to the light-house.—"At the fitting moment," said he to Griffith; "I will extinguish the lamps, and that shall, as before, be your signal for lighting up the false beacon. Be steady, and keep your eye on the tower for my signal."

He departed.—Arrived at the light tower, he found by the distant sounds of the guns, that it was not yet time to put out those lights of life. For nearly an hour did he coldly, calmly, walk to and fro in the narrow apartment, watching, without impatience, the arrival of the moment which was to behold the destruction of his fellow-men, that his greedy hand might gather gold.—No start of compunction, no throb of doubt or fear, no momentary feeling of compassion for those he was about to overwhelm in the ocean's

heart,—passed over his callous bosom. With him, to resolve and to act were one; and in his mind, the crew of the fated ship were as already with the dead. Now, as he listened, the sounds of the firing ceased, but the noise of the bustle, and the cries of the passengers, came in its stead, and told him it was nearly time.—Again, with frightful acuteness, his practised ear gave to his calculating brain, the distance and the hour.—He paused,—then walked steadily to the lamps.—A shriek (it sounded like a woman's) was borne clearly over the waves to the tower. Ravenscrag withdrew his hand for a moment; in the next the lamps were out! “Griffith is not asleep,” said the wrecker to himself, as he observed the false light glittering above the little bay; “he has well obeyed my orders.—How ghastly are those screams,” continued he, half shuddering, “but it will soon be over. Your torch will speedily conduct them to their last couch, and I shall hear their reproaches no more.”

He sat down for some short space to consider how soon it would be advisable for his boat to row to the wreck. Not from fear of discovery did Ravenscrag pause to consider, for he well knew no help would be rendered the perishing, by the timorous villagers inhabiting the huts on that desolate coast; but he was well aware of the hazard attending his own person from the storm; and though he laughed at danger, yet his

attendants shrunk from its grimness, and for their sakes, he endeavoured to lessen its horrors. He arranged his plan, though his victims were still shrieking, and then rose to look at the false light of Griffith. He saw it for an instant—but while he yet looked it was gone.

“What may this mean?” said Ravenscrag, startled, but not alarmed at the accident:—“You fool is not so practised in his deadly trade as Cuthbert. I should have left him here, and taken his post myself. Perhaps it is merely an accident, and he will quickly relight it. I will wait awhile to see.”

The false light glittered no more above the little bay, but the attention of Ravenscrag was speedily arrested by other sounds than those from the roaring waters; footsteps came rapidly up the rocks, whose echoes were broken by the groans and cries which accompanied them.—In a few minutes Cuthbert stood before him—soiled and travel-worn. He could speak nothing distinctly, but wrung his hands and beat his bosom in despair. Ravenscrag looked on in silence; with a desperate effort he at length commanded words, and spoke enquiringly to Cuthbert and Griffith. A passion of tears relieved the former.—“Light up the beacon, quick, it may not be too late. Your son—your daughter—they had sailed, ere I arrived;—they are with Danvers in yonder sloop.”

Ravenscrag uttered no groan, nor even word or sound at this appalling news, but sank quietly down in his chair, like a tired labourer when his day's work is done. His work was indeed done, and he knew all was over for him. He, who had hitherto been a rock, was now shaken to the centre by this earthquake of the soul. Suddenly he appeared to recover recollection; he arose, and attempted to re-light the lamps; a loud crash, and then a long diurnal cry, came at the moment, and the torch fell from his hand. Cuthbert cried aloud, she has struck upon these very rocks! Let us take the boat and try to save them!" The lost father could not follow them: a look of immortal anguish he threw upon their faces, and then sank as before into his chair.

One hour passed away, yet the murderer sat immovable during that hour. How terribly were the betrayed avenged! His reason was clear, but his power and strength were gone. He could not move a limb: his body, like his heart, was hardened, by terrible emotion, into stone; but a new sound stung him into life. The servants of his secret sins entered the apartment, bearing between them a sweet and youthful form; her soft eyes were closed, her arms hung down listless, and the sea spray fell from her long golden locks, as they drooped around her father's knees, upon which, as on a bier, they silently placed her body.

"This is all," said Cuthbert, emphatically, "and this was too late."

Ravenscrag looked upon the speaker,—then upon his dead child. His face was marble; not even an expression of pain gave life to its rigidity. He continued to gaze upon her with fixed eyes and closely compressed lips. Cuthbert at length grew alarmed for his master, and attempted to rouse him by raising up his head. With difficulty he did so, and, in that instant, his eyelids fell: he had looked away his soul, which, afar off, pursued the beloved spirits his cruel hand had driven from earth. The scene of his crime was also the scene of his doom; and the accursed tower became only a memento of his unforgotten crime. His name and race had perished from the earth; his sins alone became immortal; and he, even when the storm had swept the tower into the bosom of the deep, the site was still remembered, and the story told of the crimes and the punishment of the wrecker of Wenvoe, and the extinction of the Beacon Light.

SONNET.

On hearing of the Misfortunes of a great Artist.

BY MISS MARY RUSSEL MITFORD.

HAYDON, this dull age and this northern clime
 Are all unripe for thee. Thou shouldst have been
 Born 'midst the Angelos and Raphaels,—seen
 By the merchant-prince of Florence,—sent to climb
 The flowery steep of art, in art's fresh prime,
 By Leo. Of those master-spirits thou
 Art one;—a greater never wreathed his brow
 With laurels gathered in the field of time.
 And thine own hour shall come,—the joyful hour
 Of triumph, bravely won through toil and blame,
 Courage and constancy, and the strong power
 Of genius plumed by love. Then shall thy name
 Shine gloriously amid the golden shower
 Of fortune, crowned and sanctified by fame.

A G N E S.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

“ I MAY not see, I must not hear—

That eye, those lips, that would betray
My woman's heart :—oh ! all too dear—

Think what I cannot, dare not, say !

The vow is past, the fatal vow,

That tears me from the world and thee ;

Sweet love, alas ! I meant not so ;

Fly, fly, and think no more on me !”

He prest her hand ; she felt his tears

Fall on that hand—she heard his sigh ;

And love o'ercame the maiden's fears.

“ Marcian ! 'twere sweet with thee to die !

The convent sleeps,—the night is dark ;

There is an hour, 'tis said, when fate

Propitious smiles on love ; yet, hark !

The matin bell !—'tis all too late !”

He bore her, fainting, from her cell,—
 He bore her where the breath of night
 O'er her pale form reviving fell ;
 Then through the garden urged her flight :—
 “ The wall once gained,—it is not high,—
 Love, liberty, await us there !
 Agnes !—’tis life, ’tis hope to fly—”
 “ To pause”—she faintly cried—“ despair !”

They fled—but not unseen :—oh, swift
 Pale envy lurks to see and hear !
 Love, thou hast breathed thy latest shrift,
 Thy flight is traced,—thy foes are near.
 The alarm peals,—red torches glare,—
 Agnes beheld, and shrank aghast,—
 “ Oh, let them but my Marcian spare—
 And pain and penance all are past !”

He kist her lip,—no throb replied ;
 He prest her to his beating heart :
 “ Fear not, my love, my own sweet bride,
 Come life, come death, we will not part !”
 No sigh responds—an icy chill
 Hath stolen amid the life-blood warm :
 They come,—he clasps, unconscious still,
 A beauteous but unbreathing form !

" Back, miscreants, on your lives !—Behold
 The fairest work your crimes e'er marred !
 She speaks not,—breathes not,—pale and cold !
 Oh, love, is this thy last reward ?
 Agnes, awake,—thou must not die :
 Unkind to leave me thus alone ;—
 Dead—dead !—What means that fearful cry,
 That laugh of horror ! Sense hath flown.

" Can vengeance live when life is o'er ?
 Will hate yon stricken men pursue ?
 Death,—frenzy !—what atonement more
 Hath love for all it dared to do ?
 Yon maniac wretch, that wildly clings
 Round his last love, revenge defies :—
 He raves in wild imaginings,
 And hope awakes as reason flies.

" Haste, haste, the bridal rites prepare,
 My love but sleeps,—one trembling kiss
 Shall wake the folded rose, so fair ;
 Its very breathings are of bliss !
 No breath ! Can fate on slumber steal !
 Can death !—Oh, what a wretch were I :—
 Away—ye know not what I feel—
 Inhuman !—hence, and let me die !

" Hush every sound !—she breathes,—she stirs !

No, 'twas the wind that waved her hair :

Oh, for one look, one smile of her's,

To save from madness, from despair !

See, where the beams of morning break,

To shame my love's long lingering sleep !

Agnes, my own sweet maid, awake !

Thou wert not wont to bid me weep !

" 'Tis but a trance !—swift, water bring

To save,—oh, who so swift as I"—

Fleeter than swallow on the wing

He fled, where rushed impetuous by

A swollen stream ;—he plunged—is gone,

Ere the quick eye his course could mark :

The wave unchanging wanders on ;

They gaze,—they tremble,—all is dark !

There is a dell in whose lone gloom,

(Unholy is the spot, 'tis said,)

Soft pity claims a grassy tomb,

Where vows are breathed, and tears are shed.

Beneath the turf young Agnes lies,

And maidens tell, ere day-beams break,

Pale Marcian from the wave will rise

Low murmuring, " Agnes ! love, awake !"

ADDRESS OF A GRECIAN LOVER.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

PHRYNÉ, Phryné! what hands now
 Twine the wreath that binds thy brow?
 Is that wreath of ivy green,
 Or of myrtle's livelier sheen?
 Doth alone the blushing rose,
 Garland lovelier far compose?
 Or its crimson shadow spread
 O'er the lily's virgin head?—
 Tell me, from the circlet gay,
 Is each soil'd leaf torn away;
 And every jagged thorn removed,
~~And bending o'er that cheek beloved?—~~
 Hath some hand, with care like mine,
 At day's rising and decline,
 Sought the sweetest, brightest flowers,
 Found by fountains or by bowers;
 Borne them, bathed in gelid dew,
 Trackless wilds and forests through;

Then, with fond unwearied care,
 Cull'd the rarest from the rare;
 Wove the wreath, and, as it wove,
 Trembled with excess of love?—
 If, with blest permitted haste,
 Hand like this the crown hath placed
 On those gold locks, brighter far
 Than the track of gliding star;
 If thy bent cheek's blush and smile
 Own'd the heart's true thro' the while,
 Then, O then, I will not plead
 For my long-tried passion's meed;
 But to farthest distance go,
 With sad step, deject and slow,
 Leaving all thy matchless charms,
 In a happier rival's arms.

Yet like pilgrim from his shrine,
 Relic shall I bear from thine :—
 One pale wreath thy brow hath worn !
 (Mine, perchance, thrown by in scorn !)
 This, through many a weeping hour,
 Shall renew thy cruel power ;
 Till with kisses worn away,
 Steeped in tears, it shall decay ;
 Yielding up, (poor slighted wreath !)
 On this heart's sad urn, its breath.

Oh ! if love's fond prayer may rise
 From this dark earth to the skies,
 Never from thy dear-prized heart,
 Shall the wreath of bliss depart ;
 But for ever fragrant be,
 With every joy that dies to me !

SUNSET AND MOONRISE.

How sweet is the calm of the sunset hour,
 When the fading light, and the closing flower,
 Proclaim that the curtains of night are outspread,
 And the sun hath gone down to his ocean bed :
 On the verge of the heaven, the gorgeous show
 Of mountains, of saffron, and crimson, and snow,
 Stand in glorious piles, to fancy given,
 For sentinel giants at the portals of heaven,
 While the coolness which comes o'er the cheek from
 the west,
 Seems from zephyrs which fan that bright land of the
 blest.

Lo! the scene now is changed, for ray after ray
 That cloud-land of fancy hath melted away ;
 Till nought hath been left the bright scene did unfold,
 Neither mountain of silver, nor river of gold :
 A dull, lazy haze o'er the face of the sky,
 Its glories and grandeur hath veiled from the eye ;
 While the clouds, from the tops of the mountains
 unfurled,
 Seem like banners of darkness outspread o'er the
 world.

Now night rules the hour—the last trace of grey light,
 Hath fled through the gate of the west in affright ;
 His dark throne is set with a pall overhead,
 Above and below wide his influence is spread ;
 The heart quails before him, for 'neath his dread
 reign,

Neither beauty, nor gladness, nor hope, can remain :
 Amid chaos he sits, while his empire abroad,
 Seems a world, in dread anger, deserted by God.

But lo ! in the east is a streak of pale light,
 'Tis the ensign of mercy displayed, and of might :
 See Hesperus, their herald, is sent up on high,
 To tell us the armies of heaven are nigh ;
 With footsteps of light he advances, behold
 The space he hath travers'd is changed into gold.

And hope, too, approaches, and beauty again.
Is hastening with love, and a glorious train.
See! see! o'er the gloomy horizon of night,
A bright orb appears, 'merging slowly in sight;
And lo! the scene bursts into beauty and light.

Althwart the high concave, so splendid and vast,
See the torch of the Lord, it is travelling fast;
A thousand bright fires start at once into view,
And ten thousand brighter are kindling anew:
The moon, like a spirit, moves up 'mid the throng
Of the glittering hosts, as they journey along;
While the earth, 'neath the mantle, their glory hath
 given,
Reflects back, in silence, the glory of heaven.

H. M.

SONNET.

*To " " in the time of great trouble, with the prospect
of increased affliction.*

BY MISS E. W. BRADBURN.

" It shall come to pass that at evening-time it shall be light "
Zech. xiv. 7.

WHENE'ER of old the evening shadows came
O'er Israel's tabernacles, and the day
Fled from the desert wanderers away,
The cloudy pillar brighten'd into flame,
That cheer'd each eye, bade every tongue proclaim,
" Our Glory and Defence doth not delay
To guide his chosen race." That blessed ray
Spread in the wilderness Jehovah's fame.
And is the day of earthly pleasure o'er
Ere half thy pilgrimage? And dost thou fear
A darkness horrible, no refuge near?
The presence of the Lord shall go before,
Beloved one! Dread not the approach of night,
At eventide there shall be heavenly light.

THE FIELD OF BANNOCKBURN.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JUN.

Author of "Field Flowers," &c.

A FEARFUL form from Stirling's tower
 Was dimly seen to bend ;
 He look'd as though 'mid fate's far hour,
 Some mighty woe he kenn'd.
 White was his hair, and thin with age,
 One hand was rais'd on high,
 The other open'd the mystic page
 Of human destiny.
 And oft, ere shone the moon's pale ray,
 His eyes were seen to turn
 Where, in the gloomy distance, lay
 The plain of Bannockburn.

II.

And fair uprose the queen of night,
 Shining o'er mount and main :
 Ben Lomond own'd her silvery light,
 Forth sparkled bright again.
 Fair too o'er royal Scoone she shone,
 For there the Bruce had kneel'd,
 And, half forgetful, look'd she down
 On Falkirk's fatal field.
 For ere to-morrow's sun shall set,
 Stern Edward's self shall learn,
 A lesson pride may ne'er forget,
 Where murmurs Bannockburn.

III.

A voice is heard from Stirling's tower,
 'Tis of that aged seer ;
 The lover leaves his lady's bower,
 Yet chides her timid tear.
 The infant wakes 'mid wild alarms,
 Prayers are in vain outpour'd ;
 The bridegroom quits his bride's fond charms,
 And half unsheaths his sword.
 Yet who may fate's dark power withstand,
 Or who it's mandate spurn ?
 And still the seer uplifts his hand
 And points to Bannockburn.

"There waves a standard o'er the brae,
 There gleams a highland sword ;
 Is not yon form the Stewart's, say,
 Yon, Scotland's martial lord ?
 Douglas, with Arden's stranger chief,
 And Moray's earl, are there ;
 Whilst drops of blood, for tears of grief,
 The coming strife declare.
 Oh ! red th' autumnal heath-bells blow
 Within thy vale, Strathearn ;
 But redder far, ere long, shall glow
 The flowers of Bannockburn !

"Alas ! for Edward's warrior pride,
 For England's warrior fame ;
 Alas ! that e'er from Thames' fair side
 Her gallant lances came !

* Fitz-Louis, lord of the Isle of Arden, was of French extraction. De Bohun, Earl of Hereford, was the first person slain at Bannockburn. He fell by King Robert Bruce's own hand. De Clare, Earl of Gloucester, also lost his life in the same battle ; as did De Valence, Earl of Pembroke, who had defeated Bruce, sometime before, in the fight at Methven. The slaughter of the unarmed Welsh was immense. Scarce one hundred escaped.

Lo! where De Bohun smiles in scorn,—
 The Bruce, the Bruce is near!
 Rash earl, no more thy hunter horn
 Shall Malvern's blue hills hear!
 Back, Argentine, and thou, De Clare,
 To Severn's banks return;
 Health smiles in rural beauty there,—
 Death lours o'er Bannockburn!

VI.

"Up, up, De Valence, dream no more
 Of Methven's victor fight;
 Thy bark is on a stormier shore,
 No star is thine to-night.
 And thou, De Burgh, from Erin's isle,
 Whom Eth O'Connor leads,
 Love's tear shall soon usurp his smile
 In Ulster's emerald meads.
 But oh! what tears will Cambria shed
 When she the tale shall learn;
 For Forth's full tide shall flow blood red,
 Ere long, from Bannockburn!

VII.

"But not alone shall Southron vale
 Lament that day of woe;
 Grief's sigh shall soothe each ruder gale
 Where Scotia's waters flow.

From Corra Linn, where roars the Clyde,
 To Dornoch's ocean bay ;
 From Tweed, that rolls a neutral tide,
 To lonely Colinsay :—
 But see, the stars wax faint and few,
 Death's frown is dark and stern ;
 But darker soon shall rise to view
 Yon field of Bannockburn !”

MY HOME.

BY MISS ANNETTE TURNER.

OH my early home ! thou wilt sometimes come
 Like a sweet brief dream of a happier sphere,
 And waken a chord that hath long been dumb
 To the languid touch of remembrance here !
 I'll many a scene to this bosom dear,
 Hath thrill'd to my heart in its floating by ;
 But none ever broke in so sweet a tear
 As that glimpse of my cloudless morning sky !

I have wander'd long in a stranger land,
 Far, far from the scenes where my childhood grew,
 And the waves of a darker, stormier strand,
 Have wash'd the gay bloom from their early hue;
 But O, my home! I have gazed on you
 As the star of my sunless pathway still;
 Though faint its light, it hath pointed true,
 The first, last rest on my tide of ill!

An infant yet, I was torn from thee,
 Through a cold and a friendless world to roam;
 And when on misfortune's stormy sea,
 'Twas thine to darken the rising foam;
 But still, my home—my own lost home!
 One dream of thee is a sweet rest yet;
 Though with broken wing upon mem'ry's doom,
 It can have no trace but in vain regret.

Oh, my early home! wilt thou sometimes come
 Like a sweet brief dream of a happier sphere,
 And waken a chord that hath long been dumb
 To the languid touch of remembrance here:
 Lighting my soul while it wanders near
 The first fond path of my childhood's bliss.
 Till I scarce can think aught so fair, so dear,
 Ever thrill'd through a cold sad heart like this!

LINES FOR A GRAVE-STONE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

LIKE the shadow that declineth ;
 Like the transient flash that shineth ;
 Like the dreams with night that vanish ;
 Like the pleasures pain doth banish ;
 Like the joys of love in fleetness,
 (But, oh ! how unlike in sweetness !)
 Stranger, such was life to me—
 Shall it not be such to thee ?

Like the broad and boundless ocean ;
 Like the billow's ceaseless motion ;
 Like the deep and silent river,
 Rolling on its course for ever ;
 Like the mine's exhaustless treasure ;
 Like the gulf no eye can measure ;
 Stranger, such is life to me—
 Must it not be such to thee ?

STANZAS

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

I saw a ruin—moss'd and grey,
 A desolate and time-worn pile,
 With ivy-wreaths and wall-flowers gay,
 In morning's cloudless splendour smile.

I saw a dark and gloomy cloud,
 It drifted tow'rd the glowing west;
 Ting'd by the setting sun-beams proud,
 It seem'd as more than beauty drest.


I could but think to age were giv'n
 Charms which might lapse of years defy;
 To darkest sorrow, light from heav'n,
 And hope of immortality!

THE LEARNED SHEPHERD.

THE Westmorland lakes have been the subject of all kinds of delineation and panegyric. We have had guides, excursions, journals, descriptions, essays, odes, and views, without end, fill the shelves of our circulating libraries, and the cabinets of our virtuous and tourists, equestrian and pedestrian, groan beneath the teeming produce of our press. But neither description, nor any effort whatever of the graphic art, have been able to convey a correct idea of the beauties of this northern scenery:—they are “not transferable.” Yet I wonder not that all should try their skill; for when you reach Ullswater, and Broadwater, and Winandermere, and Grassmere, and, in their clear waters, gaze on the beautiful painting of nature, in all the precision and softness and lusciousness of life; when you see the enclosures and woods and cottages climbing a gentle slope, and then a fine sweep

of rocks and mountains, rugged and lofty; and hear the echoes mocking the distant waterfall, as, in its mad playfulness, it dashes and foams amid the romantic rocks,—you feel so transported, so filled with “the sublime and beautiful,” so much the child of nature,—that you cannot help supposing yourself inspired by the muses; and, after the first glow of bliss in this enchantment, you *naturally* commence painting, or poetizing, or prosing. And perhaps it would be difficult to say, whether this is from selfishness, wishing to prolong the pleasure which thus thrills through soul and body, or out of sheer benevolence, desiring to give town-cousins just a taste of your joys.

I was once wont to condemn this propensity, but having been in the way of temptation, I must now join with others in smiling at my own infirmity.

The last time I wandered through this Elysium, it was in the autumn, when the yellow and brown give such rich and glowing tints to woodland scenery. I had scrambled up a rock in the neighbourhood of , one of the finest; if not, really the finest, of the lakes on the borders of Westmorland. The sun was within an hour of setting; the fierceness of his beams was gone, but not the effulgence; and he seemed to smile at the very loveliness of the scenery he was burnishing. The air was delightfully clear, and a gentle breeze of health came, not loaded, but scented

with the wild aromatics of a neighbouring mountain, and just played upon my forehead: and oh! it was so cool & balmy, so soothing, so invigorating,—I almost feel it now upon my throbbing temples. I sat down on one of the upshooting, wreathed roots of a venerable oak. The sky was clear and bright, and cloudless, save a few majestic clouds, which seemed to be slumbering on the bosom of the mountains in the distant horizon; and they had a depth of transparency, and a very *goldenness*, which seemed to mark them as screens to hide a yet brighter world beyond them. Here was every valuable material of a complete landscape. In the foreground, just beneath the rugged cliff on which I sate, was the vast mirror of an unruffled lake, reflecting the sky and the surrounding scenes with brilliant effect. The gradual diminution of the objects in true perspective; the sinuous shores of the lake; the liveliness of the cottages, just peeping from the edge of a distant wood, and sending up their winged wreaths of smoke, curling themselves so fantastically and beautifully; the brilliancy of the lichens and mosses, dappling the sides of the rocks, which, with their abruptness, may be easily and pleasantly mistaken for ruined castles; the gambols of the flocks and herds of sheep and goats, feeding in the pastures, or browsing upon the mountains; the deepening and lengthening and blending shades of the distance; the simple warblings

of the birds; the cadences and gurglings of the brooks; and the barking of the sheep-dogs,—altogether gave such a summary of the beauty, innocence, life, and sublimity of nature, that I could but remember the prophet's language—"The mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

By such scenes and pleasures, I was prepared for other delights. I knew I was not far distant from James Thompson's beautiful cottage. Thompson is my friend M——'s shepherd: I have known him for some time, and always find a bewitching interest in his little family and snug retreat. This was a new order of feelings,—more simple, and chaste, and humanizing—more fitting to a man who has still much to do with the world. My view from the rock was the sublime of nature; this was the beautiful. *There*, one was rapt into a sweet delirium,—the eye drank in all the glowing life and beauty of the scene, and the soul was carried away from earthly things; *here*, one is insidiously penetrated, and joyously filled, with the scenes of calm content, and the display of conjugal, parental, and filial affection.

Thompson was of respectable parentage, and had received a good education; but his friends becoming unfortunate in business, he was necessitated to choose some employment, by which he could innocently se-

cure a maintenance. He was rather tall, but had a good, yeoman-like figure; a countenance full of matter, marked boldly by expressive features, and softened by the kindness of his heart. His temper was somewhat irritable, but on the whole, forgiving. He was more the subject of prejudices respecting the stamina of character, than respecting individual acts. He had a deep-seated, and somewhat violent abhorrence of every variety of affectation, of all *finesse*, and of all unfeelingness. There was a keen satire in his eye, as well as in his tongue; and he delighted to level every *would-be* that came across his path. There was something mercurial, something fiery, about his constitution. A tale of interest—a flight of genius, or a stroke of wit—a sublime or tender sentiment—an act of generosity or heroism—a strain of music—the speaking features of an intelligent friend,—any of these, would instantly light up his intellectual beacons, and you might directly read his heart in his face.

Having a latent love of natural beauty, a sturdy constitution, and a feeling heart, he was led—he knew not how or why—to choose the occupation of a shepherd, and easily found a way into the dwelling of a Westmorland farmer, whose chief property consisted in sheep. He thus had abundant opportunity for his favourite employment of reading, and accumulated considerable stores of information. He rose with the

sun, counted and examined his flocks, appointed Cæsar and Pompey their respective duties, ate his allowance from his wallet, and then unpouched his books. At night, he folded his flocks, and wended his way homeward. This was the monotonous history of years, save that he had a variety of losses and successes; learnt the countenances of his sheep so perfectly, that, had his vocabulary of "proper names" been sufficient, he could have christened every living soul of them, and named each apart. More than this, he began to think there was some active ingredient of happiness, which his cup, as yet, possessed not. He felt the mere negative of happiness did not fully meet the desires and capacities of his heart; and that the change, even to something positively painful, was a little, a very little to be desired, in order to relieve the tedium of a shepherd's life. Not that James had no "black lambs" in his flocks; but to chase them to the fold was only a part of his business. All this was but a vague and indistinct impression—a thought, a feeling—which sometimes floats before the mind, like a vessel in a fog at sea. However, honest James Thompson continued to pursue the noiseless tenour of his way for some years, till he had read the whole of his own, and had ransacked his master's library; and every dusty shelf in the village had been made to pay tribute to his propensity; so that he had read to satiety, and found

what he little expected to find, that "he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." He ailed something, he thought, but he did not know what: he looked well, only a very little, the least in the world, tinged with melancholy; he ate well, but he fancied his food was not so well cooked as it used to be, or that he had not now his former appetite; he slept well, save that his rest was sometimes disturbed with dreams, and a slight touch of the nightmare, which he had known nothing of since he had enjoyed so much pure air and strong exercise. He had acquired so much knowledge, as to be consulted by his master; and even the rector often talked with him, with evident satisfaction. Indeed, such were the profundity and extent of his knowledge, that he was better known as "the Learned Shepherd," than by the homely name of James Thompson. He was respected by the whole country round, "his word being as good as a bond," and his morals unimpeachable. He had saved a pretty sum, and might have had flocks of his own. Now, what could ail James Thompson, the Learned Shepherd? Nobody could tell; and yet everybody thought him not quite so blithe and gay as he used to be; and he thought neither the lofty mountains, the rich valleys, the deep woods, nor the beautiful songsters, so interesting as formerly. Poor James Thompson! He little thought the change was all in himself.

Guess, gentle reader, guess what secret spell had been thrown over James's heart, and was gradually withering all his joys?

Thou art right, fair reader; but James Thompson could not tell what it was. With all his reading and knowledge, he was outwitted, and by himself too: his heart was too great a puzzle for his head.

Now there came a young lady of twenty, or thereabouts, from a southern city, to his master's, as a retreat from the sudden frowns of Madam Fortune. It matters not how, but Anne L—— had lost all her property, and came to my friend M.'s, (a distant relation of her father's,) that she might find a refuge from the unfeeling taunts of the world, and qualify herself for some situation of usefulness and profit. James had, by some means, learnt the outlines of her history before he saw her, and this served to win his good opinion. An interest was awakened, which the occasional society of the fair stranger rivetted upon his heart. Acquaintance ripened into liking; but James thought nothing yet of love. Time passed by, but with leaden wings. James attended to his flocks, but only mechanically. He longed for evening, when returning home, he might possibly exchange a few words with her, thoughts of whom had been woven, in day-dreams, into a web of unspeakable felicity. And Anne found his manners so agreeable, his intellect often flashing

so much wit, his knowledge so general and correct, his sensibility so exquisite; and, withal, that he was so tender of her feelings, and often thought she could perceive such indirect deference to her judgment, and such refined compliment, that, spite of his garb and situation, made her feel what she had never known before—which she trembled attempting to define,—and which, in her deepest solitude, she felt to tinge her face a deeper crimson, and produce a thrilling as new and as delightful as it was indescribable. But it was a long time ere she listened to something which said—“why this must be *love*!” She startled at the thought, like a timid deer, which, wandering in the most delightful haunts, and allured by the opening of new delights, finds herself within the power of man. Alas for Anne and for James! and yet both were happy! only their happiness was so new—so pure—so extatic—that, in the moment of discovery, excess of joy they felt to be pain, and feared their bliss was “too exquisite to last.” I need not say, their love was chaste—fervent—constant;—not the storm of passion, which only wrecks the vessel,—but the mild and steady gale, which blows only from one quarter, and fills the sails without disturbing the even motion, and waits directly, calmly, almost imperceptibly, to the haven of conjugal bliss. There was no eye to interest, to honour, to any selfish end;—it was affec-

tion, founded upon intellect and worth, without any sordid consideration of rank, or any extrinsic circumstance. No wonder that it "grew incessant, and was still the same." No wonder that soon it was acknowledged, and opportunities secured for feeding this ethereal flame. No wonder that after James had furnished a cottage, in the most delightful spot in the county, at the foot of a hill, thatched, and snug, and warm; sheltered from rude blasts, garnished with jasmine and honeysuckle and moss-rose; and, as another fair type, a fruitful vine; that he should take home to it his loved and loving bride, the fair, reduced, but faithful Anne. James's master, and a number of respectable neighbours, honoured the nuptials with their presence. A blithe and cheerful honey-moon they had; every one greeted them with a hearty good wish, and they responded kindly to all. True affection gave a relish to every enjoyment, and the sorrows and disappointments of life thus lost their edge and bitterness.

They would gladly now have had Time pluck away a few of his swift pinions, or have loaded his wings; but he soared away, swiftly, as an eagle to his prey; and almost insensibly, as a deep, silent, rapid current to its ocean bed. But he scattered blessings from his wings; and when one short year had slipped away, James found himself in the very vortex of a father's joy, and was almost overwhelmed in the whirlpool of

gladness. To hear him speak of his feelings when his first-born was presented to him, when he kissed him as if he would kiss away his tender spirit with his rude joy, when in the full tide and luxury of a father's feelings he gave rapturous expressiveness, by the lighting of his eye, and the melting tenderness of his voice, to the epithet,—"my son, my son,"—Oh! it was enough to excite the deepest and most delightful envy. He would gaze upon his lovely innocent, till he felt unutterable tenderness, and was compelled to turn aside, lest the scalding tear should disturb his sweet one, or his joy—too big for utterance—should suffocate himself. But all earthly joys are apt to take a strong tincture of the soil through which they run. Our most delightful anticipations too often issue in disappointment. Those blessings which we most highly value, and perhaps even idolise, are, not seldom, made the occasion of our greatest sorrows. Thus was it with the poor, rich, "Learned Shepherd." His dear child, entwined around the parents' hearts with the firmness of the vine tendrils, became a blighted flower. "The wind passed over it, and it was gone." Poor Anne! her's was the storm of grief, and almost hurried her to the grave. Time, however, woke her harp to a more soothing strain, and she recovered her former tone of mind. James's feeling of his loss was deeper and more silent, but likely to be more permanent, and to

be understood more fully at a future day; yet he bore the stroke with exemplary patience. He only erected a plain stone at the head of its dissolving dust, with these short, but expressive lines—

"Nipt in the bud—
I's bloom hereafter."

A family soon called for all their attention and effort; and when I suddenly dropt in upon them, I found the whole party seated beneath the spreading elm and oak, on that most delightful of all spots—the front of a cottage. I had not seen James for some time, and confess I was not prepared to see so great an alteration; for, not perceiving the extent of the ravages of time in our own countenances, we are apt to wonder there should be so great a change in others. James was in his old shepherd's costume. His large slouched hat shewed the same prominent and expanded forehead, somewhat furrowed with the ploughshare of anxiety. He was regaling himself with that right good shepherd's luxury—a pipe; and appeared to be ruminating over in his memory some of the dusty volumes he had read before;—or, as we farming folks would say—"chewing the cud." There was more depth and firmness in all his features; increase of years and care had given greater solidity to his character,—had matured and dignified his virtues, and

in a good measure, softened the satire of his eye; for Time had certainly threatened soon to sprinkle his beautiful white blossoms over those fair temples. His dear Anne was less altered. Her mild blue eye still beamed with intelligence and tenderness, and the spirit of the mother gave brilliancy and softness to their every glance. Her coral lips breathed forth a melody, which was but the echo of former days, and brought back o'er the memory of years gone by—a whelming tide of incident and feeling. Her good-nature gave just the same dimple to her cheek; and all her features were only a little more square and set, than when I beheld her in her maidenly prime, at M—'s. Her youngest she was dandling on her knee, in all a mother's pride; whilst the little creature chuckled and crowed to engage the deep, philosophizing spirit of his father—a fit subject for the philosophy of a father's heart! The eldest, a fine bouncing girl of fifteen, was feeding the fowls; whilst a brace of little, tender, bird-loving youngsters, were feeding a sick chicken at their father's feet. It was, indeed, a lovely scene; and it is really worth any man's travelling from the Land's End into Westmorland, to see and admire the beautiful cottage, and loving family, of James Thompson, the Learned Shepherd.

• • W.

HUMAN LIFE.

A Ballad.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

I STOOD by the towers of Ardenveile,
 And the bells rung forth a jocund peal ;
 Loudly and merrily rang they then,
 O'er field, and valley, and sylvan glen :
 And each cheek look'd bright as the blush of morn,
 And each voice sounded gay as the huntsman's horn,
 And each heart was glad, for an heiress was born.

And again by those portals proud did I stand,
 And prancing forth came a gallant band ;
 And there was the priest in his robes of white ;
 And there was a maiden youthful and bright :
 And a gallant knight rode by her side,
 And the sounds of joy echoed far and wide,
 For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcy's bride.

I stood by those time-worn towers again,
And once more came forth a gallant train ;
And I saw that same priest, but sad was his pace ;
And I saw that same knight, but he shrouded his face ;
And I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom,—
But a shroud, and a bier, and a sable plume !
For the heiress was borne to her forefather's tomb.

And such is human life at best,
A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast ;
A wreath, that is formed of flowers three,
Primrose, and myrtle, and rosemary ;
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave ;
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave ;
The cradle, the bridal bed, and the grave.

JAMES SMITH,

*A persecuted Missionary, died in Prison in the
Island of Demerara.*

BY RICHARD MATTHEWS, ESQ.

SWEET be his sleep in the land of the stranger,
Sweetly in death may his ashes repose ;
Escap'd from the spoiler, and shelter'd from danger,
His mourning is o'er, and forgotten his woes.

No more shall his pathway be mingled with sorrow,
Nor toil and contempt on his journey attend ;
Bright beams his morn, and the fear of to-morrow
Shall never arise in a day without end.

His tears are all dried, and the voice of complaining
Is hush'd, as the fall of the evening breeze ;
O'er trouble and care, with the sanctified sighing,
He rests, from his toil and affliction, in peace.

In a green vale, at the foot of a mountain,
 Where runs the clear streamlet in stillness profound,
 Deep dig his grave by the side of a fountain,
 And let it, for ever, with honour be crown'd.

Let nothing be laid but the turf for his pillow
 To mark out the spot, by his memory blest ;
 When they ask where he lies, who came over the
 billow,
 We'll say, "In the beautiful Isle of the West."

Green be the grass o'er the place of his slumber,
 And blest be the hand that refreshes the sod,
 While borne by the angels, with saints without
 number,
 His spirit shall dwell in the palace of God.

METHUSELAH.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

' And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years: *and he died* '— Gen. v. 27.

SUCH is thy striking record; with a sigh
 Some may peruse it; yet to others fraught
 With cogent matter for instructive thought,
 Which every heart might to itself apply.
 Doth it not place before the spirit's eye,
 That looks upon life's span as wisdom ought,
 The end to which its longest lapse is brought?
 Thou livedst all these years—at last TO DIE!
 What is the sum of thy experience? What
 The lesson, taught by thy protracted days,
 To each, to all? To ponder well our ways,
 Nor murmur at our own contracted lot,
 Knowing that centuries could avail us not,
 If lengthen'd years spoke not THE GIVER'S praise!

JONAS BROOKES:

A Sketch, by a Crab-catcher.

Who is there that loves not good living, at a cheap rate, in a clean house, and in a fine country? Those who do not, have no business at the sign of the Red Lion, in the peaceful vale of Grassmere; but all who do, improve their pockets, appetite, and inclinations, by refusing to put themselves under the protection and cookeryship of honest John Bell and his good wife. I once spent a week there, and found food and board fit for a prince or a parson; clean sheets, clean table-cloths, new laid eggs, hearth-baked cakes of the finest wheat-flour, mountain mutton, and Worthington salmon, served up on the most excellent ware that Burslem or Worcester could afford; and when our barrels or our rods supplied, trout, such as Walton would have leaped at; grouse, fit for the Duke of Athol; and snipes, fat, seasonable, and luscious.

I found there two clergymen; a brace of wild Irishmen, enthusiastic as Maturin, and as original as Matthews; a genteel bold young lieutenant of a gun-brig, who came to recruit, among English mountains, the health he had lost among slave-dealers and rains on the coast of Guinea; and "a son of the angle," who had come from his cottage, on the banks of the Mersey, to wage war upon all the tribes that haunt lake or river, brook or decoy.

Our amusements were as various as the number of our party. Whilst the parsons wrote sermons, frequented sheep-shearings, and read the Monthly Review, the emerald-islanders were playing pranks on land and water; unmooring pleasure-boats; catching and riding the mountain cattle; cracking window panes; and kissing the maids at every door, for three or four miles round, with all the grace and freedom that belongs to the first-form lads of Mallow, or the students at T. C. D.

The hero of jib-booms and top-gallant sails, used to thunder away at wild ducks and blackbirds, and any strange vessel that hove in sight, with a partridge gun—occasionally making an attack upon a citadel up the hills, where a smart young lass held all the wooden-shoed gentry of the country at arm's length. The success of our young Boanerges was surprising; neither the wing of the water-fowl, nor the stone walls

of the estates-man could save the life of the one from his unerring aim, nor the black-haired daughter of the other from the soft glances of his well-appointed eye. All struck to his prowess and anchor-buttoned jacket; and more blood and tears were spilt on the occasion of his visit to the mountains than had ever flowed before, from the down-covered bosoms of the birds of the fells, or the swollen eyelids of the rustic fair ones who inhabit these recesses.

The old fisherman, of whom I spake, was quite a contrast to his companions at the dinner-table. He was one of those good old fellows we sometimes tumble upon in the Saturday's market of a country town, who, scorning to follow in the steps of vulgar fashion, content themselves and amuse their neighbours with a style of dress almost as ancient as the streets they walk in. There are a few of these sprigs of antiquity yet left amongst us; and whoever has had the luck (be it good or bad,) to *trencherise* on the banks of Cam, must well remember an excellent specimen in the shape of a second-hand bookseller, living near to St. Benedict's church.

Master Ives is the complete counter-part of honest Jonas Brookes. They are both antiquaries in their way; but their pursuits have been somewhat different. Ives is a book-worm,—Brookes is an hook-worm. Fly-leaves, angles, and lines of verse, are to the one,

what flies, the angle, and line of hur, are to the other. They are both conversant with streams, and crystal waters; but the flood of the one is Castalian, whilst that of the other is something more substantial. The one fishes for bright ideas, the other for trout and minnows. The one regales his fancy with dainty sentences of olden time, whilst the other sups, right regally, off dishes that Lucullus would have leaped at.

When I first saw old Jonas, he was sitting in the sunshine of a July morning, on the bench outside the door, tuning his tackle for a professional visit to some of the romantic turns that he up the hills all round him. He was dressed in an old brown coat, striped waistcoat, and loose breeches; his legs covered with deep blue ~~stained~~ hose, and, as far as the ankles, with stiff leathers gaiters. His three-cornered hat lay on the bench beside him, and his wig of a bright olive brown, and guarded with a parapet of formal curls, was hanging on the top of his walking stick, a curious family staff, apparently as old as Methuselah, carved into the form of a water-serpent, and the top surmounted by a high block, shaped into the representation of the "human face divine," though it was a libel on every member of the race, except its owner. Panting in the sunbeams, there sat the ancient fisherman, his myriads of hooks, floats, lines, reel, and baits, spread out before him. His large cheeks furrowed

into innumerable channels; his eyes shaded by a continued hedge of bushy eyebrows; and his chin hanging in loose folds of fat over his plaited neckcloth, as we may see represented in the dewlap of a Durham ox. The bare-pated fisherman might have afforded good matter of speculation for the whimsical brain of side-splitting *Cruikshanks*.

He was sorely puzzled, it seemed, to unravel his lines; the young sons of St. Patrick had been playing off their pranks with the old gentleman's accoutrements, and the silks, feathers, and wool, which he had brought to dress his hooks withal, were in inimitable confusion. During two hours, without a frown upon his brow, or a ruffle on his cheeks, did he sit, like Penelope of old, untwisting and untwirling the handiwork of the preceding day. But he was not silent during his occupation: he told me many wonderful tales of his adventures when a boy; of his early line of fishing; of his continued affection for the angle; and of his determination to fish whilst nature left him a hand to hold his rod, or an eye to watch his line: now and then, by way of episode, scolding the "young tormentors," who made such sport of his amusements. When he had finished his labour, he went out fully equipped to put in practice the rules which his experience had taught him; and, as my way was "no whither," I accompanied him to the scene of his

diversions : and there, seated upon the green meadow, or under the shady covert of the trees that hang over the Rulleck and the Hotha, I listened with pleasure to the many little anecdotes this good old man disclosed to me. He had been a truant in his youth, and loved fishing better than study ; and here Master Jonas told me of the chastisement he got, and the confinement which he suffered, when the other boys were in the full enjoyment of their half-holiday amusements. His master, he said, did not like fishers, as he had been once cheated by an old woman, who sold him haddocks for turbot, and, with true classical revenge, he had vowed vengeance against the whole race, from that moment forswearing fish and fishermen, for the mean scholastic helps of " mutton boiled, and mutton roast."

" But I soon left school," said Jonas, " and had an opportunity of seeing fish in myriads." He was sent to sea on a trading voyage by his uncle ; and was wrecked among the cod-banks of Newfoundland. In the dead of winter, among ice, fogs, and starvation, he made his descent upon the rocky shores of that most horrible country. The crew perished in the wreck, and Jonas luckily was saved ; but how and when he could never account for. He only remembers the cry of terror which, for a moment, pierced the howling of the winds and waves, as the ship was dashed against the

cliffs by the mountain billows; and that, after a certain interval, during which he might have been in a trance, for any thing he knows, he found himself in a smoky hut, surrounded by dirty fishermen, and piles of half-dried cod-fish.

With these amphibious people, partakers of their winter loneliness, he sojourned, till the spring set them once more afloat. He then accompanied them on their fishing excursions, and became conversant with all the mysteries of baiting, catching, and curing. An opportunity at length occurred of escaping from his pleasing imprisonment among these piscatory islanders. A vessel from a catholic country arriving for her annual export of *fasting-meat*, he bade adieu to the sterile shores of this miserable island; and once more saw the eastern billows leap under the onward prow of a European bark. He here learned the art of eating the finny luxuries of the deep; and before he had been a month at sea had become as good a *table catholic* as ever made a virtue of necessity, when seated before the savoury shoulders of a cod. Circumstances of business or of pleasure, brought the ship into the bay of Naples, and Jonas made a pedestrian, angling journey home. Thus gradually initiated into all the mysteries of fins and gills, he became a noted fisherman; and when after-years permitted, displayed his skill among the many waters of the Gael.

His pursuits in trade had been successful, and he has been enabled to retire upon a decent property, acquired by his honest industry, and he now passes his summers among the scenes so dear to one who loves British freedom and British fishing. Often, he has told me, has he passed month after month in the vicinity of Windermere or Derwent-water: and once or twice has been in danger of his life, in consequence of sudden squalls, which threatened to upset his little boat, heavily laden with the fruits of his pleasurable toil.

I have myself tarried awhile among the lakes, with almost as piscatory an affection for their many winding bays, and deep recesses, as ever Jonas Brookes, or honest Izaak Walton felt. And never shall I forget with what zest I assisted at the demolition of two unfortunate *chars* which were brought us from the deepest part of Crummock-water, and which an honest-looking damsel dressed for us, with all veneration for its ancient owner, in the frying-pan of the celebrated Mary of Buttermere? I would earnestly recommend all lovers of angling from the South to make a scientific excursion from Kendal to Penrith, leaving no opportunity of using worm or fly. At Newby Bridge, Patterdale, Pockley Bridge, Ambleside, or Low Wood Inn, they will find trout in the lake, and trout on the dinner table; and if the graver sport of hooking salmon suit

them, they may have excellent amusement for their arms and eyes in the waters of the Derwent, near to Workington. But no one should go to the *metropolis of the lake*, without giving as much time as can be spared to the brawling beck of Borrodale, the lilyed waters of Salt Level Bay, and Otter Island; and the perch, or, as they are there called, bass-grounds, behind the Holm. Sometimes a pike, of some twenty or thirty pounds, rewards the labour of an hour or so, as may be seen at Crosthwaite's collection of "sticks and stones," and other, "wonderful wenders," where, if I remember right, the skull of one of these "fresh-water sharks" is shewn, which is said to have weighed some six-and-thirty pounds and odd! What a relish for a bachelor!

But I forget Jones, and the Red Lion. Keswick supplies me with so many pleasing recollections that I could spare a quarto for it; but Grassmere has its pleasures, and we will just look in at the door of our lodgings there. I left the old boy very unceremoniously; but he ~~seemed~~ ^{was} by no means disconcerted, and after awhile quietly found us at the dinner-table. A dish of capital trout showed he had been successful; and our evening passed merrily enough in anecdotes of other days and other countries. The lieutenant amused us with a few recitals of desperate slave-cases, of the horrors of the slave-vech, and the cruelty of the slave-masters, now and then interlarding his nar-

native with a few real jack-tar expressions of honest indignation. The Irishmen made bulls by dozens, and recounted their adventures with true Irish feeling. The reverend companions of these young Quixotes listened with all becoming gravity. The good old Jonas gave us an epitome of his wanderings from station to station; of his observations on the inhabitants of lake and river; of the luxuries in the vicinity of Winandemere and Derwent-water; and winding up his discourse as he would his line, with a long prosy description of some excellent fishings he had met with in the little tarn of Grizedale. Antiquated as his language was, it was sufficiently eloquent to gain converts to his favourite pursuit, and before we bade adieu for the night, the sailors, with the Emerald islanders and myself, had concerted a day's diversion at the aforesaid tarn,—Jonas Brookes equipping us with all appliances to boot, and Mistress Bell with the provocations to labour, a pedestrian's victualling of bread and cheese.

The morning unfortunately proved wet—one of those misty uncomfortable mornings so common in the months of July and August in the vicinity of mountains. We saw our friend Jonas on his way to his old haunts; and laden with rods, lines, baits, and baskets. We set off in high glee, and desperately cold, to practice on the banks of Grizedale tarn.

The road to it is rather rough, on the bank of a brawling stream, that comes foaming and tumbling along, among broken masses of slate-rock, from the vicinity of our destination. The wet, and the toil of climbing up the cliffs, (for, as usual, we lost our way,) retarded us. After a long walk through mosses and puddles, and scrambles up two or three steep cliffs, we found ourselves on a ridge, which, dividing Grassmere vale from the dale which gives name to the waters we were in search of, serves to connect the southern limb of Helvellyn, with the neighbouring heights of Larfield. The little circular lake of Grisedale, lying, as it were, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, and over which two or three great hawks were hovering, would have been a tempting scene for painter or poet, but to us, the fishermen, it held no great inducements, although we had gone out on purpose to visit it in that capacity. Grisedale is one of the feeders of Ullswater; and down a long ~~series~~ of rocks we saw its blue waters in the distance. Who would have remained in that cold and cheerless place, watching a float, or a fly, even if, like harlequin, he could have caught a golden fish, when the wonders of Patterdale were in prospect? Besides, the Irishmen were almost mad at the sight of the spot dedicated to their guardian saint: and as to Jonas and his lines, Grisedale and its treasures, all remembrance of them seemed to pass away

with the mists that were floating over the summits of the hills about us. An hour and half's labour brought us, through many difficulties, to the inn at Patterdale, where, to our mortification, we found no room for us. The house was filled with soldiers and curis, painters of Alpine scenes, and hunters after the sublime and beautiful ladies in silks, and loons in spectacles; fellows of colleges, and fellows of no college at all; travelling soap-bollers, and travelling cognoscenti; gentlemen of every shape and description, size and pretensions; dandies and droms; long-necked boarding school damsels, and short-waisted lawyers' clerks; all huddled together without mode or method, in dining-room and bed-chamber, court-yard and corridor—a precious barge of tourists and simpletons! Ever since Gray admired the height of Skiddaw, and trembled at the sight of Borrowdale, it has been the fashion for people of every denomination to pay a visit to the mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland. The season begins in June—and ends when the noses of the peasants begin to look blue from frost.

The influx of strangers is very great to the northern inn. They come like geese—in flocks; and cackle also, like geese, in every town in the country, using no stops in their discourses, but notes of admiration! It is curious to hear the many odd modes of expression which these virtuosi use; beautiful, they call a dirty

hovel built for cattle up the hills; and every puddle they see is a mountain torrent. Then out go the pens and the pencils, the portfolio and the note book. and the post is burdened with letters to ninety-ninth cousins who never heard of a mountain higher than Shooter's Hill, and rustic swains that never saw a swifter torrent than the New River at Ware.

Such was the assemblage we found at the hotel in Patterdale and as they were not very pleasant, except in their remarks upon our wet and torn habiliments, we thought it better to leave the creatures and travel homewards. and to give our determination its finishing blow, we saw a little curly-pated, smock-faced animal, calling himself a man, dressed in as smart a suit of black as Cheapside could afford, puffing and blowing, run up to his mamma, a fat, vulgar-looking person, almost as round as the dome of St. Paul's, and holding out for her admiration of his prowess a young eel, about four inches long, which he had caught by accident. In a minute the little hero was surrounded by the whole tribe, extolling his skill and valour, and asking where the *heels grew*! The young ladies thought him quite a wonder to have learned to fish so soon, and the young gentlemen were quite envious of him. We know where *our heels grew*, and accordingly moved off, as quickly as they could carry us; and we afterwards learned that this eel was exhibited

to every new ~~catch~~ for a month afterwards ! What would Jonas Brookes have said had we told him we left Grisedale, to be present at such an exhibition !

There is a tolerably decent road between Patterdale and Ambleside, and we were very shortly tracing it among the hills. Our walk was long, but the afternoon pleasant, and the sun set upon the lofty fells above Brother-water, in a glory I have seldom seen. Indeed the sun-sets about the middle of summer, upon the summits of the mountains, are grand and beautiful beyond description. No power of pencil or of pen can call forth on canvas or on paper, the magnificent array of light and colours : no hand but that of an immortal, could depict the splendour of the scene.

At Brother-water we halted, to bear away with us, if possible, some of the object of our walk ; and instantly we were in attitudes of plication. But after baiting and hobnobbing for some time we found ourselves fishless, although we had been long enough about it to have caught both the brothers who are said to have

drowned there. Just as we were packing up our and boxes, one of the Irishmen hauled out a small bag of ~~stones~~ an ounce weight, which we had the satisfaction of seeing magnified into a perfect monster, as we passed a sketcher about two hundred yards on the road. It was rather gratifying to one's pride to see how splendidly we figured away in the good man's

drawing. There was the lake as round as if it was drawn for a circle by a freshman at Cambridge in his first-term lectures. Behind it were what we believed to be the rocks, covered with lichens almost as long as the diameter of the lake. In the front stood we, heightened into grenadiers, though none of the party was more than five feet six; and swelled out to such a portly size, that we might have been taken for Sir William Curtis, or any other turtle-loving alderman. Our fishing-rods were made to reach higher and further than the hills, and consequently the lines made an extremely acute angle in order to reach the water, and at the end of every hook (which was pictured to the life) dangled an animal as much like a rattle-snake as could be, except on Paddy's, which, as I said before, supported a fish almost as huge as a Greenland whale. We complimented the cockney, and passed on to Ambleside, which we reached at dark, and stopping to refresh, finished our ramble by getting back to Jonathan Bell's by midnight. We had stopped by Grassmere lake to play some unfortunate fellow a little hoax. The moon had risen over Poughrigg, and the sky, and the waters, and the hills, were as bright as day. About the middle of the lake we saw numerous floats, betokening night-lines. According to some men's doctrines, one may innocently rob a pirate. We allowed the position to be a true one, and borrowing a boat which was fastened

to a tree, proceeded to examine the lines, which examination rewarded our honest thieving with a dish of capital pikes. Just as we were about to retreat, we felt ourselves irresistibly impelled onwards by some unseen power. Away we went like the ship of the ancient mariner, and in as fine a time.

“The moving moon went up the sky,
And no where did abide—
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

“Away we quickly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe,
Slowly and smoothly went the boat,
Moved onward from beneath.”

We gazed in silence, till I recollected the next stanza:

“Under the keel, nine fathom deep,
From the hold of mast and snow,
The spirit slid;”

And then I cried out—

“and it was he
That made the boat to go.”

“’Tis a mountain spirit,” said Paddy, “from oth-
er dare hills of Tipperary!”—“Och! and its all a
lie,” said his friend: “it is none other, it all, at


all, than a huge big monster of a fish, that will ate us all for his supper !"—“ 'Tis the devil,” said the sailor.—“ 'Tis on,” came a hollow voice from the edge of the water ; and there we saw, in the moonlight, the well-known face of a huge mountaineer, noted all the country round for another Rob Roy. A rope from the boat, which we had not seen, was fastened on shore ; and, coming down to examine his fishing-gear, he found four *unknowns* (though not *great ones*) saving him the trouble. On discovery, our first object was to cut the rope, which freed us from a voyage by no means pleasant, and saved us from a good ducking into the bargain.

A few strokes of the oar brought us to the farther side, and we had the pleasure, in a few minutes, of shaking Jonas by the hand, who had, for once, broken through the established rules of a fisherman, and remained out of bed till midnight, in order to greet and scold us, welcome us and read us a lecture before we slept. But when we told him how successful we had been, by degrees unfolding our circuitous course home again, the old boy clapped his hands to his sides, and laughed till he coughed again ; and laughing and coughing, he went hobbling up to-bed, reminding us, that

“ Early to-bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.”

We took the hint, and went to our rest very early indeed.

In this manner, rambling about among the hills, passed the week I remained a guest in Grassmere. But the day of my departure came, and I bade adieu to my friend the lieutenant, the last of the party left there. Old Jonas had departed the day before, and was, I heard, doing dreadful havoc among the funny tribes that haunt the beautiful bays of Coniston. The fishermen had gone over the channel to their own sweet island; and the gentlemen of the band and cassock, were again installed in the quietude of their own pastoral dwellings. The sailor was shortly about to hoist his sails again; and I once more went forth, a wanderer on the face of the earth.

But I have had many pleasing recollections of the days I spent with them, and should like to meet them once again. I would go a pilgrimage to speak with Jonas; and should be pleased to bring him to the banks of my native stream, to shew the southerners  constitutes the real fisherman. We have breams, and pikes, and perch, and the speckled gudgeon, and the silvery roach; eels for the cockney, and soles for the epicure; but we have neither trout nor grayling, fishing with flies, nor a Jonas Brookes.

OTHMAN.

MORNING, bright morning, thou art on the wave,
Where sweep the proud gallees, whose freight is the
brave:

The red flag is streaming—a meteor of war;
Woe to the eyes that watch for it afar!

Young warrior, the sabre is bright in thy hand,—
Why does thy dark eye yet linger on land?
The heart of the warrior should be, like his shield,
As firm in its temper, unknowing to yield.

Thou art brave; where's the Infidel for dare advance,
I or the blow of thy sword, or the sight of thy lance?
Thy white sails are spread, in their pride to the wind,
Why lingerest thou, with thy fond looks, behind?

Oh! the heart has its softness, tho' covered with steel;
And the rock has deep waters it cannot conceal;
And he who has ridden in blood to the knee,
Will start at a shadow, when touched, Love, by thee!

He turned to the shore ; for a maiden is there,
The least rose of whose cheek, the least wave of whose
hair,

Are dearer to him than the wealth of the world,
Or the red hour of triumph, when banners are fueld.

That eye's slightest look, that lip's softest word,
He is meek as a slave in the chains of his lord :
Not the less, when the battle ships meet on the main,
Will his bark and his brand be the first in the line.

But the wind fills the sails, and they sweep from the
shore ;
They part with that parting which never meets more :
They may ~~gaze~~ from the land on the desolate main,
But the bark of young Othman returns not again.

'Tis evening ; alone, in her tower on the steep,
His lady sits watching the war of the deep.
~~The~~ a trumpet, the wild wind has rung to the charge,
And the unprisoned thunders are rushing at large.

Ever fearful the strife of the sky and the sea—
The time of their battle ; but what must it be,
When we know that our heart has its all on the wave,
And yet look on the main as we look on the grave.

But the clouds are dispersing, the wild hour is past,
 And the setting sun masters the tempest at last :
 There is peace on the sky, there is rest on the sea,
 But the mare and the rest are not, *Laila*, for thee.

Scene of wild beauty, the black clouds are driven,
 Like rebels subdued, from their empire o'er heaven ;
 Clear as the crystal, now spreads the bright west,
 Where the glad orb is sinking in glory to rest.

A purple gloom hangs o'er the north, but the light
 Is breaking around it, the waters are bright,
 Like mirrors for sunshine, and silver with foam,
 Like the sea-bird's white wings that now over them
 roam.

But sad is such hour, though the tempest be o'er,
 And the sky and the sea be as calm as before :
 The glory is mockery, the beauty is doom,—
 The light froth, the glad sunlight, are they for the tomb ?

The heart hath its omens; she rushed from her tower,
 The wave wind-borne dashed o'er her, she felt not the
 shower :

We watched her dark hair stream, as onwards she prest ;
 One faithful slave followed, and told us the rest.

She found him; some instinct had led her the way,
 Where, borne by the billows, and washed by the spray,
 Lay Othman. Oh, thus must he meet his young bride!
 'Twas but one moment's parting—she sank by his side!

L L I

— — — — —

THE VOICE OF THE WATERS

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

FOUNTAINS of the rock and vale!
 Murmuring only to the gale,
 By whose flowery margin ne'er
 Traveller lone hath spread his cheer;
 Nor maiden, in the pale moonlight,
 Chanted forth her song of night.

Stream of the broad and peopled plain,
 Glorious in thy monarch reign,
 Rolling on in power and pride,
 A nation's wealth upon thy tide;
 And whose ancient voice might tell
 What a thousand kings befell

Lake! whose silver waters lie,
Blue and deep, beneath the sky,
Ocean-like, save for thy rest,
And the small skiff on thy breast,
Sending, as it floats along,
Sounds of melody and song:

Ocean! mightiest thing of time,
Bearing no trace of age or clime;
All, wherum mortal eye may see
Aught that is like eternity;
Whose self, with none to rule thy tide,
The heathen might have deified:

Mountains, and stream, and lake, and sea,
Beautiful in your mystery
Of sound and motion, rolling on,
Ye are the old earth's voice of song;
'Telling to vale, and plain, and shore,
Of her green scenes in times of yore.

REMEMBER ME.

BY W. MACKWORTH PRYED, ESQ.

In Seville, where the feast was long,
 And lips and lutes grew free,
 At Inez' feet, amid the throng,
 A masquer bent his knee;
 And still the burthen of his song
 Was "Sweet, remember me!"

"Remember me, in shine and shower,
 In sorrow and in glee;
 When summer breathes upon the flower,
 When winter blasts the tree;
 When there are dances in the bower,
 Or sails upon the sea.

"Remember me, beneath far skies,
 On foreign lawn or lea;
 When others worship those wild eyes,
 Which I no more may see;
 When others wake the melodies,
 Of which I mar the key.

"Remember me! my heart will claim;
 No love, no trust, from thee;
 Remember me! though doubt and blame
 Linked with the record be;
 Remember me! with scorn or shame,—
 But yet,—remember me!"

SONNET.

Election in the Year 1800.

BY THE REV. R. POLWHELF.

WHAT, though the umbrigeous park hath here
 display'd
 No groupes of deer, to court the solar beams;
 What though no avenue's high foliage gleams
 In spring's soft green, or autumn's tints arrayed,
 And far as eye can reach, to haster streams
 The grandeur of its proud cathedral shade;
 The smooth-worn path, the copse, the tender blade,
 That o'er these acres waves, my fancy deems
 More pleasing than the lordling's gorgeous seat!
 And to my huc bower, my orchard bloom,
 My chesnuts that enclose the calm retreat,
 My linfs now darkened to a deeper gloom,
 The dearest wishes of my bosom beat!
 Ye bide the rural muse my earlier years illum.'

A free Translation from
THE "FAUST" OF GÖETHE.

BY HARRIET DONNING.

*Faustus discovered in his study, surrounded with
books, papers, mathematical instruments, &c.*

FAUSTUS.

WEARY of soul, I turn aside
From these vast tomes of learned folly :
For science, which was once my pride,
Gives now disgust and melancholy.
Philosophy and law I've found
All trash, all chaff, all stubble ;
Divinity ~~an empty sound,~~
And ~~physics~~ quite a bubble :
For ten long years I've sought
Some real light to gain,
Strain'd every energy of thought,
But toil'd and search'd in vain

O'er ancient manuscripts I've por'd
 Until the morning light ;
 All modern theories explor'd
 Through many a tedious night
 All I have gain'd but serves to show
 That, to this hour, I nothing know.
 Yet, with what grave and solemn air,
 I've taught within this place,
 From doctor's magisterial chair
 With what imposing face
 I've issued forth ten thousand rules,
 To students, priests, and scribblers,
 To gaping pedagogues of schools,
 And led them all a dance of fools.
 As bears are led by fiddlers !
 So far, I'm wiser than them all.
 These weak pretenders, great and small,
 Who round me ever press ;
 Bowing submissive to my fame,
 Which, after all, is but a name—
 I accept, indeed, that I possess
 A soul that would the boldest act achieve,
 That ever man or devil could conceive ;
 A soul, that fears not *hell*, so it might see
 Beyond the ken of weak mortality—
 That neither doubt nor scruple would restrain,
 So it might boundless power and knowledge gain.

But joy has fled from forth this breast,
 And ~~these~~ wild remains,
 Labouring with more than mortal pains
 To me the world can give no rest,
 For all within it seems untrue,
 A glowing vision to mine eyes,
 Which, as I gaze, each brilliant hue
 Turns paler, fades, and dies.
 This spirit, longing after freer scope,
 Impatient strives to rend those bonds away,
 Which keep it down from each aspiring hope,
 To earth's dull confines, and these fields of clay.
 I, who would tain upon the *whirlwind* ride,
 Have neither treasures, power, nor rank to give,
 Nought to assuage my vast ambitious pride,
 And make ~~me~~ *rule*, since I am doom'd to live.
 Oh! that in magic spells, this burning mind,
 Might, what it seeks, unbounded knowledge find.
 Perchance ~~some~~ being of the air
 May *hear*, and condescend
 To be my kindling spirit's friend;
 To let me ~~his~~ high secrets share,
 And cause this spirit to ascend
 As to a mountain's top, where it could see
 The hidden springs of every mystery;
 The *seed of worlds*, the principle, the ~~cause~~
 Of all creation's most stupendous laws;

The very womb of nature—whence she springs,
 With all her progeny of wondrous things :
 Then would this fever of the soul be o'er,
 This craving void of mind be felt no more.

[*The moon appears through the window.*

Planct of beauty ! hide thy tranquil beam,
 Mock not this throbbing brow with thy soft light ;
 Disturb not, with thy calmness, this wild dream,
 But rather, like my soul, let all be night.
 For I have watch'd thee oft and sad,
 Seaching thy orb, in hopes to find
 That thou some answering influence had,
 Which might illumine my dark mind.
 I've mark'd thee stealing through the sky,
 With noiseless tread, o'er yonder mountain's brow,
 And my full heart has sigh'd, and wish'd, that I
 Could be as calm, as pure, as bright as thou.
 Oh ! that with spirits I could play
 Around thy peaceful throne,
 As light, as beautiful as they,
 Then might I shoot on each fair ray,
 And visit worlds unknown !
 Beautiful orb ! thou now art setting !
 Again this dreary room
 Is wrapt in silent gloom—
 Sick at the soul I'm getting :
 I loathe the lumber of these heaps of paper ;
 I loathe this solitude, this dirt, this vapour.

A sad, a desolate, a wretched feeling,
 Is o'er my sickening heart and senses stealing
 Oh ! that I could be extinct, and at rest ;
 Or uncreated I had slumber'd ever !
 Oh ! that enquiring *thought* withm the east,
 And all its craving wants, had enter'd never.

STANZAS

Written beneath Turner's View of Dover Castle.

That sun-light flashes on the deep,
 And crests the waters' foam,
 As on the gallant vessels sweep
 To gain their island-home.

And many an anxious heart beats high,
 Impatient of the breeze,
 And many an eager bosom's sigh
 Still chafes the tedious hours.

'Tis thus all times are dark to me,
 Reluctant thus I roam,
 While my fond heart still turns to thee,
 My own, my island-home !

CAPTAIN FRANKLYN.

A Sketch.

From a Knight of the Shire to his Country Cousins.

HERE [†] am in London, my fair kinsfolk ! and you require me, as the only *Pledge of Friendship* you will accept from this city of wonders, that I should give you an account of its lions. But, what lions ?—are they to be old or young lions ?—foreign or domestic ? I assure you, there are enow here to afford you most excellent choice. For instance, I met a friend the other day to whom I proposed the question, telling him I had such a commission from the country ; but, as I could not transport the animals themselves, I must, some way, send their portraictures down in full length, by pen or pencil ; for I was determined to make my pretty cousins' *muséum-bondoir* the envy of all the gazing neighbour-ladies, who neither had the good luck to visit

town, nor possessed a friend at court, like myself, to supply their deficiencies. My counsellor, (who was no other than Sir Charles Le Bel, the not-yet-avowed author of the most popular, anonymous, elegant novels of the day!) declared that, without pouching on his manor, I had game enough before me to occupy copying artists of all descriptions, from June to January. But then he shook his head, and exclaimed—

“ Alas, is it indeed come to this, that your country damsels have so lost their relish for their own native flocks and herds! Is the scent of tented hay, the garniture of fields, the garden’s pride, the evening walk by setting sun or softer moonlight, when all nature smiles in balmy beauty, like themselves,—are all these now considered nought by your pretty cousins? And would they be like the smoke-dried belles of London, who, with eyes sated by the glare of lamps, jewellery, and rouged faces; and ears diined with common, every-day talk, from party-scandal, newspapers, and reviews,—cry out, with yawns—*Who will show us anything new?*”

Allowing Sir Charles free course in his invective, like a horse that had run away on a wrong track, to proceed headlong, without any attempt of mine at impediment, he at last stopped of his own accord, out of breath. I then took up your cause, and most manfully defended my country cousins against this charge; al-

begin, that your passion for lions did not proceed from any disgust you had taken at the sheep-bell, or the milk-pail or the breezy hill, or the shady covert for "whispering verses made;" nor even from vicinities of *duenna* joints and *undammas*, against whose prolonged domination a certain order of lions were now often found as servicable, as the notable tribe of wolves in the days of Little Red Ridinghood. No; it was neither Factor's Change, nor the Tower of London's menagerie, that could furnish the noble creature you sought! And then I mounted your own hobby, my pretty romantic coz, Euphemias! and told him that the rare you hunted—but for "the honour, not the prey!"—was the sovereign of all the east, "the paragon of animals," in us, in his most privileged order, starting from the common herd of his brethren, whether as hero, statesman, poet, sage: In short, whatever the supreme spirits, which inform the genius-favoured breasts in your country, could be found—where I was to make a portrait!

When I, too, drew bridle, and stopped my career, Sir Charles breathed a long "When I what?" "Upon my life," cried he, "a rare catalogue! Where are we to find this breed? The geologists, indeed, may assist us, amongst their fossil remains; but, on earth, in *propria persona*, it has long been extinct."

"Nay, nay," remonstrated I, "is there not such a

one—and such a one?”—and then I uttered names ye may all guess.

“Aye, aye!” returned he, shrugging his shoulders, “these are of the species, I grant; but I am antediluvian enough to remember the old race of giants—the lions of men, as you and fashion, not unaptly, call them. I could help you to a whole gallery of their pictures, from Abercrombie and Nelson, down to Picton and Yeo; then, Pitt and Fox, and other bright constellations of their mental sphere, whether in the state or in literature: but they are dead lions! And I could draw you the semblance of the whole string of royal and loyal heroes, who visited this country twelve years ago: but they are past lions! and, as fashion rules, anything *passé* is worse than anything dead! Your cousins, like the rest of their fair sisters, want “something new!” they want to be spectatrices of the existing shows of the day; for, whatever the material—real gold, or glittering tinsel—still they are but *shows*, in the light the world of fashion views them.”

Mr Charles deponed true of his town acquaintance, but I would not be persuaded to plead guilty for mine in the country. “You possess and treasure the portraits of all these “gone-by” worthies: some passed into their graves, others into their own countries; and, though many forget them, because they are no longer

seen or heard of, on the busy stage of society, you remember them with as vivid an admiration as when their names first filled the gazettes of the nation, or their genius rendered their presence sunshining and fame. Therefore, with you, "Dead or alive, they are equally renowned!" But you would really be in wonder, to see the use that is made of such bright messengers from the skies, by the leaders of the ~~fox~~, in this modern Athens. The arrival of one of these gifted personages from his travels abroad, or his college devotion to science, or his country-seat sojourn with the muses, or his fields-of-war triumph, clad in a hundred banner,—is calculated on by my Lady Dash and Mrs. Splash, in the same way a tradesman does of a fresh importation of French brocades, of different novel patterns: every body longs for the first sight of the unpacked bale, for the high prerogative of presenting the first exhibition of the most rare and extraordinary. For it does not always happen that the most beautiful manufactures, nor the noblest animals within reach, are the most eagerly selected. The party-giving lady, with the same taste she chooses the most whimsical pattern for her dress, seeks the most ~~out-of-the-way~~ person she can find, to perform the task of ~~hostess~~ to her assembly.

Sometimes we hear of a musician, sometimes of a hero; and it has occurred, that the lady of the house has been dubious, while presenting them to her guests,

which of the two most merited the honour of precedence,—the warrior, who had saved her country; or the Orpheus, who had best tuned her piano-forte!

What say you, my cousin, to this choice of lions? And they come in droves, too. Sometimes they are all military; and then we hear of nothing, from the prettiest lips, but of swords and cannons, Congreve rockets, sieges, victories, and *waltzing* in German, Russian, or Spanish measure: but that rage is *gone by*—buried with the British Hosts at Waterloo.—Then we have the poet's race, and nothing but the lyre and the lute, and the impassioned dream, in song or sonnet; the romance, in verse; or the tourist, counting his miles by his numbers, will attach the interest of a . 4 ear for a moment.—Or, may be, next come the more consequential travellers: the pilgrims, east; or the voyagers, west, north, or south,—telling their adventures in plain prose.—We have errant knights, bringing home new stars, and old stories, and sage volumes, from Palestine and Persepolis.—We have enterprising majors, importing flourishing laurels from the deepest wilds of hitherto unknown Africa, and planting them round recorded works; likely to last as long, in the memory of fashion, as the last bouquet of Forget Me Not's she gave her favourite pug to nibble.—And again, we have navy captains, who, having cleared the seas of all England's enemies, next have subdued the supernatural power of

Winter, on her throne at the North Pole, making her open her icy gates to the prow of a British vessel; while others of their equally resolute brethren have traversed sterile lands, on which human foot, never before trod, to plant settlements on those solitary shores, that the wandering seaman, cast away on Polar strands, might always hope to find—

“A shelter from the storm, a Briton, and a friend!”

I had heard much of the last impact of these adventurous patriots, returned from rock, and berg, and floe; and, though with some rather awful imaginings concerning their probable corresponding appearances with the regions they had just left, I eagerly embraced, for your sakes! Sir Charles's offer to introduce me to one of the Arctic lions, then making the greatest noise, who, (as I hinted before) by a strange, but no very unnatural combination, of ~~ideas~~, I had depicted to myself to be something resembling the hyperborean bears, amongst whom his adventures lay: and, while thus impressed, the gay Baronet called on me one morning in his carriage, to visit Captain Franklyn! My friend had cautiously abstained from describing him, or any of his intrepid brother-tars; being, like yourselves, fond of observing first impressions; and while we drove along, he, in silence, conned a newspaper, and I, lolling back, amused myself with figuring

the sort of person I was to meet. Some way or other, I expected to find him lodging at Deptford, in the neighbourhood of the ship that might be fitting out for his next expedition. A crammed cabin-like apartment, stuffed with seal-skins, bows and arrows, canoes, savage kraits, musquitos, porpoise-shaped Esquimaux, bears and walruses,—all flitted before me, mingling recollections of what I had read, with expectations of what I might see, till I found myself in the very hut of a skin-clad Robinson Crusoe, smelling of raw hides and whale blubber, even to the raising of my stomach. Luckily, perhaps, for the Bartolot, just at this moment the carriage stopped; and, by its sudden jerk, roused me from my trance, and relieved my qualm.

"Let us go in here," said my friend. I, not supposing but that he was making a call on somebody else, in our way to the Polar here, stepped out after him, into a ~~house, neither at Greenhithe nor~~ ^{house, neither at Greenhithe nor} Deptford, but in one of the most fashionable streets of London. A liveried servant ushered us into a drawing-room, carpeted, ~~carpeted~~ ^{carpeted}, with all the other elegant fittings-up which belong to refined and comfortable life. The walls were hung with drawings: England portrayed in miniature; landscapes, rural or romantic; the interior of cathedrals, and village churches, historical and domestic scenery. But the most attractive picture of the whole, was the living one which

presented itself immediately on our entrance : a gentleman, of a peculiarly amiable and manly appearance, sat on a sofa, playing with an infant child ; he was tossing the babe, and looking up to its little sparkling countenance and crowing lips, while he held it above him, with all a father's fondness in his eyes and smile. Near him, on a low chair, close to a small table—on which a quantity of unfurled silk lay heaped—sat a delicately-formed lady, young, and aspen-like, evidently from enfeebled health, as well as delicacy of form : she also, at the moment we entered, was looking smilingly towards the gentleman and child ; her fingers paused, meanwhile, on some breadths from the heap of silks—blue, red, and white—which she seemed sewing together. Her eyes told it was her husband and babe she gazed upon ; and they also told, it was with some mournful idea connected with the pleasure ; for, when she turned round at our entrance, the brightness in them was that of a brimming tear, and her voice faltered to the salutation of my friend, while she rose. The gentleman put the infant tenderly into her arms (for she as instantly resumed her seat), and he, shaking Sir Charles heartily by the hand, uttered some cordial words of welcome.

I was introduced—and found myself in the presence of Captain Franklyn. He bowed his head with a slight but courteous bend, an urbane expression suffusing

itself over his features, while even his dropped eyelids partook the little obeisance. He then sat down with the Baronet, on the sofa, and conversed with him. I had leisure to observe and note him. The fond invalid mother seemed engaged, in rocking the sportively-tired babe to rest upon her arm; and I was in no mood to distract her attention, or my own, from the object most interesting at that moment to us both. I listened, and gazed at the Polar traveller—the unwearied traverser of trackless shores, of barren deserts,—the resolute encounterer and conqueror of fatigue, famine, and yet ~~other~~ trials! But here was no man of imposing stature, bold aspect, and daring eye. Such was the portrait I had mentally drawn of him. I saw a person of a manly make, indeed, but of moderate height, and, perhaps, something more of fullness than absolute muscular strength in his proportions. His age seemed the middle time of life. His countenance was mild, of intense thought, with an aspect of composed kindly penetration, whenever he turned his deep-set, dark, and intelligent eye upon the person he addressed, or who addressed him; but, most often, he listened or spoke with his eyes cast down: yet the look was steady, honest, and full of judgment, when it did meet you. The eyes were small and bright, but it was a calm lustre; and the broad, open, rather projecting forehead above them, stamped the whole with a most

decided character. His voice was low, mellow, distinct, and somewhat slow of utterance—and his conversation bore an undoubted evidence of the manly sense and modesty of the speaker. He rather talked of the ulterior objects of his pending journey, than fell in with my friend's recurrences to the details of the past. Sometimes, however, I thought his voice took a saddened tone; and once, at the moment, I followed the direction of his eye. He was looking at his infant, asleep on its mother's lap, its little form half-shrouded in the loose folds of the unfurled silk on which he had sometime resumed her work. The young wife's face, downcast, and silently pursuing her employment, wore an expression of tender thought. Sir Charles, too, had observed the turn of his friend's eyes, and the pause, he took the edge of the silk in his hand, the action seemed to ask the question he was answered, "It was the flag for her husband's expedition she was making!"

For one impressive moment, we were all silent.

* * * * *

Here—when I saw the above letter again, which had been written hardly two years ago to my fair cousins—I found a great rent—and, alas! since it has been written what changes, what changes, have been made in the little party described! Captain Franklyn has sailed, and that interesting woman is no

more ! How precious, now, must that flag be in his sight ! But that is not all that has occurred. Captain Franklyn—with the image of his infant daughter in his heart, the most tender memorial of her lamented mother—has retraversed those barren deserts ; has explored the trackless coasts of those ice-girt seas ; has planted the seaman's refuge ; has laid down a chart, for the security of future travellers ; and is now on his return to England !

The glory of successful enterprise will hail his arrival ; and the sober, heartfelt reverence of the best of his countrymen, try to make up, in the social attentions of friendship, for the domestic happiness he has lost. Such men may, indeed, be the lions of a day, and in the following day be forgotten, by what the thoughtless call *the world* ! But years *that world* knows not of are their inheritance ; and when the men of its day, who presume to limit, with their fiat, the celebrity they cannot comprehend ; when they go down into their graves, it may, indeed, be surely said, " They have brought their days to an end, and the worms feed on them ! " But these labourers for the benefit of futurity live in the memories of posterity for ever, the witnesses, on earth, of an immortality beyond its confines.

J P.

MY FATHER'S GRAVE IS HERE.

BY THE REV. W. FINE BOWLES.

"MY FATHER'S GRAVE," I heard her say.

And marked a stealing tear,—

"Oh, no! I would not go away—

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!

"A thousand thronging sympathies,

The lonely spot endear,

And every eve remembrance sighs,

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!

"Some human tears unbidden start,

As spring's gay buds I hear,

For all things whisper to my heart,

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!

"Young hope may blend each colour gay.

And fairer views appear;

But no! I would not go away—

MY FATHER'S GRAVE is here!"

BALLAD.

BY MRS. CORNWILL BARON WILSON

I SAW her when flow'rets
 Budded the spring time,
 In the first glow of beauty,
 And maidenly prime ;
 Her heart was all gladness,
 Her soul was all truth,
 As she walked in the freshness
 Of feeling and youth.

I OVE came with the summer,
 'Mid roses and smiles,
 And the heart of the maiden
 Was caught in his wiles.

I saw her when blushes
 Glowed bright o'er her brow ,
 As she knelt at his altar,
 And plighted her vow.

But the roses soon faded
 That deck'd Love's gay bowers,
 And the bright skies were shaded
 By tempests and showers ;
 Then autumn winds scattered
 The leaves as they pass'd,
 And *hearts*, too, like flow'rets,
 Were chilled by the blast.

IV.

I saw her when sorrow
 Had blighted her cheek,
 When the heart of the mourner
 Must wither or break ;
 'Mid the chill of affection,
 That waits on decay,
 When the flowers of existence
 Have faded away.

MY VILLAGE.

Written upon the Hookery Hill, at Yoxford

BY JAMES BIRD, ESQ.

'Tis night—the weary world is still;
 Forgotten and alone,
 I muse upon the wooded hill,
 Beneath the summer moon,
 That seems as though she smiled more bright,
 While listening to the bird of night!

Beside me sweeps the spreading glade;
 Around me spring the flowers;
 And far below, amid the shade
 Of happy green-wood bowers,
 All bright beneath the spangled skies,
 My loved and lovely village lies.

III.

There many a high aspiring dome,
 And lowly cot is seen;
 There many a glad and peaceful home,
 Where pride nor care has been—,
 Where hearts are undisturbed by strife,
 Unruffled on the sea of life.

IV.

And yet, perchance, of all who now
 Rest there, seduced by sleep,
 Some wretch may wake with shuddering brow,
 And eyes unclosed, to weep:
 Whose heart, within its blighted core,
 May feel the glow of hope no more!

V.

Oh! in a spot so fair as this,
 Which nature's heavenly hand
 Has painted for her bower of bliss,
 Her Eden of the land,—
 In this fair spot life's stream should glide,
 One sweet, unchanged, unbroken tide.

VI.

Dear, peaceful village! though from thee
 My thoughts are wont to roam,
 To distant scenes, o'er earth and sea,
 Thou only art my home:
 In thee alone my treasure lies—
 My all of joy beneath the skies!

VII.

Here, here alone, I feel the spell,
 All earthly spells above;
 Oh! here my friends, my children dwell,
 Here smiles my own true love!
 Vain world! I would not change this spot
 For all thou hast, and I have not!

VIII.

Now slow the beautiful landscape fades
 Beneath the waning moon;
 And I forsake these lovely glades,
 To seek my home alone:
 Still, still the scene shows fair and bright;
 Thou village of my heart! Good night!

TO — .

Written at Sea.

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT ADAM M'NAGHTEN.

I THINK of thee, I think of thee,
 Till e'en ~~that~~ thought is pain,
 And still the cold reality
 Will fancy's flight restrain ;
 Or it would quickly place thee here,
 And smiles of joy ~~dispel~~ each tear
 That would thy cheek ~~permeate~~ :
 But 'tis not so, it cannot be,
 For wide seas roll 'twixt thee and me.

In solitude, the nurse of grief,
 Where hours like days appear,
 (Hours which would seem like minutes brief,
 Wert thou, my lov'd one, here ;)

I give to thee the unchanging thought,
 With fond & recollections fraught :
 And oft the wayward tear
 Will dim, though check'd, my burning eye,
 And oft will rise the uncheck'd sigh.

I look around me, all are glad,
 I envy not their joy ;
 Nor would I, with my spirits sad,
 Their happier hearts alloy :
 And when I mingle with the rest,
 I catch from them the smile, the jest :
 As childhood grasps the toy
 Affection gives, to soothe its grief,
 But for a space; however brief.

My mirth ! 'tis as the lightning flash,
 Which, o'er the moonless sky,
 Gives but an evanescent dash,
 To show the gazer's eye
 The black shroud of the dismal night,
 To which that cheerless burst of light,
 Can but new gloom supply ;
 Leaving the scene, it flicker'd o'er,
 More dark and dreary than before.

I joy not in the prosperous gales ;
 I'll grieve not when they're gone ;

I joy not in the well-fill'd sails

That urge the fleet ship on :

I will not feel my light heart bound,

Nor gaily tread fair England's ground,

When that free land is won :

For why ?—*thou* wilt not, love, be there,

The transports of that hour to share.

I'd rather, far, the ocean roam,

While sever'd thus from thee, .

Than rest in the most peaceful home,

Where thou could'st never be.

And even Eden's fairest bowers,

With all its sweet, unwith'ring flowers,

Would have no charms for me,

If thou could'st not among them rove,

And dwell there too, my only love.

Without thee, where's the eye to shed

On me one ray of love ?

And where, to smooth *disease's* bed,

The hand so fond would prove ?

This *earth* has not another breast,

On which my *aching* head might rest,

Its anguish to remove ;

Nor *one* more heart which would, like *this*,

For *my* sake all earth's bliss resign.

THE WANDERING STAR.

THI RE came a bright and a wandering star,
And I watch'd and worshipp'd its light from afar
That star rolled on, till at last it came
And shed over me its heavenly flame!
I felt that flame to my young heart's core;
Oh, what could I less than in silence adore!

That star descended, and bent o'er me,
And I heard its silver minstrelsy;
And my thoughts, my hopes, my eyes, my soul,
Contended and obeyed its sweet controul;
And I wished for "wings to flee away,"
And mingle with its celestial ray!

Henry! thou wert that wandering star,
And shed thy smiles on me from afar!
The musical tones of thy voice to my ear,
Were soft as the melody breathed from the sphere!
One touch of thy hand—one glance from thee,
Of love,—filled my heart with ecstasy!

A cloud has wrapped that star from my sight,
 But I bless the memory of its sweet light ;
 May its course be bright through the fields of heaven,
 Though its diamond-ray to another be given ;
 For, Oh ! could one thought of mine rebel,
 In secret, 'gainst him I have loved so well ?

No, Henry, no ! Though no more thou 'rt mine,
 So thou art blest, I 'll not repine ;
 'Twas meet we should part—for thy passionate sigh
 Made me tremble, and turn from the light of thine eye :
 Had we pledged at the altar unchanging love,
 I might have forgotten the heaven above !

I will look on the hour without regret,
 When last we parted—when first we met :
 Though a tear may fall, when I think on the day
 That bore thee for ever from me away,
 No shade of remembrance & gloom shall cast
 O'er the beautiful dream of enchantment that's past.

That proud fair form I need not forget ;
 Nor the full sweet lip, nor the eye of jet ;
 Nor the pearl-white teeth 'twixen those lips of love ;
 Nor the broad moustache that curls above ;
 Nor the loose dark locks, nor the pale high brow ;—
 I think I can see him before me now !

'Twas thus I saw thee on Gallia's strand,
Ere yet the vessel had left the land :
And still I see thee as thou wert then—
Smiling, and waving thy hand again ;
Again that bark glides by, and I see
Those soul-beaming eyes are raised to me.

Thy martial cloak was around thee thrown,
Part shading, and part by the cool breeze blown ;
I could not look on that form so dear,
For the last, last time, and not shed one tear !
My trembling heart, as the sail unfurled,
Could have flown with thee over half the world.

I thought we never should meet again ;
But I felt there was even a sweetness in pain,
As I watched the bark that bore thee from me,
Till it seemed but a speck on the boundless sea :
The rose has thrice bloomed since that soft adieu ;—
Count Henry, why is my heart so true ?

FIDELIA.

THE INCANTATION.

A Dramatic Sketch.

BY MISS ENMA ROBERTS.

SCENE — *The Bergstrasse Hills at Midnight*

FIRST WITCH.

FOR ever first at meeting, sisters, where,
Where can ye linger on this lonely night ?
The moon is down, but in the clear blue sky
The stars are thick ; as pale as silver some,
Some bright and golden, some like burnished steel,
Clustering in millions, twinkling as they pierce
The midnight air. Oh, how my spirit drinks
Their influence. Come on, ye tardy crew ;
Bring me my wings : I'm tied to this dull earth ;
And yet 'tis beautiful. The laughing Rhine
Rolls its bright azure waves through yon wide plain,

Washing the base of many a city's walls,
 The Gothic towers of Spire. The lofty point
 Stands boldly in the twilight, from the dark
 Cathedral mass of Worms' most ancient church.
 And lower down, beneath the brightest star,
 Lies Mentz: the spirit of her Faust
 Beams in that star, the mightiest master, he,
 Of our forbidden art. Clothed in a silvery mist,
 Across the stretching corn-fields, richly gemmed
 With forests dark, and rustic villages,
 The Vosges' mountains bound the western view,
 The fair and fertile hills of jocund France;
 And to the east lies our own Odenwald,
 Girt with the granite ribs of mother earth.
 Steep cliffs, vine-garlanded, and winding vales,
 And seas of rocks sublime, and woods of pine,
 Mark the gay chaos, wild, fantastical,
 The sport of nature's most capricious mood.
 Hark, the owl hoots,—'tis answered by the toad
 With her harsh croak. The signal—I am here.
 Where is our master?

SECOND WITCH.

He will come anon.

This is our jubilee; to-night we weave
 A spell more potent, deep and terrible,
 Than ever yet hath broken the strict laws.

Which bind that frail worm, man. Where'er we list,
 In sea or air, whatever element
 The fancy charms, 'tis ours to revel in.
 See, from the depths below, the cauldrons rise!
 Fling in your mystic gifts.

THIRD WITCH, AND OTHERS.

A spotted snake,
 Choaked in the shifting sands of Mogador:
 The last life-blood of the expiring wretch,
 Gored by a shaggy Andalusian bull,
 His native wildness maddened by the thrust
 Of hostile spears: foam gathered from the lips
 Of a plague-smitten renegade: the beak
 Of a bald vulture, wet with human gore:
 A moose deer's heart, snatched in the deadly feud
 Between a serpent-monster and the fierce
 Numidian tyger, mixed with hzard's fat:
 Herbs gathered in the moonshine: henbane steeped
 In poisonous sweat, exhaled from the dark yew,
 That shades a murderer's grave:
 And wholesome plants, cankered by spawns of toads.
 'Twill make a slimy hell-broth, such as fiends
 Will purchase with invaluable gifts.
 It thickens, it increases. Oh, rejoice,
 Emancipation from this load of clay
 Is close at hand. Say, whither art thou bound?

SECOND WITCH.

Floating in air, above the polar star.
 Spreading its white flimitable waves
 Beyond the human eye, I love to watch
 The huge leviathan, as he lies stretched
 Upon the old sea's surface, basking full
 In the bright borealis trembling there.
 The awful stillness of the summer night,
 Which knows no change from day, by the loud rush
 Of waters spouting from his nostrils, high
 In air the rainbow columns rise.

THIRD WITCH.

I seek

The flame-encircled Mercury, and bathe
 In floods of fire. The air is molten gold,
 The glorious sun shines cloudless, and the earth
 Glows like a furnace; our poor tropics seem
 Black in comparison. Oh, there are
 Some glorious creatures, hatched so near the sun,
 Death—with his cold, damp touch—hath never dared
 Invade the burning region.

FOURTH WITCH.

To a vale—

An Indian vale, fraught with rich musky balms,
 From ever-blowing roses, whose bright leaves

THE INCANTATION.

Fall in a crimson shower upon the green
And violet-bedded earth—I wing my way ;
The sultry sun hath sunk ; the dewy air
Is filled with music, as it gently wooes
The waving clusters of the tapering ;
Or whispers through the clove-carnation beds
In amorous sighs, lulling the soul to sleep,
Steeping the senses in delicious calm.
No dreams disturb our slumbers ; we inhale
Rich perfume as we breathe ; and the rapt ear
Lists to the gush of fountains, and the song
Of night's most thrilling minstrel, brought in swells
By the spiced gale from distant almond groves.

FIFTH WITCH.

I fly to oriental plains ; but 'tis
To wander amid ruins, and to share
His midnight meal with the huge vampire bat,
Nestling all day within the marble halls
Of proud Persepolis. The jackal howls,
The serpent hisses, and the eagle screams,
As my adventurous footstep urges them
From their most secret haunts.

SIXTH WITCH.

The sport
I love to follow, on Spitzbergen's shore :

Beneath the frowning ice-bergs, floundering seals
 Perform their clumsy gambols on deep beds
 Of drifted snow. 'I track the sullen bear
 Home to his den, or join him, as he prowls
 Along the cold inhospitable coast;
 List to his low, deep growl, and see him tear
 His prey in savage joy.

SEVENTH WITCH.

On the top
 Of lofty Caucasus a hideous storm
 Is brewing by the fiends of hell: the caves
 Have let loose all their winds; the sooty clouds
 Are filled with sulphur. In more wantonness
 The hurricane is hatched; and it might spend
 Its idle fury o'er Tartarian wastes.
 But I'll bostride the stinging sand, and lead
 The tempest o'er the Euxine. There's a bark,
 Manned from the Odenwald—a dauntless crew,
 Who dream of the blue Rhine, and toast their wives
 In Schiraz wine; yet, as they gaily quaff,
 Scoff at the Persian vintage. They have drank
 Their last, last drop of Rhenish. We will swell
 The ocean with our floods; let the wild winds
 Rave o'er the waters, till the angry waves
 Divide and combat. With the deadly crash
 Of warring elements, the thunder's peal,
 And lightning's fierce illumination. I

Shall laugh to see the shattered vessel drive
 Before the storm, wheel round and round — then sink
 I or ever in the fathomless abyss.
 'There will be music in the dying cry
 Of one for whom the rest are doomed. Von Karl,
 Wilt thou remember, when the sweeping surge
 Comes rolling onwards, her whom thy false vows
 Have ruined, soul and body? What doth ail
 The witch-pot, that it slowly burners still?
 We shall be late, how dost thou mean to ride?

“LIGHTER WITCH.”

I the tail of the comet, as it shoots across,
 From pole to pole, the boundless fields of air,
 I hold my rapid midnight course; and where
 The last pearl-diver sunk to rise no more,
 Drop in the gulf, and search for his white bones,
 And plant my feet deep in the slimy ooze,
 Accumulations of a thousand years,
 Unctuous and green, the fat of the sea-wave;
 And dare the ocean-monsters, as they gaze
 With their round, dull, yet fiercely cruel eyes,
 Stupid, untamable. I love to roam
 The only feeling of their brutishness,
 Their horrid thirst for banquetting on blood;
 Then mount a dolphin's back, and swim away,
 Far, far beyond their reach.

NINTH WITCH.

'Tis glorious sport.

Oh, who would sit beside the fire and spin,
 When they can thread the ocean's maze, or dance
 Upon a star beam? My fond mother weeps,
 And looks upon me with beseeching eyes,
 Whene'er she hears the murmur of my Witch-song.
 And Leopold has brought me presents gay
 From Strasbourg, and from Mentz they've trimm'd
 the gown,

And planted flowers, and coaxed the little birds
 To feed upon the window-sill, in hope
 To make me love these simple things. Old Paul,
 The village pastor, shakes his silvery locks,
 Shudders and sighs to see me reckless turn
 From holy shrines: they dread to know the truth,
 Yet deeply fear. They've barred the outward door,
 And nailed a horseshoe o'er the threshold; strewed
 The chamber with fresh rosemary: but I
 Repeated thrice the magic spell, and snapped
 Such brittle bonds, flew up the chimney swift,
 And gained high Meliboeus. See how sound
 The village rustics sleep:—the hamlet lies
 In that small dell: how silent its repose. *
 The birds are mute, not even the watch-dog's bark
 Breaks the deep silence; and the evening breeze

I, hushed : there's not a leaf stirs - Haste away
 To the deep forests, and the boundless plains,
 And chase a herd of buffaloes, who spur
 The earth beneath them, as they course along
 The wide savannahs.

THE WITCH.

On swart Afric's coast,
 Swept by a keen east wind, a locust cloud
 Were drowned in ocean : the returning tide
 Hath cast their loathsome bodies on the shore,
 To swell and putrify : that tainted air
 I may breathe harmlessly. I'll drink my fill
 Of the foul atmosphere ; then hover o'er
 A grove of chestnuts in Castilian shades,
 Lured by the tinkling sound of the guitar,
 Tenderly sighing its fond serenade,
 Hymning the praise of woman. There are eyes
 In their dark languish, soft and beautiful,
 As the black orbs of Yemen's antelopes,
 Who pay the minstrel, flashing through the bars
 Of the closed lattice. Should the perfumed buds
 Of orange, and the fragrance weeping limes ;
 Or, sweeter still, the homed voice of love,
 Draw the veiled beauty from her coy retreat,
 I'll spread the foul contagion through the air,
 Scatter the pestilence, and sow the seeds

Of death in their embrace :—the morning's dawn
Shall find them lifeless on a bed of flowers.

FIRST WITCH.

Enough ! enough !

The cauldron boils ; it is the witching hour,
The mighty form of Odin strides the hill,
And Thor's and Freggas' shadowy forms appear,
Filling the air with mist.

SECOND WITCH.

The rock'd earth quakes :
He is amongst us, grim, and dark, and tall,
In awful gloomy majesty. Perform
The magic rites in silence.

THIRD WITCH.

They are done.

Up and away, one blast, one rush of wind,
To scare the sleeping villagers, and then
All will be calm upon the Bergstrasse hills,
No trace of witch, or demon, to betray
Our midnight vigil to the eye of man.

THE PALACE OF THE TWO KINGDOMS.

A Dram.

By the Author of "The Phantasmagoria."

I DREAMED that I was a traveller, journeying through a certain country, which was divided into two empires. In nature and appearance, they were totally different; but, in situation, so approximate, that the frontier of the one was the boundary of the other. That which (being the fairest) first attracted my attention, was as the garden of Eden, richly varied with lucid streams, venerable forests, and mountains of every height, from the pinnacle covered with perpetual snow, to the gentle hills and sunny slopes, scattered over with flocks, or crowned with graceful trees. Its aspect was not, however, wholly occupied with natural objects: in their turn, appeared the wonders and works of art, transporting the beholder

with glorious manifestations of human mind and daring, human industry and achievement. Sad, indeed, —after gazing on this kingdom, glorious in power, exquisite in beauty, instinct with life, animal and human, —was the view of the other, at once its neighbour and its opposite; a great and terrible wilderness, a land of silence and of drought, of confusion and perpetual gloom; a land that no man cared after, and where, willingly, no man dwelt! Yet such was the injurious nature of one primary law, that this latter kingdom was wholly peopled by inhabitants drafted from the other. Nay, the right to dwell at all in the pleasant land, could only be purchased by tacitly consenting to remove whenever summoned: and, in this cruel necessity, the sojourner of a few minutes and of a hundred years were equally included. However important might be his presence to those around him, however numerous his engagements, or pleasant his prospects, an inhabitant was liable to be summoned across the frontier at a moment's notice; and of those thus summoned, none returned; no tidings of their after-fate could be received by their friends; so that how they fared, or how they approved the change, remained forever unknown.

When I first contemplated, as a traveller, the kingdom which contained so many things pleasant to the eye, I mused only how I might appropriate a little

portion to myself, and there take up my rest. But when I heard of the law to which I became exposed, and witnessed the departure of many with whom I had formed an acquaintance, my pleasure changed into melancholy, "dim sadness, and blind fear." Unable, at length, to contend longer with my conflicting emotions, I voluntarily bent my steps towards the frontier, in the hope that, when there, I might effect some discovery, or procure some information, connected with this mysterious and distressing subject. But, arrived at the spot, I found my own unaided vision lamentably insufficient to pierce the mist which lay before me; and sitting down, I wept much, for my ignorance and perplexity seemed rather to increase than diminish. My sorrowful meditations were, at length, disturbed by the voice of enquiry. I raised my head, which was bowed towards the earth, and beheld at my side a form of a grave yet gracious aspect, one which repressed familiarity, while it engaged me to obey his command, and follow him without mistrust. He led me straight forwards into the gloomy kingdom; or rather, after a few minutes, he wholly supported my steps, which would otherwise have failed under the influence of fear and fatigue. Not only was the air oppressive, and the way slippery, but deep silence lay like a load upon the heart, and a dismal, unvaried twilight extended on all sides.

At length, after traversing a dreary distance, we approached a palace, placed, like a vast mountain, to oppose all further progress. Dark and shadowy, yet withal, too real; so high, that the height alone was dreadful; it was open on the sides and to the front; and its dome, which resembled the canopy of heaven at midnight for amplitude and blackness, was supported by enormous pillars, of the like ebony hue,

“Enter,” said my companion, “the dwelling of that mysterious Power, which is felt by all thy species; enter, and observe.”

Clinging to his robe, I obeyed. ~~But~~ the Power of which he spake was formless and unrevealed: I saw no throne, no giant king, no outward pomp or presence; but I beheld what was far more awful than visible ensigns of kingliness and terror. The whole of the upper end of the palace was a pavilion of thick darkness; one immense unbroken cloud; a solid mass of concentrated blackness, upon which a thousand suns might have poured their rays in vain. Solemn stillness reigned throughout the palace, but ceaseless motion pervaded every avenue. Thousands of spiritual forms successively entered and departed, and successively presented themselves before the pavilion, in the submissive attitude of messengers, waiting the orders of their lord. But they received them not through the medium of voice and language. From time to time.

a hand,—for things spiritual must be set forth in the guise of things earthly and human,—a dim, lone, shadowy hand emerged from the gloom, and delivered unto each a number of small crystal darts.

In silent terror, I turned to my companion for information.

“Arael,” said he, addressing the nearest messenger, “whither is thy mission?”

The addressed spoke not, but drew from his bosom the missiles he had just received; and then I perceived that upon each was inscribed the name of a dweller in the kingdom I had left.

“Enough,” replied my companion. “Look yonder,” said he, addressing myself, and directing my attention at the same instant to a distant portal. I started, for I beheld a crowd of my fellow beings enter in, and bend their steps towards the pavilion.

At once the truth flashed upon my mind. These mysterious weapons; these spiritual agents; this summoned crowd; this ceaseless, silent, round of requirement and compliance;—I understood them all too well, and I wished again for my former dread and uncertainty, as more tolerable than the awful reality. What, then, were my feelings, when I further beheld the sable sanctuary unfold at the approach of those to whom my heart yearned with unavailing sympathy! one by one, they entered its precincts,

which instantly closed upon them, and appeared as before, a mass of impenetrable darkness!

Whither went they? Did they continue in that black abyss, that rayless gloom? Or, if there lay some region beyond, ~~was~~ that too, dark as the passage? These, and similar questions, passed rapidly through my tortured mind, till, insensible to considerations of fear and prudence, I burst into reproachful lamentations against the law, which bestowed temporary pleasure at the price of so costly a sacrifice.

“Rash murmurer!” said my companion, “cease from vain words, and observe what passes around thee, in the spirit of meekness; so mayst thou gain instruction and, haply comfort. Turn thine eyes towards yonder group, newly arrived, and now approaching the pavilion; compare their entrance with the last, and know, that even gloom like this may be irradiated, though never by the luminaries of earth.”—Abashed by his rebuke, I bowed my head, and observed in silence.

As before, the cloud unfolded; and as before, the individuals entered its bosom and returned no more. Thus far the respective transits coincided; but one mighty difference now appeared, and I know not whether my present joyful surprise, or my former dismay, affected me more deeply. Light—pure, effulgent, and ineffable; light—beside which all created

brightness would have faded into dimness,—flashed forth from the recesses of the cloud, when it opened to receive these last and favoured guests. Its darkness still rose like a wall on their right hand and on their left; but in the centre lay a shining path—a way, that for splendour, seemed paved with suns and stars, leading onward as it appeared, to some happy region far away from the palace and the gloomy kingdom. In this path they walked; and as they proceeded, their persons partook of the glorious effulgence, and added to the majestic vision. But, as I gazed with aching eyes and longing desires to follow their footsteps, the parted cloud suddenly reunited, and all became dark as before: I beheld only the palace, with its towering pillars and awful dome; its crowds of waiting or departing messengers; and the interminable region spread around, over which brooded silence, gloom, and desolation.

I durst not again address my companion; but he watched and understood my countenance: he there read the emotions of my mind, amazement struggling with anxiety, and repressed but not subdued curiosity. “Azrael,” said he to the messenger, whom he had before spoken to, “carry this young stranger back to his own land, that, viewing there the fulfilment of thy mission, he may discover the cause of what he has just witnessed.” I knew not the rank of my companion,

but he spoke as one having authority. Azrael bent his head in token of complaisance; and too much overawed to give utterance to my feelings, I contented myself with a like lowly reverence. The messenger then placed me by his side, and taking me by the hand, led, or rather impelled me forward with such celerity that we quickly lost sight of the palace, and reached the confines of the dark and dreary kingdom.

Beautiful, more beautiful for the preceding gloom, appeared the world to which I returned. The fields, the streams, the breath of morning, the glow of noon, and the stars that rendered midnight scarcely less lovely than day—nay, objects which I had before scarcely recognised, now assumed their proper character of blessings, and filled my heart with thankfulness and joy. The meanest flower attracted my notice; the turf on which I trod imparted pleasure; and the chirping of the meanest bird affected me more than music. In the first glow of renovated feeling, I equally forgot Azrael and his mission. As it subsided, I remembered the important information I came to acquire, and willingly surrendered myself to his guidance.

He led me towards a city, one that I had not visited in my former travels. During our progress it struck me that he must be invisible to all except myself, for he traversed the crowded streets, and entered where he would without exciting any attention; and that I

was permitted to follow him, I could only account for on a similar supposition.

And first we entered a mean dwelling, apparently the abode of poverty and care: it proved so; but both were self-inflicted. The comforts of life were studiously banished, even its necessities were uncounted—by whom, and for what? In a corner of the one wretched room, which sufficed for all purposes, sat a miserable looking wretch, old, haggard, and world-worn; the blood appeared stagnant in his shrivelled veins; his cheek was sunk and sallow, and no kind, no generous thought had ever brightened his cold, hard, cruel eye. The table before him was heaped with bonds and papers, with gold, and with silver; beside them stood a pitcher of water, and a dry crust, yet even of this fare he partook grudgingly, like one in doubt of to-morrow's meal.

"Behold the end of a miser!" said Azrael, touching him with the destined dart. He shrunk from its crystal point in mortal agony—his eyes closed upon his beloved treasures—and he fell to the ground a corpse amongst heaps of gold!

"Refrain," said Azrael, as I instinctively sprang forward to rouse the body; "his cancer is closed."

"The dark cloud," said I, with hesitation, "when will he enter it?"

"That which formed the life of his body entered as

he fell," replied my companion; "but follow me, and seek instruction for thyself."

He conducted me to another dwelling, in all points the opposite of the one we had just quitted. Riches, it is true, were here also, but they appeared in the shape of external decoration and splendour. The household consisted of many members; their pursuits were various, but the object of all was the same—self-gratification. With the head of the family, luxurious living was "the one thing needful." His more refined partner prized the enjoyment of wealth far less than its display; style was her chief good. Some of the younger branches aspired after supreme *bon ton*, and the rest were devoted to those "innocent gaieties," which, by some strange fatality, never made them gay.

In a family thus constituted, Azrael was not likely to be a welcome guest at any time; but he was inconsiderate enough to intrude on the eve of a magnificent entertainment, when it was particularly inconvenient to attend to him. His mandates were not, however, of a nature to brook delay, and his victim, the master of the mansion himself, was compelled, with an unavailing sigh, to resign his life. Amongst the survivors, the pomp of mourning then succeeded to the pomp of revelry. Sable feathers superseded white ones; and diamonds, for awhile, yielded to jet. The family vault was opened; the family mansion displayed a hatch-

ment; and the family pew was lined with black. The eldest son became an heir; the young ladies independent; and my lady, a jointured widow, retired from the world—for three months. Here the matter ended. With death before their eyes, death was the last thing they thought of;—it was quite unnecessary till they came to die themselves.

He, to whom my companion's next summons was addressed, was occupied in pursuits of a higher order. We neither found him hoarding money for its own sake, nor lavishing it in idle luxury. His worldliness wore a fairer, a somewhat more engaging viler. His soul and life were vowed to some, that stateli phantom which, in one disguise or other, has won and broken many a noble heart. I forgot his profession, but that is immaterial; it was but a means to attain an end—a supremely loved, supremely valued end. As I looked on his feverish cheek, his bright, yet troubled eye, I thought Azrael's mission already half accomplished; the victim knew not it was in prospect. He was glowing with exulting anticipations of the success of somewhat he had just completed; he pictured to himself long years of distinction, of all that to him was happiness.—Azrael, with a sigh, pronounced the words, “this night”—waved over him the mystic dart—and the young and sanguine enthusiast was no more!

Again he led me to another abode, occupied by one

of the opposite sex, and of a far different turn of mind. A lady, grave, correct, charitable, that is, an almsgiver; well mannered, and well spoken of; rigid in the observance of forms, whether of etiquette or religion,—more rigid, perhaps, from mistaking form for reality—commencing the list of human virtues with discretion, and closing it with decorum: phlegmatic,—claiming therefore the merit of moderation;—self-satisfied and self-saved, Azrael's approach filled her with no alarm. The stroke was gradual in its effects, and she slipped out of life fully persuaded that she had deserved never-ending felicity somewhere.

“But, Azrael,” said I to my companion, all that I have yet witnessed has tended only to sadden and perplex me; without daring to pronounce judgment on *them*, not one of these departures would satisfy me for *myself*. Azrael, I want some infallible, some ever-present guide, that will teach me what I ought to be, and do: I want ~~to~~ now, beyond a ~~doubt~~ or question, how I may be privileged to follow those to whom the dark cloud revealed a shining path.”

“And what,” replied Azrael, “if I tell you that such a guide exists? That such certain information is, or may be, acquired by every individual around us?”

“Impossible!” I exclaimed, incredulously: “I travelled some time in a distant part of this kingdom,

and it was the want of what you mention that drove me to the frontier."

"Perhaps," replied my companion, "that particular part was less favoured, or you were unfortunate in your choice of associates; or, perhaps, you were remiss in your inquiries."

"Now so far from that being the case," said I, "my inquiries were as constant as they were unsuccessful. Some, to whom I applied, told me what I knew too well, that the law of summons was inevitable; others, that it was universal; while others again, chid my curiosity, or ridiculed my fears. A few of the more meditative, amused me with conjectures as to the probability that, in the other kingdom, there were colonies to which the summoned were removed; but the majority of those I addressed, assured me that it was great waste of time, to employ the present in thinking about the future, and civilly recommended to me a physician, and change of air."

"Notwithstanding all you say," replied Azrael, "my assertion is strictly true; follow me, and assure yourself by demonstration."

Thus saying, he led the way into a modest mansion, the abode of comfort and cheerfulness. Age, manhood, and youth, combined to form the household circle; engaged according to their abilities in various pursuits, they were united in motive—desiring to benefit

other—desire to reflect honour on the source whence they derived their bliss in . Prudence did not here degenerate into covetousness; simple and solid pleasures occupied the place of dissipating amusement; self-denying exertion dispossessed personal ambition; while the steady practice of every virtue, involved no vain and arrogant assumption of merit. The language the habits, the desires and hopes of this family, were unlike any I had previously heard or seen. Nay, their style of happiness was not the same; it sprung from a different root, and bore a sweeter, if less gaudy flower;—it might rather be termed peace; pure, gentle, heart-soothing peace, beaming in every eye, breathing from every lip,—which awoke with them in the morning, and dwelt with them throughout the day: peace, which few understood, and none intermingled with !

“ Oh, Angel,” said I, melting into tears, for I perceived that even here he had a mission, “ why must this lovely band be broken?—Why must sorrow blight such usefulness, such holy, quiet happiness?—Pitiless Angel!—at least not that child !”

Alas ! while I vainly pleaded, the blossom withered and fell—the delight of those growing old, and the hope of those just entering into life, was cut off, and I stood in a house of mourning. I now beheld the same household in affliction; here too it resembled no-

thing I had seen before. They wept, but their bosoms
 were not torn and—peace, was still theirs. The grief
 of nature, blended with submission, anxiety to fight
 by sorrow, prevailed over anxiety for the restoration of
 joy, while they addressed the source of their afflic-
 tion with only deeper reverence and increased love.
 At length I heard of the guide—my long-deared,
 long-sought guide, and saw, for myself, the won-
 der reflected through its medium. I heard the
 mourners speak of the distant kingdom and of the
 dark cloud, familiarly and without dread, and they
 spoke too, of the bright path, and the happy region
 to which it led, as of sure and simple truths, re-
 vealed by their guide in words which “never miss
 a spike.”

“Ariel,” said I, after listening long to these
 ‘glad tidings,’ “why should I travel further, when
 here I find what I have so long vainly sought?—
 No, here will I sojourn, and with these will I dwell,
 —thine guide shall be my guide; it has taught them
 to rejoice in sorrow,—to anticipate even the dark
 cloud without terror,—to live as befits those who live
 but a little while,—and what it has taught them it
 will surely teach me. Fulfil, then, thy remaining
 missions; and till the hour when thou shalt summon
 me Ariel ‘farewell!’”

M I I

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHA- RAOH AND HIS HOST.

BY MISS MATTHEWS.

' And the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the
 sea. ' 1 " 1401, xiv. 27

THE Egyptian pursued in the pride of his power,
 And his dark eye was rolling in triumph along
 The deep files of his chariots, secure of the hour,
 When the land should re-echo his conquering song.

II.

He looked to his warriors, and saw that each chief
 Emulated his glance with its spirit of fire ;
 While, with danger encircled and sinking with grief,
 The hope of the Hebrew seemed doomed to expire.

III.

The sun on Baal-Zephon rose bright on that morn,
 And reflected his beams on the martial array ;
 But ! what dread portent his lustre has shown.
 And veiled with its darkness the splendour of day.

IV.

'Tis the sign of His presence, who dwelleth in light,
Who hath made His pavilion of darkness a cloud,
The guide of His people, though shrouded from sight,
And never to vision of mortal allowed.

V.

And under that banner, mysterious and dread,
That flamed as a guide on their perilous road.
The Captain of Israel their footsteps hath led,
Where erst the wild billows in majesty flowed.

VI.

But where is the foeman, who rushed to the fight,
With horsemen, and chariots, and spirits of fire?
And where are the preons in praise of his might?
And why has proud Egypt forgotten her lyre?

VII.

Cold in death is the heart that glided with scorn;
Sepulchred that bore in the sea-beaten caves;
And the honour of Pharaoh, degraded and torn,
Lies soiled on the shore that is washed by its waves!

Awake, Palestina! the funeral wail!
Let Moab and Edom partake in the moan!
The Lords, He is God,—and the temples of Baal
Shall soon by the might of His arm be o'ertown!

THE OAK OF THE DAY- DREAMERS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

I.

Awake, old man!—for 'near thy stroke,
Touch not that gnarled and lonely oak;
With wrath I mark, from year to year,
Thy axe pursue its savage here.
These hoary trees, the few, the last
Remnants of Sherwood's glory past,
In time alone a foe should find,
Should war but with the wintry wind.
But that!—thou canst not guess its worth!
'Tis sacred!—stands on sacred earth!

II.

III.

Oh! for a world of glorious truth,
Like that we visioned in our youth;
When often tower'd this very tree,
A warlike romance, happy three,
We had the heath and dewy thyme,
In morning's solitary prime,

Couched in its shade, when noontide still
 Glowed on each brown uncultured hill;
 Or, starting up, took sudden leave,
 Mid the sweet glooms of summer eve.

III.

Oh! many a bright and peerless hour
 This oak has formed our summer bower;
 When, the world yet to us unknown,
 We shaped a fair world of our own:
 A world shut out from care's controul,
 All warm with heart, all bright with soul;
 Where genius its ethereal sail
 Spread on time's stream to fortune's gale,
 And sped right proudly to the sea
 Of fame's unscanned immensity.

IV.

Oh, for a world like that!—bright ground,
 Here but in winged visions found;
 'Twas there those young souls long have flown;
 While darker, dimmer earth has grown.
 Then, hoary woodman, cease thy stroke,
 Destroy not the DAY-DREAMER'S OAK!
 For such high dreams still hover there,
 As the young heart alone may share;
 Nor thou, nor I, may hope to win,
 Till heaven's dread gates shall let us in.

Where the loveliest things, to the heart and eye,
 Gave each forset-glade, and wild-flower dell,
 And the fountains reflect a brightensky,—
 And more I could but I may not tell.

Joy ! joy ! thou art come o'er the salt sea's foam,
 To this land of joy ! to this island-home !
 Long have I looked, from you " tide-worn steep,"
 For thy bark's white sail o'er the billowy deep,—
 And have waited for thee on the bright sea-shore,
 But now thou art come, and my task is o'er :
 This home is now thine—this sweet island-home,
 This blooming land of the myrtle and vine ;
 Through its woods and its valleys now thou may'st
 roam ;
 Adieu ! fair stranger, 'tis thine, 'tis thine—

F. M.

Wh.

STANZAS ON WAR.

BY MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND.

DARK spirit, who, o'er every age,
Hast cast a baleful gloom,
And those who in thy cause engage,
But win an early tomb
What homage should man pay to thee,
Spirit of woe and anarchy?

Yet there are those who, in thy train,
Can feel a stern delight;
Who rush exulting to the plain
And triumph in the fight;

Where the red banner floats afar,
Along the purple tide of war.

Who is the knight on sable steed,
Who come with thundering tread?
Dark warrior slack thy fatal speed,
Nor trample on the dead.
A wounded chief before thee lies,
Struggling in life's last agonies!

Oh, pause one moment in thy course,
Those lineaments to trace—
Dost thou not feel a strange remorse,
While gazing on that face?
Where grace and beauty vainly meet,
To die beneath thy courser's feet.

Those sunny tresses scattered wide,
And soiled with dust and blood,
Were once a mother's fondest pride,
When at her knee he stood,
A laughing, playful, rosy boy,
Her lonely heart's sole hope and joy.

But youth a glowing vision brought,
And whisper'd glory's name;
Renown, with every burning thought,
Linked to ambition, came;
Like a young war-horse in his might,
He rushed impatient to the fight.

Stretched bleeding on the battle-held,
 His first, last strife is done;
 That arm no more the sword shall wield,
 Those eyes behold the sun;
 Or those pale lips return the cry,
 The thrilling shout of victory.

He struggles yet!—The pang is o'er,
 The soul hath winged its flight;
 Again beholds its native shore,
 A spirit robed in light.
 What now avail his mother's cares,
 Her secret tears, her nightly prayers.

On that young soldier's prostrate form,
 The warrior grimly smiled,
 As if he viewed in secret scorn,
 That face so fair and mild;
 Now springs he to the fatal plain,
 As if an arrow thrilled his brain.

Why does his eye in frenzy roll,
 Why is his clenched hand raised,
 What thought hath rushed across his soul,
 As on that boy he gazed?
 His quivering lip, and swollen brow,
 His inward agonies avow.

Can sorrow touch that iron heart,
 So long to mercy steel'd?
 From those fierce eyes the big drops start,
 He sinks upon the field:
 Night closes round, the strife is done,
 That warrior sleeps beside *his* son.

TO A FRIEND,

With a *Call of Hearts-ease.*

BY MISS MITFORD.

A FLOWER there is of various dye,
 And strangely various destiny;
 Now in the springing meadow born,
 Now nestling 'mid the bearded corn,
 Now proudly reared in garden wide,
 Now doomed in rustic nook to bide,
 Through summer's heats and frosts of spring,
 And stormy autumn blossoming:
 Fronting with smiles life's wintry hour,
 The lowliest and the hardest flower.

And names with gentle meanings fraught,
 Hath love of that fair blossom taught,
 As hearts-ease, or as pencee known,
 Or laid by Shakspeare at the throne
 Of his great queen—if right I guess,
 His wounded “love-in-idleness.”

One little tuft of deepest blue,
 Beneath one cottage casement grew,
 'Midst woodbine stems, a self-sown flower,
 Planted by wind and nursed by shower.
 This little tuft, so deeply blue,
 Of late you saw and praised its hue,
 (Perchance 'twas your sweet care to please,
 Perchance you loved the small hearts-ease,
 And now it goes, an honoured flower,
 To bloom beneath your stately bower.
 Oh, every blessing with it go
 That verse can ask, or mortal know!

REJECTED ADDRESSES.

A True Anecdote

BY MRS. OPIS.

It is, I believe, a generally admitted truth, that a propensity to satire is the besetting sin of almost all human beings; and I know no situation in which it is so likely to prevail, or can be so securely indulged, as in the domestic privacy of a large and attached family. Nor can I imagine a more embarrassing situation, than that of a man whose heart impels him to make proposals to *one* out of several *single* sisters. The habit which they, probably, have acquired, of laughing occasionally at all their acquaintance, is likely to be exercised more than usual at the approach of a candidate for the favour of one of the sisterhood; for *the true lover* is the most awkward and embarrassed of men! As the poet says,—

The lover is a *man afraid*;

Has neither grace, nor ease, nor art;
Embarrass'd, comfortless, dismay'd.

• He sinks the victim of his heart;

He feels his own *déinér* most,
When he should most aspire to gain;
And is, at length, completely lost,
Because he dares not tell his pain.

Whenever I hear that any man of my acquaintance is paying his addresses to one out of many sisters, and therefore exposed to the severity of female criticism, I always pity him, because I doubt of his success; as I have rarely known a suitor, under such circumstances, accepted at once, if he has been accepted at all. And this has been owing, not to an amiable reluctance in the object of his love, to leave her sisters, or in them to part with her; but that the poor lover's person, manner, and qualities, were made the theme of that sort of laughing detraction, of all things the most fatal to a lover's success.

The following anecdote will exhibit a case in point, which partly came under my own observation, and which, as the most amusing way of narrating it, I shall relate in dialogues.

Three sisters, whom I shall call Lydia, Maria, and Eleanor, one evening, on their return from a dinner party, drew round the just replenished grate, in the chamber of the eldest sister, in order to talk over the company which they had recently left.

When the female part of it had been sufficiently

criticised, the young men came in for their share of the detraction. One of them was pronounced to be a dandy; another was well-dressed, but silly; a third, clever, but conceited: in short, each in his turn, was set up as a nine-pin, to be, like a nine-pin, bowled down again. But Eleanor,—the youngest sister, who was never censorious in her remarks, and had no pretensions to the epithets, “witty” and “severe,” which were often bestowed on her sisters,—was, on this occasion, unusually silent. At last, however, she said, with some hesitation, “But what did you think of that young man who came with Dr. B—?”—“Do you mean that frightened youth in the corner, who nearly fell down as he picked up your glove, and blushed as if accused of stealing it, while he *trembled* it into your hand?”—“Yes, Maria, I mean him,” she replied; “his name, I find, is Edward Vincent.”—“Oh! I scarcely looked at him or noticed him; therefore, I certainly did not remember him long enough to ask his name; but I recollect he was full of attention to you, Eleanor.”—“Oh yes,” cried Lydia, “and see how she blushes; I believe the poor thing is really charmed.”—“No, no,” replied Maria. “she has so much good taste for that.”—“Indeed,” observed Eleanor, modestly, “I think he is handsome.”—“Handsome!” exclaimed Maria; “he has not a good cure in his face?”—“Then you *did* look at him

sufficiently to *examine his features*," replied Eleanor with a smile, "*though you scarcely looked at or noticed him!*"—"There!" retorted Maria, "Eleanor is sarcastic for the first time in her life; and that wonder-worker, *love*, must have made her so."—"No doubt," said Lydia; "and, as the love is mutual, the blushing youth will come hither a-wooing soon. Oh, it will be so amusing!"—"It will, indeed, Lydia; and when he says, 'Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally Croker?' what will you reply, Eleanor?"—"Nay, nay, Eleanor, you must say No, for we never can call that red and white, blushing, quizzical being, brother!"—Eleanor did not chuse to reply, and she was rallied into silence. In one respect, the sisters were right: Edward Vincent had conceived a strong attachment to Eleanor; and having had frequent opportunities of being in her company, he at length came forward as her lover. Such were his fortune, situation in life, and personal charac-

that Eleanor's parents highly approved his prospect, but so completely was her conviction of his worth kept under by her sisters' ridicule, that she refused him; and very reluctantly acceded to his earnest request, not to be dismissed immediately, but allowed time and opportunity to acquire her good opinion. But he never came without such a consciousness of being the object of satirical observation to the sisters, that he was deprived by timidity of the pos-
tively

of speaking or moving, without embarrassment and awkwardness; and as soon as he departed, the sisters mimicked his manner, his annunciation, and awkward motions, to the life; and one of them,—likening him to Cymon, and Eleanor to Iphigene, in Dryden's fable,—used to imitate “his stupid stare of fond surprise,” while he looked at Eleanor, till at length she was induced to dismiss him finally. But when she saw him leave the house, after he had received his dismissal, her eye watched him so wistfully till he was out of sight, and then she heaved so deep a sigh, that Maria sarcastically exclaimed, “Shall we call Cymon back, poor Iphigene? It is not too late,” she added, running to the window, “here, Cymon! here!”—“It is too late,” said Eleanor, sighing again; “and now that he is to come hither no more, I must desire that he be neither mimicked nor ridiculed.”—Soon after, Edward Vincent sold his house in the neighbourhood, and went, as it was said, on his travels, but was still remembered with kindness by her, and respect by her parents; especially as his change of residence was attributed to his unfortunate attachment.

Nearly a twelvemonth afterwards, Eleanor's sisters accompanied a near relation abroad, and she was permitted to visit a friend of hers, who was lately married, and residing near Edinburgh.

Soon as Eleanor was settled in her new abode,

her friend said to her, "So, my dear Eleanor, your mother writes me word that you have been so foolish as to refuse a very charming man, and an excellent offer."—"Charming! Oh no!" replied Eleanor, blushing, "amiable, I own, but—"—"But *what*, my dear?"—"Oh! my sisters could not bear him, they thought him such a quiz, and used to laugh at him so much!"—"Indeed! *that* was the case, was it?" replied her friend, who well knew the satirical turn of the sisters, and their influence over her yielding mind; "but he was not *their* lover; if he had,—but no, perhaps, he would not, even then, have fared much better, except they had been on the verge of old-maidism. Pray, what is his name? That your mother refuses to tell me."—"And very justly," said Eleanor; "names, on such occasions, it is dishonourable to mention."—"Right," replied the other; "but woman's curiosity is, you know, *proverbial*."

A few days afterwards, her friend told her that she had invited a very agreeable young man to dinner, who was lately come amongst them, and had already made himself popular in the neighbourhood, by building cottages and a school-room, and by other useful actions and kindnesses of a private and public nature. "But, it is time for you to dress," added she; "I pray try to look your best."

When the dinner bell rang, and Eleanor, half

on her friend's arm, entered the room, the first person whom she saw was Edward Vignont! His impulse, on seeing her, and seeing her unexpectedly, was to depart directly; but he conquered his feelings, and stayed. Probably he observed her blushing, embarrassed surprise, and believed it was not the blush of vexation. He therefore welcomed her to Scotland with tolerable ease, and had less difficulty than Eleanore in telling the host and hostess, what they could not help discovering, untold, that Miss —— and himself were old acquaintances; while the sagacious hostess drew her own conclusions from what she saw, and was far gone in secret prognostics before the day was over.

"Eleanore," said she, at night, when she followed her to her room, "how do you like our new neighbour?"—"Oh! he is very good, I know."—"Good! no, that you can *not* know, except from *our report*."—"But, you know, he is no stranger to me."—"That is clear enough; but, has he not good manners?"—"Ye-es, *now*; but how very odd! he used to look so sheepish when he visited us."—"No wonder, for I suspect he was in *love* then, with a certain young friend of mine, and knew her sisters were full of satire and malicious laughter, whenever they saw him; for I *know* he is a modest man, and I am convinced he was then your lover."

"Was your lover!" Eleanore did not quite like the

word "*was*," nor did she chuse to own her friend's assertion was true; she therefore only replied, "But how strange, he used to *stammer* a little, and *hap*, I think, and my sisters used to mimic him so admirably."—"Did they? What amiable consideration for an excellent young man, whose happiness and well-being might, ~~for~~ aught they knew, depend on the success of ~~his~~ *stilt*!"—"But he neither stammered nor ~~jumped to-day~~."—"No, certainly not; for he was at his ease, as your sisters were not here; and as he is no longer your lover, you know, your presence was no more to him than that of any other woman; therefore he did himself justice; but he does speak thick, and hesitate, when he is agitated; he did so at a Bible Meeting the other day, when he first got up to speak, but he soon recovered himself, and was so eloquent!

"Is it possible!" cried Eleanor, "Edward Vincent speak at a Bible Meeting, and speak well? Amazing! my sisters used to think him so far from clever!"—"I will trouble you, Eleanor," replied her friend, in rather an indignant tone, "not to repeat any more of your sisters' malicious, ~~unjust~~, and unfeeling detraction. I see very clearly, that but for their unchristian satire, you, my dear friend, would now have been the happy wife of a most deserving man; but my regret is vain, and I am sorry that it is so." She then left Eleanor to muse on what she had said, believing she would not

soon forget it; but would dwell, probably, with no pleasant feelings on the words, "*but my regret is vain.*"

And she did dwell on them—and she did, herself, regret the loss of what she now, more than ever, believed would have been her happy prospects. And for some time they, indeed, seemed to be *lost for ever*. Whether Edward Vincent was or was not conscious of the advantage which he had gained, he had not a remnant of his former awkwardness; he spoke with fluency, and moved with grace. True it was, that he came to the house of Eleanor's friends every day—that he shewed Eleanor his cottages and his school-house, and accompanied the ladies in their rides and drives; but he never offered to show Eleanor his *own* house, and *this* was a proof to her that he no longer wished her to be its mistress. Her friend thought it a proof of the contrary, but was too wise to say so, especially as the confusion and awkwardness, once Edward Vincent's, seemed now, at times, transferred to poor Eleanor herself, who would have been glad to have heard him stammer and lisp again, and by his sheepish stare of admiration, have deserved to be likened to Cymon in the fable.

In the meanwhile Edward Vincent, who, in his heart, was no uninterested observer of what was passing, saw, that as Eleanor was now left to her own unassisted judgment, that judgment was in his favour;

and being, therefore, convinced that he was now not likely to be refused, he called on her silent but observant friend, to lay his whole case before her. Beginning by asking her whether Eleanor had told—“She was too honourable, too delicate,” cried she, interrupting him, “to tell me anything; but I am too penetrating, my dear friend, not to have discovered everything; but say no more to me: you will find Eleanor alone in the library.”—He took the hint, and when Eleanor’s sisters returned from abroad, they found her, to the great joy of their parents, the happy wife of Cymon, ~~alias~~ Edward Vincent.

SONG.

BY WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, ESQ.

THE Baron de Vaux hath a valiant crest,
 My Lady is fair and free;
 The Baron is full of mirth and jest,
 My Lady is full of glee:
 But their path, we know, is a path of wee,
 And many the reasona guess,—
 The Baron will ever mutter “No,”
 When my Lady whispers “Yes.”

The Baron will pass the wine-cup round,
 My Lady forth will ream;
 The Baron will out with horn and hound,
 My Lady sits at home;
 The Baron will go to draw the bow,
 My Lady will go to chess;
 And the Baron will ever mutter “No,”
 When my Lady whispers “Yes.”

The Baron hath ears for a lovely lay
 If my Lady sings it not,
 The Baron is blind to a beauteous day,
 If it beam in my Lady's grot,
 The Baron bows low to a furbelow,
 If it be not my Lady's dress,
 And the Baron will ever mutter "No,"
 When my Lady whispers "Yes."

"Now saddle my steed, and helm my head,
 Be ready in the porch;
 Strut Guy, with a ladder of silken thread,
 And trusty Will, with a torch.
 The wind may blow, the torrent flow,—
 No matter,—on we press,
 I never can hear the Baron's "No,"
 When my Lady whispers "Yes."

EVENING PRAYER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WALE.

SHOULD some seraph wing his flight,
 From the realms of cloudless light,
 Earth and ocean roaring o'er,
 Where would he delight to hover?

Not o'er halls of regal power,
 Not o'er halls with stately door,
 Where, and where, of triumph breathing,
 Fame the hero's brow is wreathing.

Not o'er cells of letter'd age;
 Not o'er haunts of busy sage,
 Not where youthful poet meeting,
 Woods the muse's warren revealing.

Not o'er wood or shadowy vale
 Where the lover tells his tale,
 And the blush—love's fondest token—
 Speaks what words had never spoken;

Not where music's silver sound
 Wakes the dormant echoes round,
 And with charms as pure as tender,
 Holds the heart in pleased surrender.

O'er the calm, sequestered spot,
 O'er the lone and lowly cot,
 Where, its little hands entwining,
 Childhood's guileless prayer is breathing;

While the gentle mother nigh,
 Points her daughter's prayer on high,
 To the God whose goodness gave her,
 To the God whose love shall save her;—

THERE, awhile, the Son of Light
 Would arrest his rapid flight;
 Thence would bear, to Heaven ascending,
 Prayers with heartiest praises blending.

Gladly would he soar above,
 With the sacrifice of love;
 And, through Heaven's expanded portal,
 Bear it to the throne immortal!

THE TRANSLATION OF EPOCH.

BY HERMAN MANNING.

"And Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him."
— Genesis, vi. 22.

THOUGH proudly through the tempesty
Career'd hissing fire:
And dashing with mortal eye
His car, and steeds of fire:

To me as glorious seems the change
Accorded to thy worth:
As instantaneous, and so strange
Thy exit from this earth.

Something which wakes a deeper thrill,
These few brief words unfold,
Than all description's proudest skill
Could of that hour have told.

Fancy's keen eye may trace the course,
 Elijah held on high ;
 The car of flame, each fiery horse,
 Her visions may supply.

But *thy* transition mocks each dream
 Fram'd by her wildest power ;
 Nor can her mastery supreme
 • *Conceive* thy parting hour.

Were angels, with expanded wings,
 As guides and guardians given ?
 Or did sweet sounds from seraph's strings,
 Waft thee from earth to heaven ?

'Twere vain to ask : we know but this,
 Thy path from grief and time,
 Was, to eternity and bliss,
 Mysterious and sublime.

With God thou ~~walkedst~~^{was} and wert not !
 And thought ~~and~~ fancy fail
 Further than this, to paint thy lot,
 Or tell thy wondrous tale.

THE ALPINE HORN.

How beautiful this alpine solitude,—
 Here heavenly meditation might have stood,
 In such an hour as this, at evening's fall,
 When gloomy silence lords it over all,
 And placed her seat, whilst yet the world was young,
 And such bright scenes from bursting chaos sprung.

The sun has left the vale, its dying beams,
 Soft as the breathing of a lover's dreams,
 Alone illumine the topmost heights, and throw
 A parting radiance on the wreaths of snow,
 That bound the summit of each towering hill,
 Or melt and ripple in a murmuring rill.
 Hark, from the highest floating notes descend,
 And gently with the whispering zephyrs blend,
 Whilst, from each mountain's top I hear a cry,
 The hills, the vales, the yawning caves reply—
 "Praise God, the Lord."

And every shepherd catches up the sound,
 Till distance hears, and floating breezes round
 Convey the note; each spot, by mortal trod,
 Is made a temple to the living God.

And now the universal silence reigns
 Along the hills, and isolated plains,
 Till night her dusky shade o'er earth has thrown,
 And claimed the world a little while her own ;
 When distance hears fair echo's wakened voice,
 As from the hills and valleys all rejoice,
 " Good night,"

" Good night"—another hour—and deep repose
 Has closed on wearied man, his hopes and woes.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

SONG.

'Till thou shalt think of me when the stars are weeping
 Their tears of light ;
 Thou shalt think of me when the stars are keeping
 Their watch at night ;
 Thou shalt think of me when summer flowers
 In autumn fade ;
 When sinks the glory of noon-tide hours
 In twilight shade ;

When the waves round some fragile bark are breaking
 Alone at sea;

Or when from your saddest dream awaking,

Then think of me.

But I will think of thee at the dawning

Of daylight's star,

When slowly comes forth the beauty of morning,

Like joy from afar.

I will think of thee when over the ocean

Some tall ship rides,

Stately and swift a spirit of motion,

Breasting the tides;

And when they are telling some ancient story

Of chivalry,

Of some proud one who died in his fulness of glory.

I'll think of thee,

But of me thou shalt think with sorrow.

Though light it be,

But a night that knows no morrow

Has closed o'er me.

L. E. L.

THE WANDERER'S REST.

BY THE REV. HENRY STERBING.

WANDERER! when thy toil is done,
 And thy weary journey o'er;
 When, with evening's setting sun,
 Twilight steals along the shore;
 And the calm, and holy rest,
 Of the ~~gates~~ that sound thee ho,
 Sinks upon thy lonely breast,
 With thoughts of thine own destiny,
 Where would'st thou, with all thy woes,—
 Find thy eventide's repose?

Wanderer! when thy head hath found
 Shelter from the dark'ning path,
 And thou hear'st the happy sound
 Of the stranger's cheerful hearth;
 When he welcomes thee to hide
 'Mid his little household band,
 And thou soc's't for all, beside,
 Greeting of the heart and hand:
 What is waking in thy breast?
 What is wanting still of rest?

Wanderer ! I can tell thee where
Thou would'st rest thy weary form,
What would smooth thy brow of care,
Blanch'd by sorrow, or the storm ;
By thine own home's hearth to see
Old faces smiling at thy cheer,
'Neath thine own home's roof to be,
When sleep's watchless hour is near ;—
This would soothe thy weary breast—
There sweet would be thy hour of rest.

Wanderer ! there is One who guides,
Over land and over sea,
Him, who in His truth abides,—
Wanderer ! may He shelter thee !
And how many years be past,
Ere thy painful wanderings cease,
Thou shalt see thy home at last,
Kept in its old sacred place ;
There, gathered to thy fathers lie,
Thy name blent with their history.

LINES,

(On the Death of a beautiful Child, who died of sudden illness at Darlington, during my stay there.

BY MRS. OZIE.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven —" Their angels continually behold the face of the Father."—*Matthew's Gospel*,

How bright was that evening of innocent mirth,
 (By tender regret on my memory engrav'd);
 When the mass of *the odie** gave its fire-light forth,
 And its flame o'er our heads like a canopy wav'd;
 And childhood's scream of joy was there,—
 That sound which parents delight to hear.

Ah! little we thought in those hours of glee,
 That Death on his gossamer was hovering nigh;
 That amidst us he then twirl'd his victim see,
 And tears were preparing for many an eye;
 Ah! little we thought that cheerful room,
 Would soon be dark with funeral gloom!

* The seed vessels of the staghorn-nose, which grow in the valleys near Darlington, give out a nearly unpalpable powder, which, when set fire to, ascends in air, and gives the purest and brightest column of flame possible; and this fire-work, as he called it, was the amusement of the sweet boy in question, the last time *he saw him*. He was a corpse before the week came round.

Yet, where is that dear one, with eyes as bright
 As the radiance on which he delightedly smil'd;
 'Tis lost, fix'd in death, are those eyes of light,
 And hush'd is thy merriment, beautiful child!
 Fair boy! whom all that saw, admir'd,
 He shone like that swift-dying flame, and expir'd.

Yet wherefore lament? Though we see him no more,
 And the spirit its delicate covering has fled;
 'Tis gone to inhabit the heavenly shore,
 And join the blest souls of the innocent dead;
 Whose "angels the face of the Father behold,"
 Where the Lamb shall his kingdom's bright wonders
 unfold!

STANZAS.

BY H. BRADBETH, JUN. 1850.

I.

NOT time has blanched my youthful cheek,
 Where once the rose bloomed fair;
 Dark griefs I may not, cannot speak,
 Have left their ravage there.

II

I press'd ambition's lott'y throne,
 Thousands my nod obey'd;
 Yet still I felt myself alone,
 Where'er my foot-steps stray'd.

III.

Mine was mirth's longest, loudest laugh;
 And when the bowl came round,
 Who there was deeper seen to quaff?
 Who merrier there was found?

IV.

But when mirth's sounds had ceased to be,
 And empty was the bowl,
 Then flow'd grief's tear-drop, full and free,—
 For love oppress'd my soul.

V.

Let those who will, go laugh at love—
 They know not what it is;
 Or little knew, who think to prove
 No scenes but those of bliss.

VI.

They say 'tis but a ray refined,
 Flashing on all in turn;
 Oh! 'tis the lightning of the mind,
 And flashes but to burn!

TO HARRY STOE VAN DYK

BY JOHN CLARE,

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

We both have been by life deceived,
 Who for honey gave us gall;
 We both have hope's delights believed,
 And found them fictions all.
 First friends to both first tidings gave,
 That their hearts were strayed afar;
 And now our harps are all we have,
 "We'll strike the light guitar."

Though we meet with many a frown,—
 And hards, our brethren born,
 From the muses looking down,
 Be among the rest to scorn,—
 We will persevere along,
 We will smile at every ill;
 If cares like ours won't yield to song,
 To nothing else they will.

And we will still be nature's heirs,
 She's our patron, friend, and all;
 Who but seldom sighs at cares,
 Or be they great or small.
 Though the morning often breaks
 Into tears at night's delay,
 The happy sun no sooner wakes,
 But he laughs them all away.

Let our harps for joy be set,
 Whatever be our doom;
 Spring never found a desert yet,
 Where a blossom could not bloom
 So let's take heart, and woo the muse.
 Though some bring prouder flowers,
 Her garden, boasting many hues
 Will still find room for ours.

Ere, let us on for Castaly,
 * And hail its sunny shore;
 For we will dread no stormy sea,
 While courage takes the oar.
 And we will bear no rocks in mind;
 * While our humours are in trim:
 Where prouder ships may shelter find,
 Our little skiff can swim.

There still be they who meet the mocks
 Of critics and the crowd,—
 Who wear their boat through shelves and rocks,
 Still unbroken and unbowed;
 There now be they on 'Parnass' mount,
 Who, with patience many days,
 Did gather weeds of no account,
 That now do wear the bays.

And there now be many a name,
 Known but to its own ill,
 That shall be on the wings of fame,
 And heard, go where we will.
 There are harps, once thrown away
 Till the ivy gathered round,
 That again have met the day,
 With the muse's laurel crowned.*

So on—and we will persevere,
 Aye, we will voyage on;
 If now the night be dark and drear,
 It will be light anon.
 If the winter it doth freeze
 Over sorrow's theme too long,
 Spring, like the chattering organ's keys,
 • Shall move, and change the song.

On, on—and we will hope the best,—
 To believe the worst is best,
 Joy shall be ours, we'll leave the rest
 For those who chuse to sigh
 Fame's lists we've joined, and entered in,
 No matter who succeeds,
 In the race by speed we cannot win,
 We'll deserve it by our deeds.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD

BY MRS HEFLAND

By giving her, in this perpetual presence, I found that relief which others can only find by banishing things from their memories.—*D. T. C.*

FORGET them not!—though now their name
 Be but a mournful sound,
 Though by the earth its utterance claim
 A stillness round,

Though for their sake this earth no more

A. it hath been may be;

And shadows never mark'd before,

Brood o'er each tree.

And though their image dim the sky,

Yet, yet forget them not!

Nor, when their life and love went by,

For sake the spot!

They have a breathing influence ther

A charm not elsewhere found;

Sad—but it sanctifies the air,

The stream, the ground.

Then, though the wind an alter'd tone

Through the young foliage bear;

Though every flower, of something gone,

A tinge may wear;

Oh! fly it not!—No fruitless grief

Thus in their presence felt,

A record links to every leaf,

There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread

Still tend their garden-bower,

And call them back, the holy dead,

To each lone hour!

The *holy* dead!—Oh! blest we are,
That we may name them so,
And to their spirits look afar,
Through all our woe!

"

Blest, that the things they lov'd on earth,
As riches we may hold,
Which wake sweet thoughts of parted worth,
By springs untold

Plest, that a deep and chastening power,
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet, all for heaven!

THE CURATE.

HENRY LESLIE was an orphan; he lost both his parents when he was at the age of fourteen; and three years after, his father's brother, sole surviving remnant of the family; but the young man was at Oxford, and though deeply affected by these several deprivations, he would not forsake his studies, but continued at the University; and when of sufficient age, was appointed Curate of Bendale. This village had been my home for some time. I was the friend of the former incumbent, who had gone to reside in Scotland, and did not gladly anticipate any change in our small community; yet this would not have prevented my acquaintance—perhaps friendship—with the new Curate, had I not heard what I as readily believed of his character. He was reported to be ignorant and neglectful of the duties of his profession,

which he had endured solely for the sake of gain, and many instances of his gross misconduct were represented in such a light, that while I pitied the misfortune he had endured, I determined never to enter his society. One month passed and Mr Leslie became an inmate of the house of my friend. Need I be ashamed to own it? I never passed the door without a feeling of anger and contempt.—He called on me, I was engaged. I saw him pass my house on a visit to the poor, and instantly left my card at his house. Fortunately we did not meet, or I might have shown my dislike, which his very prepossessing exterior was unconsciously lessening, yet still I avoided and shunned him.—One sabbath morning I was unusually attentive to the discourse; and though I had often heard his sermons before, I had never yet felt so deeply interested. There had been a strange mortality in the place; and Mr. Leslie, (I could not but own,) had been most attentive to the sick and dying. His exertions had been successful in many cases, he had brought the hardened to repentance by the blessing of God, and smoothed the way of death to the affrighted spirit.—His discourse now turned, most appropriately, to the vanity of earthly things, and while he alluded to his own desolate condition, I could scarcely refuse him a tear. “Yes, my brethren,” he exclaimed with much emotion, “we are wanderers on the face of the

oth, a few years is all the space allotted to us; spent, it may be, in vanity and care for ourselves, or in mourning and weeping for our friends. Some among us may pass our days in peace, but where is the joy for the widow and orphan? Where is their resting-place from a troublesome world? In Heaven alone; here they have no rest, and strangers deny them even the tear of pity and affection."—Here his voice faltered, he hastily concluded his discourse, and I returned home almost divested of my prejudices. A few weeks

after, a terrible fever broke out in the parish of Bendale. The bell of the church seldom ceased tolling; and day after day, some of the flock of Henry Leslie were carried to their last, long home. Amidst this devastation, the medical men, in a consultation, advised the removal of all the inhabitants whose relatives had not been smitten by the destroyer's hand. Many left immediately their only homes; but their pastor would not desert his charge. He was naturally of a frail constitution, and the physicians suggested that one more robust should temporarily undertake his duties; yet he was inflexible, though the hand of death was raised against him on every side. I met him one day as he was performing his usual duties, and enquired (for we were at length on speaking terms,) why he did not quit so fatal a spot? His answer was short and mildly spoken: "To what purpose should I resign my sacred

office here to another? There are, I would hope, few who can say they have not one relative, one friend to grieve for their loss. Mine are all laid in the grave, and being left thus desolate, I will gladly be the only sacrifice." I shook his hand, and we were completely reconciled; indeed *he* had never been otherwise. We met no more, for I soon after left Bendale. My kindred ties did not allow of my devoting my life causelessly; and I did not return till the fever had ceased to rage among the thinned inhabitants. On the evening of my arrival, I wandered into the mansions of the dead, intending to visit Mr. Leslie, who, I concluded, still inhabited the parsonage. My progress was frequently arrested by the names of those whom I had once met in youthful innocence, or manly friendship, now mingled with the dust. Death had done his work, indeed quickly; he had grasped some of every age and station; the inhabitants of the cottage and castle were alike unrelentlessly mown down. At length, I reached the gate of the Parsonage, and my hand ~~was~~ on the latch of the gate, when I perceived the old servant of Mr. Leslie standing thoughtfully a few paces from me. I called him by name, but he heard me not. I repeated it; he then turned slowly to me, and pointed downwards. I left the gate and was soon beside him, when I perceived a flat tombstone just laid there, and approaching, read this simple

epitaph—"To the memory of our good curate, Henry Lashie."—"Ales, my brother!" I could have cried with the old prophet, but I restrained my grief, and listened to the eulogy on the departed. His record was soon told: he had been seized with the fever a few days after my departure, and the orphan had now regained his lost parents. The whole village had wept for him, but the grief of all was much lessened by the recollection, that had he been spared, it would have probably been to his own regret; whereas, after a short passage through this dreary world, he had "reached the haven where we all would be."

R. E. A. Y.

ARMINIUS.

BY W. MACKWORTH PRAED, ESQ.

Arminius, the asserter of the liberties of Germany, had a brother, who had been brought up, and risen to high rank, in the Roman service. Upon one occasion, when the two armies were separated by the river Vengis, the brothers, after a colloquy which ended in reciprocal reproaches, were scarcely prevented, says Tacitus, from rushing into the stream and engaging hand to hand.—*Vol. Tacit. Ann. l. 2, c. 10.*

BACK,—back!—he fears not foaming flood

Who fears not steel-clad line!

No offspring this of German blood,—

No brother thou of mine;

Some bastard spawn of menial birth,—

Some bound and bartered slave:

Back,—back!—for thee our native earth

Would be a foreign grave!

Away! be mingled with the rest

Of that thy chosen tribe

And do the tyrant's high behest,

And earn the robber's bribe;

And win the chain to gird the neck,

The gems to hide the hilt,

And blazon honours' hapless wreck

With all the gauds of gulls

And would'st thou have me share the prey
 By aught that I have done
 By Vuro's bones, which day by day
 Are whitening in the sun —
 The region's shattered pinoply
 The eagle's broken wing —
 I would not be, for ruth and slay
 So loathed and scorned a thing !

 'Bring me here the wizard, boy,
 Of most surpassing skill,
 To agonize, and not destroy —
 To paralyse, and not kill
 If there be truth in that dread art,
 In song, and spell and charm,
 Now let them torture the base heart,
 And wither the false arm !

 'Then, curse him by our country's god,
 The terrible, the dark,
 The scatterers of the Roman rod,
 The quellers of the bark !
 They fill a cup with bitter woe,
 They fill it to the brim ;
 Where shades of warriors feast below
 That cup shall be for him !

I curse him by the gifts our land
 Hath owed to him and Rome,—
 The riving axe, and burning brand,
 Rent forests, blazing home;—
 Oh, may he shudder at the thought,
 Who triumphs in the sight;
 And be his waking terrors wrought
 Into fierce dreams by night!

I curse him by the hearts that sigh
 In cavern, grove, and glen,—
 The sighs of orphaned infancy,
 The tears of aged men;—
 When swords are out, and spear and dart
 Leave little space for prayer,
 No fetter on man's arm and heart
 Hangs half so heavy there!

Oh misery! that such a vow
 On such a head should be;
 Why comes he not, my brother, now,
 To fight or fall with me,—
 To be my mate in banquet bow,
 My guard in battle throng,
 And worthy of his father's soul,
 And of his country's song?

But it is put —where heroes press,

And spoilers bend the knee,

Arminius is not brotherless

His brethren are the free !

They come around, one hour, and light

Will fade from turf and tide,

Then onward, onward to the light

With darkness for our guide

At night to-night —when we shall meet

In combat face to face —

There only would Arminius greet

The renegade's embrace,

The cunker of Rome's guilt shall be

Upon his Roman name,

And as he lives in slavery,

So shall he die in shame !

VALEDICTORY STANZAS,

Written after visiting the Grave of my Child.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

I look'd upon thy grave
With a calm and tearless eye,
And none could guess the grief I felt,
Or the weight of agony.

They deem I mourn thee less,
Because my tears are dried;
But—what affliction is so deep
As that we strive to hide?

For, what are sighs and tears,
Or a dark and troubled brow?
'Tis the silent heart that only mourns.
And bleed—a min. does now'

Smiles would be rarer seen,
And sunny looks be less.
On many a cheek—did it disclose
The bosom's wretchedness!

I look'd upon thy grave,
With bending osiers twin'd;
And felt my heart, and all its hopes,
In that low spot was 'shrin'd.

I've sat beside thy couch,
Through many a night of pain;
Till morn has dawn'd upon the tears
Nature could not restrain!

I've watch'd thy dying bed,
Thou fair and beautiful clay!
And wiped the chill damps from thy brow
With trembling hand away!

I saw thy closing eye;
I heard thy last-drawn breath:—
Calmly I stood—till all was past,
It was **THY** hour, oh **DEATH**!

But, never felt I *then*,
As I have felt to-day;
When gazing on thy 'new-raised urn,
'Mid the emblems of decay!

Yes! of decay and death,
 Each object spoke to me;
 As I stood in the sad and crowded field
 Of cold mortality! *

For there were ruin'd graves,
 And many a broken stone,
 Placed by some sorrowing heart, to tell
 A tale of lov'd ones gone!

And then, methought, how soon
 Thine, too, may share their fate;
 And, 'neath the crumbling touch of time,
 Grow 'worn and desolate!

Turn from this earthly scene,
 Look upwards, oh! my heart,
 Look from this mould'ring, mortal clay,
 To the diviner part! *

Think of the ~~SOUL~~, enshrined,
 Like a pure crystal gem;
 The brightest 'mid the radiant host
 In heav'n's rich diadem! *

Glance round the world—behold
 Dangers on ev'ry side;
 And then rejoice, thy babe has 'scap'd
 From the dead strife, untried !

The HEBREW mother brought—
 Though dark the path she trod—
 Her first-born, and her dearest hope,
 To wait before his God !*

Shall CHRISTIAN mothers mourn,
 To whom the light is giv'n,
 When God *himself* vouchsafes to call
 Their cherish'd ones to heav'n ?

No! dried be ev'ry tear :
 Be hush'd each murmuring sigh ;
 Let us so track their steps on earth,
 To follow through the sky !

* Samuel.

HEDGE ROSES.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

OF all the beautiful objects which nature presents in those seasons, when she is most attractive, perhaps none will be found equally charming with the wild hedge rose. The profusion of its star-like flowers, the simplicity of their construction, the delicacy of their odour, the multitude of small shining leaves, which relieve and contrast with their tender hues, never fail to excite that sense of pleasurable admiration, which, whether elicited by the noble and commanding features of nature, or her common and evanescent gifts, must be considered the most pure and unalloyed gratification which we can enjoy.

The rose must be allowed to have superior claims on our attention to all the children of Flora, (lovely as they all are,) as the established queen of the garden, the flower hallowed by the lyre of the prophet, sung by the Grecian bard and transplanted to our northern clime from classic Italy, that "golden shell," best worthy to rear so bright a gem in its own fertile valleys,

or bring it in triumph from an Asiatic birth-place. Whatever we have most loved or delighted in, our glowing recollections of the inspirations of poetry, our soft associations of youth, love, and pleasure, are all combined in memory with these fair emblems of joy and beauty, and we revert to our happiest days as *rosy hours*. Even the complaining invalid, the oppressed mourner—he who is wearied with the monotony of life—or disgusted with its vice and folly,—recalls some green spot, some verdant oasis in its wide desert, on which remembrance can pause with pleasure, and can term moments that were *la couleur de la rose*. The brow of innocent childhood is garlanded with roses in its frolic sports; and the royal beauty crowned with them in bridal splendour. Roses form the burden of the milk-maid's song, and the bacchanal's revel; the philosopher scans them with admiration, the poet gazes on them with rapture; the selfish voluptuary deems luxury incomplete without their aid; and the stern ascetic is not to smile on that beauteous child of earth, which, like himself, is environed with thorns, but bears a dewy diamond in its bosom.

These honours, indeed, appertain rather to the rich garden rose, in all its brilliant varieties, and full perfume, than the humble relative of which we speak. The hedge rose frequently “wastes its sweetness on the desert air,” but yet it is rarely beheld without


awakening those less exciting, but not less amiable and delightful emotions which spring from objects of beauty, and lead to the devotion of gratitude. That living poet who best displays the pathos of deep feeling, and the elevation of true pity, exclaims—

“ Ah! who can look on nature's face
And feel unholy passions more.”

And we will venture to say, that even upon this confined portion of the works of creation, many daily gaze with sensations of such unimixed delight, and calm satisfaction, as to produce in their bosoms a sense of hallowed joy, which raises them from “nature up to nature's God,” and cannot fail, for a time, to repel from their bosoms, as from a sanctuary that is “swept and garnished,” every grovelling desire, and malevolent inclination.

There is something in their very return from year to year, refreshing to the heart, as well as the senses; and when we have got far enough out of town to see the roses, where, perhaps, we have frequently seen them, a thousand petty vexations vanish before them. There they stand! old in the stony, yet young in their loveliness; and dull must be that imagination, and cold that bosom, which does not hail them with the kindly recognition of friendly feelings, and that spi-

of the spirits, which, in its very joy, subdues the evil, and invigorates the better part of its being. A purer air is around us, a brighter prospect before us; the vexations which annoy, the cares which distress us, vanish beneath a new and benign influence—we look around with benevolence, and forward with hope.

In those countries where limestone abounds, the hedge rose is most luxuriant, and there boasts far more spreading branches, and flowers of more brilliant hue, than we ever find in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Hence, in many parts of Scotland, the hedge rose flourishes with a freedom that rivals the plains of Persia, and the valleys of Judea. In the neighbourhood of Matlock, and many other parts in the romantic districts of Derbyshire, the rough rocks, and secluded dingles, are richly spangled with its living gems. The painter who seeks to delineate the bold cliffs of Dove-dale, or its foaming stream, finds himself unconsciously softening their severity, by sketching the rose ~~that~~  side; and the mineralogist, intent on exploring caverns, and descrying specimens, is detained by the beauty of the crimson dog roses that skirt the entrance, or wave from the sides of these rugged apertures.

The most beautiful specimens of this generous plant we have ever beheld, grow in the ruins of Bolton Priory, in the north of Yorkshire, and thus embellish

the finest scene, which boasts a monastic site, in the country. These ruins though not extensive, being singularly elegant in their forms, and situated on the banks of the Wharfe, where they are clothed with noble woods, studded with bold rocks, or skirted with emerald meadows,—where tributary streams glide gently over pebbled beds, or rush in magnificent cataracts, present altogether a picture uniting every object of attraction.

The former church of the convent is still the parish church, but the long-drawn aisles, the noble choir, and all the parts allotted for human habitation, are in a dilapidated state. Few religious establishments owe their rise to an origin so touching (especially to the heart of woman) as this, for it was founded by Cecilia de Meschines, to pray for the soul of her only son, the “Boy of Egremont.” Seeking to spring over the Wharfe, in a place where its angry torrent is compressed between opposing rocks, he was pulled into the water by a favourite greyhound, fastened by a leash to his arm, and irreparably lost.

It is *here*, in the precincts of that spot where all earthly happiness was prostrated by a single stroke, where rank, youth, courage, and beauty were laid low—where death *has* triumphed, and desolation triumphs still—where the mournings of a bereaved mother were succeeded by the imposing ceremonies of a magnificent

and imaginative hierarchy, now indicated alone by broken pillars, unglazed windows, and waving grass, that the wild rose¹ blossoms in all its prodigality of beauty. Springing from scanty stores of earth, deposited in narrow crevices of the mouldering walls, each tree spreads out numerous branches, which, clinging to the tracery of the windows, and the shafts of the arches, form festoons like the woodbine, and boast of hues that rival the most treasured favourite of horticulture.

Seated beneath the ruins, and revolving the sad fate of the founder, with that of many others among the great in this neighbourhood, (the centre of the civil wars during the contest of the Roses,) when a deep sense of the sins and miseries of human existence forced itself on my remembrance, and the spirits of the proud and the oppressed, which once haunted these precincts, arose around me, exciting fear or awakening sorrow, I have gazed on these beautiful flowers, as they shone like stars above me, and felt that in their returning blossoms, so lately emerging from a wintry grave, nature, not less than revelation, gave the promise of that immortality which can alone console us for the turmoil and sorrow of life; and have rejoiced in the remembrance

“ That the storms of wintry life will soon be o’er,
And one unbounded spring encircle all.”

THE WARRIOR'S BRIDE;

A Tale of the Boyne.

BY JAMES BIRD, ESQ.

THE summer sun had sunk to rest,
Mid gloomy clouds that veiled the west;
The hollow drum was mute; the sound
Of clarion ceased to wail around;
The fight was past, proud JAMES had fled,
With coward haste from high Dunmore;
The river's gushing tide was red;
The battle of the BOYNE was o'er!

The strife was past:—beside the stream
That glimmered in the twilight beam,
The WARRIOR'S BRIDE in sorrow sat,
Forlorn in heart, and desolate!
Oh! happy days had passed her by,
With scarce a cloud to dim the sky
Of life's bright summer, calm and fair
For love's unsetting sun was there!

Yes! gentle LORA long had been,
 Of beauty's bower the fairy Queen;
 And gallant CONWAY's truth and love,
 Made earth a type of heaven above.
 But he had left fair LORA's side,
 To rush amid the battle tide,
 First of the throng, the bravest, best,
 With patriot sword and sable crest,
 O'er which a flower was seen to wave;
 Love's trembling hand the token gave,
 When CONWAY from his LORA parted,
 By deeds of martial glory fired;
 When she was mute and broken-hearted,
 And he by lofty hope inspired!
 Alas! the painful tidings came,
 Which, though they spoke of CONWAY's fame,
 Told that the eye of love must weep,
 O'er death's last, long, and gloomy sleep;
 That he whom LORA loved so well,
 Rushed to the battle—fought—and fell!

And now upon the river's brink
 She sate forlorn, to weep and think
 Of all that once had blessed her heart,
 From which 'tis woe, nay death, to part!
 Beside her now one blooming child,
 A playful boy, was sporting wild;

He felt not sorrow's hand, that pressed
So heavy on his mother's breast;
And as he gazed upon her face,
His playful mood and winning grace,
Awakened thoughts, & scorpion train;
The accents from his rosy lips,
"When will my father come again?"—
Made darker still her soul's eclipse;
And spread around her dark despair,
Its night, without a star-beam there!

The fearful tale, which told her all—
Of CONWAY's glory—CONWAY's fall;
The thoughts of days gone by for ever,
Thoughts of the ties which death can sever;
Oppressed her heart, and throbbing brow,
With hopeless grief and torture now,
As, weeping, o'er her child she hung,
And heard the accents of his tongue.
• Oh, weep not, mother! weep no more, •
'Tis said the battle strife is o'er;
My father, when we parted last,
Promised that, when the fight was past,
Returning, he would tell to me,
The story of the battle.—See! •
On yonder bank the wind-flower blows,
• Where fast the river's current flows.

And such a flower, in sweetest bloom,
 My father wore beside his plume.
 Yes! I will pluck this flower for him,"—
 He said, and, light of heart and limb,
 Sprang to the river's brink; and now
 His hand had reached the willow bough,
 While, bending o'er the stream, he tried
 To pluck the floweret by its side.
 Quick, quick beneath his feet gave way
 The treacherous earth, the leafy spray
 Snapped in his grasp, while headlong o'er
 The ragged bank he fell!—The roar
 Of BOYNE'S impetuous gushing stream,
 Rose mingling with the fearful scream,
 Which rent the air in discord wild,
 As raved the mother for her child!

She saw the waters deep and strong,
 Bear him, in eddying whirls, along.
 Lying, down he sank—again—again—

The torturing fear, the sudden shock,
 Had stunned the mother's giddy brain,
 As near the sharp and jutting rock
 The waters bore him fast:—one groan
 Broke from his struggling soul—its tone
 Choaked by the bubbling eddy, died,
 As deep beneath the whelming tide

The helpless body sank :—and near,
 With quivering lips, struck dumb by fear,
 Stood LORA—Hark!—from yonder steep,
 That rises o'er BOYNE'S current deep,
 A plunge is heard—and LORA now
 Beholds, amid the roaring water,
 A warrior's form, whose bleeding brow
 Tells of the hot and recent slaughter.
 Deep, deep he plunged beneath the wave,
 His aim to rescue, hope to save.
 Loud roared the tide, the raging blast
 Met the rough current as it passed,
 And whirled its flaky foam along;
 But still the swimmer, fearless, strong,
 Beat the wild waves—and now he bore
 A child's pale form :—lo ! near the shore
 He struggles on, where LORA stands
 With throbbing heart—beseeching hands ;—
 He gains the bank—he gazes wild
 On LORA, and the lifeless child :—
 “ O God !—'tis CONWAY ! ”—Every sense
 Fled with that feeling deep—intense.
 To earth she fell, like marble bust
 O'erthrown by storm or sudden gust,—
 While o'er her, CONWAY, bent in fear,
 At length her gentle voice so dear,
 Thrilled o'er his heart, like music's strain,
 Which heard, we long to hear again :

And now his child's returning breath,
Slow triumphed o'er the reign of death;
He saw, once more, life's lingering light,
That played around those orbs so bright,
Break from the child's unclosing eyes,
Like sunny beams from clouded skies!
Delightful moment!—fraught with bliss,
The heart's full hope, the soul's desire,
The world can give no joy like this;
Oh! happy mother, child, and sire!

THE FAREWELL PLEDGE.

BY DELTA.

I.

I PLEDGE thy health, my only love,
 'Tis midnight calm, no step is near;
 And, as my lips to bless thee move,
 The accents thrill my lonely ear:
 To thee afar my visions roam;
 Long vanished scenes again I see;
 The woods that circle round thy home,
 The lake, the garden-grot, and thee!

II.

Hail to thee, bright and beaming star,
 That, rising o'er life's troubled sea,
 Came, like the herald from afar,
 Of vanished calms renewed to me.
 So long, beneath the load of care,
 My hopes, my heart, my life had lain,
 I deemed no charm of upper air,
 Could e'er revive its blight again.

III.

Youth's sunlight fading from my sky,
 Seemed robbing earth of half its bloom,
 When lo! to bless my vacant eye,
 Thy beauty glittered through the gloom:—
 And though 'mid crowds I mingled much,
 Alas! they only stifled care;
 And bliss—it in this world be such—
 Is but a respite from despair.

IV.

I pledge thy health!—thou wert to me
 A star of joy, restoring youth,
 Life's sky was coloured o'er by thee
 With hues more warm than those of truth.
 No more—no more earth's chequered waste,
 Shall shew a flower so pure, so bright;
 No more—no more my spirit taste
 Such boundless bliss, and true delight.

Now where art thou?—Now where art thou?
 Illusion of my lonely thought!
 Oft visions flash across my brow,
 Of scenes and seasons passion-fraught—
 Of scenes, when love to pleasure's smile
 Rejoicing, added mingling grace;
 Of seasons bright, when thou, the while,
 Wert sunshine unto every place!

VI.

Thou can'st to me like land and light
 Unto the shipwrecked sailor's path,
 When, drifting through the storms of night,
 He sees no haven—but that of death!
 Yet ah! contentious fates between,
 Have placed the rocks we may not pass,
 And shewn us joys that might have been,
 In gloomy disappointment's glass.

VII.

Where art thou now?—With silver light
 The moon returns to rule the eve;
 The sun is beautiful and bright;
 The fields and forests do not grieve;
 The maiden, as she plies her task,
 Still sings the meadows green among;
 All bid my bosom pause, to ask,
 What makes for me the day so long?

VIII.

Where art thou now?—Within the glade,
 What time the eve frowns duskily,
 The lovers, stealing through the shade,
 Remind of what no more shall be:
 Of days, whose soft elysian glow,
 Paled o'er, as on an angel's wing,
 When joy was joy indeed, and woe
 Directed of its venom'd sting.

IX. ^{great}

I pledge thy health, I pledge ^{thy} health,

Heaven of my heart,—adieu, adieu!

'Tis thine, in solitude, by stealth,

To, ^{long} before my visioned view,

All fresh, all fair!—and, though mid throngs.

My cares awhile must thee forget;

Still memory comes with night, and long

For beauties well remembered yet!

X.

Farewell, beloved,—a last farewell!

^{bright} Thy brightness, beaming through the gloom,

Could once my spirit's cloud dispel,

And still can light, though to the tomb.

Forget thee, sweet,—ah while this heart

Throbs on, thy memory blest shall be;

The thoughts with life that latest part,

Will tremble to a prayer for thee!

THE END.

